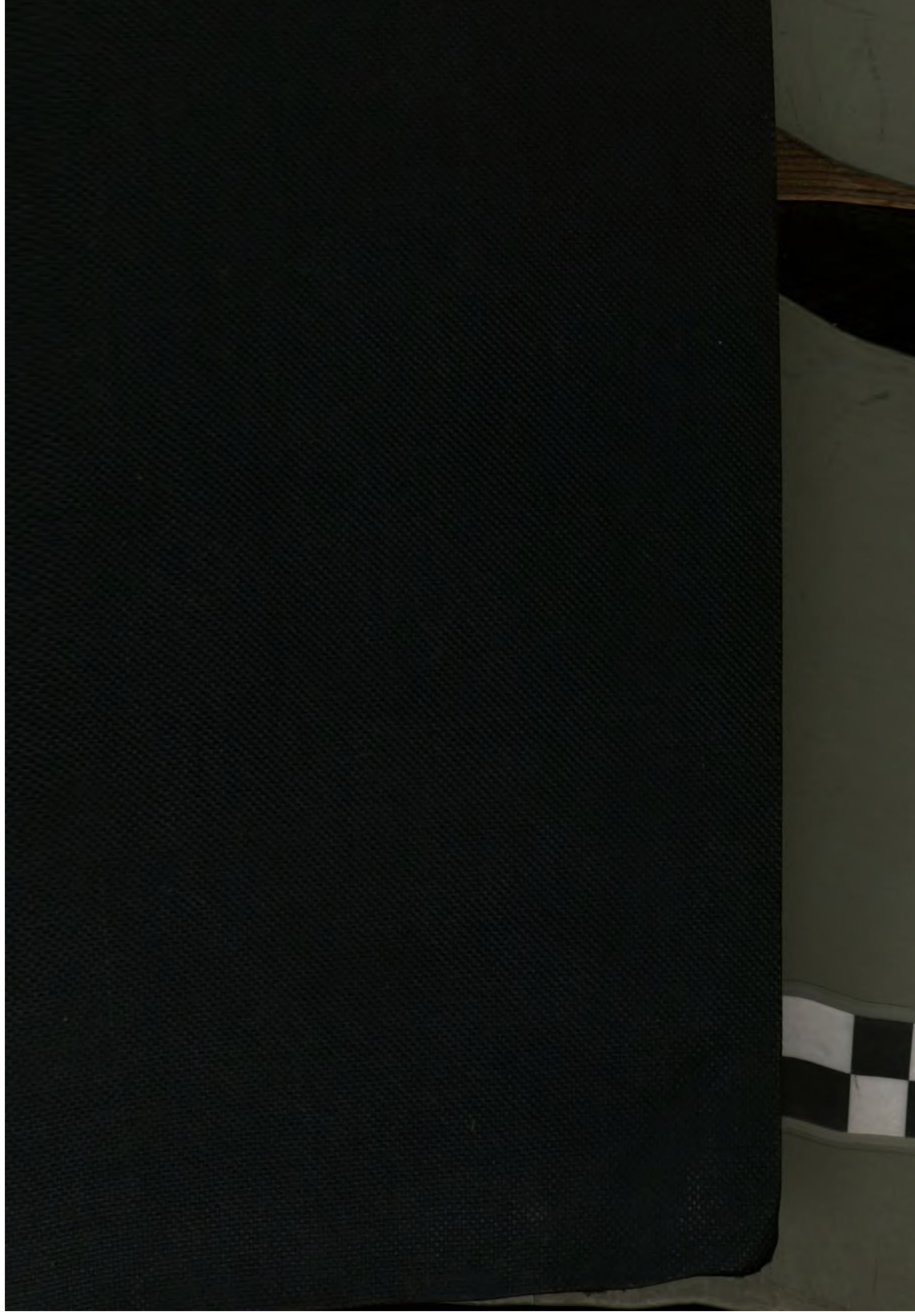






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John Tebb

by Ch. Foster

THE
LIFE
OF
JOHN JEBB, D.D. F.R.S.

BISHOP OF LIMERICK, ARDFERT AND AGHADOE.

WITH
A SELECTION FROM HIS LETTERS.

VOL. II.

JOHN JERR, D.D., F.R.S.

SELECTED FROM HIS LETTERS

A SELECTION FROM HIS LETTERS

1791

LONDON :
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John Limerick.

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WITH

A SELECTION FROM HIS LETTERS.

BY

THE REV. CHARLES FORSTER, B.D.

PERPETUAL CURATE OF ASH NEXT SANDWICH, AND
ONE OF THE SIX PREACHERS IN THE CATHEDRAL OF CHRIST, CANTERBURY :
FORMERLY DOMESTIC CHAPLAIN TO BISHOP JEBB.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON:

JAMES DUNCAN, 37. PATERNOSTER-ROW;
AND JOHN COCHRAN, 108. STRAND.

MDCCCXXXVI.



‘ I am glad of your correspondence with JEBB; for I conceive the world produces, at this day, few more interesting letter-writers. He is a man of indefatigable research; and, what does not always concur with this, he is led on, in every instance, by admirable taste, and makes his conclusions with the soundest judgment. In my mind, he is, in every way, an invaluable man, and an invaluable friend.’

*Extract of a Letter from Alexander Knox, Esq.
to the Rev. Richard Herbert Nash, D.D.*

LETTERS.

LETTER I.

To Mrs. Beatty.

Swanlingbar, April 16. 1800.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HOPE I shall prove myself not unjustifiable, in suffering your 'Lecture' of the 27th of March to remain so long unanswered. In the first place, I have, since my return, composed four sermons, and discharged many parochial duties, visiting my flock previous to Easter, &c. And, in the next place, these occupations unfitted me for a correspondent. I had not time to collect any thing amusing; and though, like the spider, I might have spun something out of myself, I am inclined to think the texture would have proved too flimsy to bear exportation to the Dublin market. Even now, I have not had time

to breathe from the not unpleasant duties of a country curate ; but I think it better to incur the imputation of writing stupidly, than to deserve the charge of behaving with neglect. I resolve, therefore, to write you a long epistle, without knowing whether I have materials for a single page.

You justly observe, that I am naturally grave ; and I think it highly probable that my seriousness of manner is too great ; but I really very seldom feel my spirits low, and generally speaking am cheerful. As to my being infected with that ‘ rigid, profound gravity of manners, which is not pleasing,’ I hope I never shall. I well know that I am, constitutionally and habitually, disposed to be serious in mixed company ; that I have a general tendency to be grave. Now this general tendency I feel I can never fight off ; you might as well desire the unwieldy elephant to assume the airy swiftness of the antelope, or the moping owl to mimic the sprightly carols of the lark, as to tell me to be lively in general company. But, amongst friends, I feel a flow of spirits.

Think me not precise when I say, that I think it not improper in a clergyman, however young, to be rather serious than otherwise, in the general ; it is, at present, highly disgraceful to

my profession, that some of its members assume a levity of manner, by no means consistent with their sacred office. This levity I abominate ; and rather than give into it, I would be ‘sombre,’ or eccentric. For being either, I see no reason. With gravity, I think cheerfulness is perfectly consistent ; and propriety is very different from preciseness ; but, on the whole, I would rather be remarkable, in company, for seriousness, than for those talents which could ‘set the table in a roar.’ It may be less agreeable, but, in a clergyman, I deem it more proper. Let me repeat, however, that, with friends, I would enjoy myself, and sometimes throw off the restraint of being completely rational. ‘Dulce est desipere in loco,’ is my favourite motto ; which I would translate, ‘It is pleasant to play the fool, on a fit occasion, and in a proper place.’ And now, my kind friend, let me thank you sincerely for your kind advice ; which proves you can discharge the truest office of friendship, — point out what you think wrong, with candour. And let me assure you, that, however grave I may generally be, I hope never to be without a smile for pleasantry, and a relish for wit ; and that I long to have an opportunity, again and often, of proving to you in person, that I can be as cheerful as the gayest votary of pleasure.

When I can next visit Dublin, I cannot even guess. In my absence, there is no one to catechize the children ; and, as schemes of education which I have in view, get up, I shall be more and more tied to this place. For a curate to ramble is very difficult. A beneficed clergyman, indeed, I think may steal three months a year, provided he can procure a good curate for the time, who will engage to attend to the business properly. Otherwise, it is my opinion, he should reside the whole year.

Give my kindest regard to Lady B., your sister, and Mrs. King, when you write,

And believe me your sincere friend,

JOHN JEBB.

LETTER II.

To Mrs. Beatty.

15th Dec. 1800.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I AM about to commence this letter, on a very melancholy and distressing subject, such as I hope may not again cloud our correspondence.

Our excellent and valuable friend * is no more ! He has hardly left behind him his equal, in talents, goodness, and simplicity. He was a real ornament to his dignified station : and, what is more to his praise, a worthy disciple of Christ ; by the purity of his life, and the benignity of his manners, imitating the character of a primitive believer. His attachment to science was great, so was his attachment to religion ; his pursuits were not confined to those branches of learning, which, perhaps, have gained him most celebrity. He spent much time in the sublimities and truths of Scripture ; and has, I hope, left behind him a treatise on the psalms, which will be of much use to the rising generation of divines.

What were his conduct, and his feelings, and his manners, in private and domestic life, you well know. I have seen something, and heard much more of them. I could willingly indulge myself in saying more of what is deeply impressed on my mind, respecting this truly good man ; but to you, who, from your near connection with him, so intimately knew, and so feelingly regret him, I need say no more.

It was the pleasure of Almighty God to afflict

* Dr. Young, Bishop of Clonfert.

him grievously indeed. To this pleasure, I believe, he submitted with Christian fortitude and patience ; but there are some sufferings almost too extreme for human nature. Such were his ; the complaint so dreadful, the remedies so violent, his constitution completely broken.

I really think, under such accumulated evils, a removal was to be wished for. He has left a life of pain, and entered into a life of glory. Those that remain are most to be pitied. The Church has lost a distinguished prelate ; religion, a firm supporter ; society, an invaluable ornament ; many worthy people, a sincere friend, his family, an exemplary husband, father, and protector. I truly feel for the latter ; but his departure is not without circumstances of consolation. Had it pleased God to continue him some time longer, his existence would have been dreadful to himself, and most afflicting to them. As it is, he is in a place, where pain and anguish are turned into joy and rapture. Those that are left behind, then, after the first emotions of sorrow have so far subsided as to admit of serious reflection, will find their irreparable loss considerably alleviated, by considering the state of happiness which he enjoys, amongst ‘ the spirits of just men made perfect.’

Remember me, in the kindest manner, to Lady Bell, and your sisters,

And believe me your sincere,
and affectionate friend,

JOHN JEBB.

LETTER III.

To Mrs. Beatty.

Swanlingbar, April 15. 1801.

MY DEAR FRIEND,
MUCH as I was obliged and gratified by your last very kind letter, I could not avoid finding fault with it in one respect. You do not know, for I am sure you did not intend it, that you have commenced a flatterer. We are prone enough to think better of ourselves than we deserve; but when, to self-deception, the unintentional deceptions of our friends are added, it requires a good degree of firmness, to bring us to a right sense of our real character; to unmask our real errors, and divest us of our imaginary good qualities. Take down the Spectator, and read the 399th Number: — you will there find, that

a tendency to flattery is the natural failing of friendship. And now that I have said enough to put you on your guard, let me request of you to adopt as much of *the enemy* as you can, in your letters. Addison says, that ‘a wise man should give a just attention, both to the friend who exaggerates his virtues, and to the enemy who inflames his crimes.’ It must be a very wise man who can always do this : for my own part, I feel I am too apt to entertain the partial representations of friendship with complacency, and to turn away from the unpalatable lessons afforded by the censure of enemies; but were a friend to rebuke or correct me, I know I should be truly thankful for his kindness, and would endeavour to improve by it.

I cannot say that any one circumstance has occurred, since I last wrote to you, which could interest, or amuse you. I hold the noiseless tenor of my way here, with much sameness, but not without much pleasure. The want of my friends about me, is, indeed, a great drawback ; but we cannot order these things according to our wishes ; and I am sure it is no less the dictate of right reason, and sound philosophy, than it is of religion, ‘In whatsoever state we are, therewith to be content.’

Yesterday was a very bad day. I devoted the

whole of it, from morning till bed-time, to reading; and I have not lately enjoyed a pleasanter morning, noon, and night. I was employed with the most elegant piece of criticism I ever read, Lowth's Lectures on the Sacred Poetry of the Hebrews. It is in Latin; but there is a very good translation of it, which I am sure would interest you highly. It puts the Old Testament in a novel, and very charming, point of view. No one, who has not read Lowth, can have an idea, how infinitely the poetry of the sacred writers exceeds the poetry of all the heathens, and all the moderns, combined.

Be good enough to remember me most kindly to your family,

And believe me, your sincere friend,

JOHN JEBB.

LETTER IV.

To Mrs. M' Cormick.

April 25. 1801.

YOUR letter gave me great, and sincere pleasure. What a blessing it is, that my dear aunt is still spared to her friends: her worth we are, I trust and believe, all deeply impressed with.

Your observation, on the salutary, and self-improving influence of sickness, or adversity, on the human heart, is strictly just. The chastenings of Heaven, if properly employed, will prove inestimable blessings ; and though, in health and prosperity, we may not, and perhaps *should* not, have the same kind of seriousness, which is brought on by God's visitations, it would be well if we were, at all times, to act under the influence of the feelings, which calamity inspired, and put in practice the resolutions, formed in the season of adversity. For the warnings of Heaven, whatever be their nature, we are answerable : they, too, are talents ; and, unless we improve them, we shall be counted unprofitable servants. Do not imagine I am an advocate for a perpetual gloominess, . . . no, I only wish that we should attain the cheerfulness of religion ; and that we should endeavour to preserve such minds, in every scene, whether of business or enjoyment, as we might reflect upon with satisfaction, if misfortune should change the scene.

You speak of my religion, and my state of mind. I should be happy indeed, if it were any thing like what it ought to be. I have made so great an advance, as to know many of my failings : among the rest, I must place a

want of constancy, and steady feeling. However, I pray God may mend me; and I often seriously reflect on the awful circumstance, that it is very possible for a minister to perform his duties, and exert himself so as to save others, and yet himself become a cast-away. Saint Paul made use of constant exertion and prayer, that this might not be his case. How strongly then should this danger operate upon clergymen in general, of which Saint Paul himself was apprehensive.

You, my dear Sister, I trust will be religious, and therefore happy. Consider this one thing, . . . continual efforts at improvement are necessary. There is no such thing as being stationary in religion: whoever does not grow better, will infallibly grow worse.

I have entered on a plan of giving evening service on sundays, for the summer months, and reading a lecture on the Scriptures; expounding a chapter of the New Testament, each sunday evening, and adding such practical remarks, as may bring home the passages explained to the 'business and bosoms' of my hearers. This lecture I could put upon no substitute; indeed my plan is peculiar: and it would look exceedingly fickle in me to slacken in my exertion, as I have been at some pains to procure

a full attendance. However I hope, when autumn and the long evenings have set in, so as to put an end to this year's course, that I shall have it in my power to go over, for a little time, to the glebe. I trust I need not tell you, that to do so, will give me most sincere pleasure.

I find my spirits revive, with the revival of the weather. I don't find it necessary, just now, to go from home for amusement: the occupations of the day are pleasant to me: parochial duties give me exercise, and I spend my evenings at Mr. Gresson's.

You may be assured your letters always give me the greatest pleasure; the last was peculiarly acceptable. Write soon, and as long a letter as you can. My most affectionate remembrances to my aunt,

And believe me ever, your sincerely
affectionate brother,

JOHN JEBB.

LETTER V.

To Mrs. Heyland.

Swanlingbar, Nov. 11. 1801.

You should be, as I have no doubt you are, highly thankful to Almighty God for having

placed you in a most happy situation. An especial mode of showing your thankfulness will be, the adoption of a strict cautiousness, in the midst of your prosperity, never to lose sight of the giver of all good. How far you are in the habit of this cautiousness, you may judge, by observing the constancy, or inconstancy, the coldness, or fervour, with which you pray to God, read the Scriptures, and endeavour to improve yourself by other pious books. If, from the business or pleasures of life, you are induced to let a single day pass, without some attention to those duties, it is a bad symptom ; this I can state from my own experience. Let me recommend to your attentive and repeated perusal, Doddridge's Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul. It is, as an excellent author styles it, 'A body of practical divinity and christian experience ;' and, in my opinion, gives a clearer view of what a christian should endeavour to be, than any book I know. The general tenor of Scripture, is, that we should be continually aiming at higher improvements in virtue and religion. This principle is at the bottom of Doddridge's book. It should, however, be considered, in reading it, that a sufficient variety is not given, of the methods which divine wisdom takes, to bring sinful men to

the love and practice of religion ; and that, perhaps, the rules and directions for promoting the christian life, require more time to be spent in the exercises of devotion, than can be spared by the generality of people : the former of these remarks, you will find better put in Doddridge's preface, which I have not by me. The latter, if I recollect right, is in some measure given, in that chapter, which points out a pious distribution of the day. If, at first view, the book does not please you, suspend your opinion till you have carefully read it through. I have been induced to write thus freely to you on a serious subject, from a sense of your excellent natural disposition, and a feeling of the benefit I myself have received, from similar hints in the letters of friends. However humble my suggestions may be, I trust, with the assistance of God's grace, they may be of some advantage to you. If you get and approve of Doddridge, on your having finished it, I shall recommend some other books to your perusal.

LETTER VI.

To Mrs. Beatty.

Cashel, March 3. 1804.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I FEEL a strong impulse to return an immediate reply, to your kind and pleasant letter: and I hope I shall not alarm you by ‘keeping up so quick a fire,’ of such *small* shot. I know, by experience, that *your* ammunition cannot readily be expended. Candidly confess that you talked thus, for the sake of keeping up the military metaphor... for, to descend to unfigurative language, what is letter-writing, but conversing on paper? and when the topics of conversation are nearly infinite, can any *just* apprehension be entertained that they will be exhausted? Your other reason, for what you partially call ‘*abstinence*,’ I can admit has some weight: ‘To ensure the continuance of any pleasure, it must be enjoyed with moderation.’ Applying it to the case in question, I can well conceive, that too quick a return of epistolary correspondence might interfere with *duties*; or that the habit of writing continually, in whatever mood, and under whatever external circumstances, might

engender a kind of vapidness, not unusual in letters, which could not well co-exist with rational pleasure. But, as a *general position*, perhaps, on consideration, you would be disposed to qualify your assertion. We read indeed (Prov. xxv. 16.) ‘Hast thou found honey? eat so much as is sufficient for thee, lest thou be filled therewith.’ But this clearly applies only to the *delights of sense*, and recommends a sober, moderate use of them. Again, in the same Chapter (v. 27.) ‘It is not good to eat much honey :’ but this applied to the immoderate appetite for human applause, as we learn from the succeeding words of Solomon, ‘So, for men to search their own glory, is not glory.’ But there are some pleasures, in the pursuit and enjoyment of which, *moderation* would be lukewarmness, would be indifference, would be criminal: I mean, the pleasures of religion. For these, we should strive to have a constant relish; and these should be the heighteners of all our other joys. And, in my mind, Solomon confirms this idea (Prov. xxiv. 13, 14.)—‘My son, eat thou honey, because it is good; and the honeycomb, which is sweet to thy taste. So shall the knowledge of wisdom be unto thy soul: when thou hast found it, then there shall be a reward, and thy expectation shall not be cut off.’ Here, no

restraint, no limitation, no exhortation to moderation occurs. And why? because we cannot drink too constantly, or too deeply, of the water of life, the pleasures of religion are represented as perennial. In truth, the difference between worldly, secondary pleasures, and what are primary and real, is clearly pointed out by our Saviour (St. John, iv. 13, 14.) 'Whosoever drinketh of this water, shall thirst again; but whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him, shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him, shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life.' When I review what I have just written, I find that I have imperceptibly glided into a kind of sermon; . . but this I know you will excuse: some people would call it enthusiasm, . . others rank fanaticism, . . but I believe it to be 'truth and soberness.' I certainly, however, *do* wish for such a sense of God predominant in the soul, as may both 'soothe, and sweeten human life.' This I am sure (from having been a little conversant in the lives of great and pious men) may be produced; and this, far from interfering with the common businesses, or civilities of life, will render men, at once, more diligent in their callings, and more courteous in their social intercourse. I feel, I trust, a due sorrow and

humility, that I have little, if any portion of this divine principle ; but I thank God, that to attain it, is my wish and prayer.

I do not, indeed, my good friend, suspect you of flattery, . . and I should be guilty of extreme affectation, were I to assert an indifference to the approbation of those whom I esteem ; but we are too apt to flatter ourselves, . . and, therefore, commendation is a commodity of which we do not require a large supply. I *know* I am not fastidious ; the sense of my own weakness, however, though sometimes painful, will, I trust, on the whole prove salutary. Thus much for *self*, . . a dangerous subject, with which it is but prudence to have done, and probably it would have been *propriety* long ago.

* * * * *

You have, I think, well appreciated the styles of Addison and Johnson. It must, however, be observed, to the credit of our great British moralist, that his weight of words is always accompanied by a proportionate density of sterling sense. There is more compact meaning in one of his periods, than in twenty of any of his flimsy imitators. Johnson's sentences are wedges of gold ; . . theirs are large and cumbrous wooden blocks, fantastically carved and gilt. The ex-

terior of Johnson is easily imitated; that of Addison is inimitable. A familiar comparison may perhaps illustrate this. . . An ordinary painter will give you a just representation of the stiff court dress, but it requires the hand of a master to trace the careless, yet graceful simplicity of the Grecian robe. I shall transcribe, not from books, but from my brain, two little passages, one in prose, the other in verse, from Johnson, which I think free from affectation, and full of dignified piety. The verse is a translation from Hector Boethius, and is prefixed as a motto to one of his Ramblers.

‘O! Thou, whose power o’er moving worlds presides,
Whose voice created, and whose wisdom guides,
On darkling man in pure effulgence shine,
And cheer the clouded mind with light divine :
’Tis thine alone to calm the pious breast
With silent confidence, and holy rest ;
From Thee, Great God, we spring, to Thee we tend,
Path, motive, guide, original, and end!’

The prose is in his tour to the Hebrides. ‘We were now treading,’ says he, ‘that illustrious Island, which was once the luminary of the Caledonian regions; whence savage clans, and roving barbarians, derived the benefits of knowledge, and the blessings of religion. To abstract the mind from local emotion, would be impossible

if it were endeavoured, and would be foolish if it were possible. Whatever withdraws us from the power of the senses, whatever makes the past, the distant, or the future, predominate over the present, advances us in the dignity of thinking beings. Far from me, and from my friends, be such frigid philosophy, as may lead us indifferent or unmoved over any ground, that has been dignified by wisdom, bravery, or virtue! That man is little to be envied, whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plain of Marathon, and whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona.' Here is every thing that elevation of soul, and powers of composition, could do. When Sir Joseph Banks read this passage for the first time, he clapped his hands in extasy.

I think I have given you a tolerable, perhaps indeed a very trying and *intolerable* proof, that *men* can sometimes write long letters. I will candidly own, that I am not always in so scribbling a vein. I have written along as fast as my pen could carry me; and doubtless there are many crudenesses, in what I have thus hurried off, without turning it in my mind. We speak, however, with even less of premeditation, inasmuch as the tongue is swifter than the pen. And yet I feel, that, both in speaking, and in writing, we should have a constant guard over

ourselves ; yes, even when we speak to our dearest friends : not from any suspicion of them, but from a jealousy of ourselves ; for is it not our duty to guard our thoughts ? How much more, then, is caution necessary, when we embody those thoughts, when we give them, as it were, ‘a local habitation and a name ?’ Would that we could always say, they were better than an ‘airy nothing !’

Yours always most truly and affectionately,

J. J.

LETTER VII.

To Mrs. Beatty.

Cashel, July 16. 1804.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE been, for the last month, more than usually a truant ; having, within that space, visited Lismore, Cork, Mitchelstown, and Maryborough, besides some minor excursions. The consequence of my rambling you will naturally guess : I am much in arrear, both in my studies, and my other duties ; among the most agreeable, and most pressing of which latter, is the

acknowledgement of your last truly gratifying letter.

You put our correspondence in a light, which certainly never before occurred to me; as I could not have imagined my hasty letters, calculated to produce any lasting moral effect. But the truth is, that, in the hands of God, our most trifling actions may be causes of good, in ways altogether beyond human probability, or calculation. And, in the present, or similar instances, I now see, that the partiality of friendship, and the interest we naturally feel in what is addressed to ourselves, may give a force and efficacy to comparative weakness, which we have never experienced in productions of a far superior nature.

Your account of * * * * *'s mental struggle is highly interesting and instructive. It is a faithful picture of some of those internal workings, which, I believe, almost universally, and by a sort of moral necessity, precede the growth, and even accompany the progress, of religion in the heart. These, we may believe, will be more or less painful and afflictive, according to the degree of moral criminality, and also sensibility, in the person by whom they are experienced. The pangs which the Prodigal felt, 'before he came to himself,' were probably most poignant and severe: and when those who have never, like

him, incurred any considerable degree of positive criminality, feel affected with similar intenseness, their mental sufferings flow, chiefly, from a keener susceptibility; and are usually repaid with a very high degree of peace, and enjoyment in believing, when the pangs are over, and the Christian character is completely formed.

Have you not found it one fruit of religious thoughtfulness, that you more and more disrelish the insipid, cloying, unsatisfactory hurry, and confusion, and vacancy, which the world calls pleasure? I soberly think, that, when Christianity of the best kind is properly imbibed, it will, more or less, produce this effect; and that, precisely in the degree to which it prevails in the heart. When it is but beginning to operate, there will still be a hankering after the world. As it advances, the world will become distasteful; still, however, without any thing arising to fill the void it leaves behind; and therefore, in this stage, there will be much uneasy feeling. In the next stage, the delights of religion, and the renewed relish for simple enjoyments, shed a heavenly calm around, which will be ever increasing, in endless progression. This whole process, if my theory be not fanciful, is a preparation for eternity and heaven. Relishes are,

by this means, created, for heavenly enjoyments, which are thus habitually anticipated ; and those tempers are thus formed, which will continue with us for ever ; . . purified indeed, in heaven, from all alloy, and infinitely heightened in degree, though not essentially different in kind.

I am disposed to think, that the religion of most books which we read, and most people with whom we converse, is radically defective. It looks to heaven and hell, as places, rather than as conditions, or states, of moral happiness and misery. It entertains a bewildered, irrational conception, that the kinds of pleasure and pain, to be there experienced, are utterly beyond our conception. Whereas I conceive, that goodness, or holiness, must form a principal part of heavenly enjoyment ; and that wickedness or sin, must form a principal part of infernal torment ; that the heaven of the good man is, in, some measure, commenced in his life ; and, in like manner, the hell of the wicked, is also here commenced. This I throw out very briefly, for your consideration. I might employ pages in expanding the hint, but your own reflections will do so, much better than my pen. And to say the truth, though I sat down with the full intention of writing over my sheet, I just now feel unequal to continuing the subject, without the dan-

ger of weakening what I have already said, such as it is, by something more vapid.

I forbear commenting on your plans, till you develope them more fully. You will believe that I feel deeply interested in them. May God direct you for the best! Perhaps I may be the first to take up the pen; as I cannot, in common justice, consider these hurried lines, a return for your last kind letter. At the same time, if nothing occurs to prevent your writing speedily, the sooner you do so, the more you will gratify

Your obliged and affectionate friend,

JOHN JEBB.

LETTER VIII.

To Miss Jebb.

Cashel, July 27. 1804.

YESTERDAY'S post brought me the melancholy account of poor Miss Jebb's death, and also of that of my friend Mr. Gresson of Swanlingbar. The latter of these events, I was in a good measure prepared to expect; but the removal of so fine a young woman, so sudden, so contrary to all probable expectation, is truly awful. It is

one of the very many serious intimations we are continually receiving, that, in the midst of life, we are in death. How soon the most healthful and disengaged of us all, may be summoned to the unseen country, we cannot form the remotest guess. Living, then, in such a world, and on such a tenure, what preparation should we make for our removal, and for our subsequent appearance at the great tribunal! When I think of this momentous change, when I consider the continual, and perhaps very near approach of that period, when our mortal frames shall put on immortality, . . an immortality of happiness or misery! . . how trifling, how absolutely insignificant, appear all the eager competitions, fatiguing pursuits, and splendid attainments, which occupy the children of the world! They are less than nothing, and lighter than vanity, when weighed in the balance of Eternity; and yet, when we look around us, we find that they give rise to most of the pleasures and pains of life, . . unsatisfactory pleasures, and imaginary pains. In truth, we must feel, that we are formed for something infinitely more noble and exalted; our very uneasinesses must prove it, if we are not resolved to shun all reasoning on the subject. Else, how does it happen, that, in the midst of our highest common enjoyments, we feel a restless

solicitude for something, that remains behind, for something, that we cannot attain? Whence is this solicitude, what is this something? The only rational answer that can be returned, is, that this solicitude, is an intimation of fitness and capacity, for things above this earth; and this something, is, in fact, a vivid impression of true religion, a temper, able to fill the void of life, and fearless when it looks towards futurity. I have been, I trust not unnaturally, led into this train of thought, and my pen has followed my conceptions. It is not the melancholy effusion of a mind under the influence of gloom, for I have been passing the whole, or nearly the whole of this day, in a very pleasing and cheerful literary tête-à-tête, with an intelligent Physician, who dropt in upon my solicitude.

I have, within this week, been truly astonished, in reading the epistles of Seneca, to find what views of religion, were entertained by this heathen. They are such as might put many of our christian divines to the blush. I feel a disposition to translate a passage, now before me, for your perusal.

‘The priest need not be employed to procure us admission to the ears of an image, as if we should be thus the more readily heard. God is near you, he is with you, he is within you. Yes,

my friend, a holy spirit is seated within us, the careful observer of our good and evil actions ; a spirit which influences us more or less, precisely according to the encouragement it receives from us. Nobody is a good man without God. Is it possible for any one to rise superior to fortune, without his assistance? He gives magnificent and upright counsels. He dwells in every truly good man. . . If you behold a man, unawed by dangers, unmolested by passions, happy in adversity, placid in the midst of storms, viewing mankind from a superior elevation, will you not regard him with veneration? Will you not say, this is something greater, and more excellent, than one would believe could be contained in this small body? A Divine power, has descended there. A Heavenly influence, informs and animates this excellent, moderated temper, which passes by all earthly things, as beneath its notice, which smiles at the common objects of human hope and fear. A disposition so truly great, could not subsist, without the support of the Deity. Therefore, it is chiefly resident in those regions, from whence it has descended. As the rays of the sun touch, indeed, the earth, but abide in that luminary from whence they emanate, . . thus, the great and holy soul, which was given for this very purpose, that we might have a more

intimate knowledge of divine things, is conversant, indeed, amongst us, but adheres to its original. Its dependence, its views, its objects are there. It is interested in *our* concerns, like some superior being.'

This little quotation, is but one instance, out of numbers which might be adduced to shew, that Seneca had truly divine views of religion. It proves, within a short space, that he believed in the reality, and efficacy of spiritual influences; the power and consolations of piety; and the important truth, which the Apostle Paul so often enforces, that our conversation should be in heaven.

And now, my dear sister, let me tell you, that I have been long suffering under self-reproach, for neglect of my nearest and best friends; and, on the eve of a journey, have determined to pay off some little of my shameful arrears, beginning with you. Letter-writing may be made both gratifying and useful. I know, I have wilfully forfeited much of this pleasure and advantage; and I regret that I have done so: regret for the past, however, must be unavailing in itself, and, in fact, cannot be genuine, unless it be followed by future amendment. I will not make any rash promises, but I wish to be tried by this test; therefore, I hope that you will

stretch forth the hand of reconciliation and encouragement, and that very soon. I purpose, please God, setting out on monday, to visit my friend Woodward, in the county of Cavan, for a few days; not making Dublin my way, as it would be a very great round, and I should not like to pay it a flying visit. I hope, so far as it may be lawful to form such distant schemes, to spend a fortnight in town next winter. My situation in this country is such as I should be grateful for. I have sufficient society, books, comfortable lodgings, a good servant, a kind patron, and a reasonable prospect of arriving, one day, at a more permanent situation in my profession. A circumstance, which, if it ever takes place, will increase my duties and my responsibility, with my means. God grant I may be equal to the trial. I hope to hear from you very soon.

Yours most affectionately,

JOHN JEBB

LETTER IX.

To Mrs. Beatty.

Cashel, August 24. 1804.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I SHOULD have written to you sooner, had I not been confined by an illness, more dispiriting than dangerous, which drove away all relish for the pen, and indeed almost the capacity of thinking. Thank God, I find myself better this day, than I have been a considerable time.

I hardly know a nicer, or more difficult subject of practical morality, than the proper estimation of what the world calls pleasure.* It is a point, on which much of our views and habits must inevitably depend. Yet it is too generally predetermined, and the result is what might be naturally expected, .. disappointment, disgust, and ennui, amidst a rapid succession of false enjoyments, pursued even to cloying repetition. It is thus with the gay world. But even the rational and prudent decide the matter (in my poor judgment) improperly. They do not in-

* For Mr. Jebb's views on this subject, at a later period, see 'A Letter to a Young Clergyman on Fashionable Amusements,' Pract. Theol. vol. ii. p. 267, &c.

quire, how far *must* we, but how far *may* we go? They allege the necessity of conforming to innocent usages; but they commonly carry this conformity so far, as to justify the suspicion, that they are actuated more by their own inclination, than by any other motive; besides, they seldom set about inquiring, what is innocent? And they seem to forget, that things in themselves indifferent, may become otherwise, by excess, or abuse. There is yet another class of persons, whose sober conviction is against idle, frivolous amusements, but who occasionally engage in them, either to avoid the imputation of singularity, or from a sense of duty. When the first of these motives is the occasion of such compliance, I do not hesitate to say, that it should be watched with the utmost jealousy, and if possible overcome. We should never be afraid of a righteous singularity; we should seek our praise, not of men, but of God. We should seriously consider, how far this compromising principle may carry us; and reflect, ere it be too late, that the friendship of the world is enmity with God. But, where a sense of duty keeps us more in the world than we could wish, I must own the mode of proceeding does not appear to me so clearly pointed out. It is not for me to decide, how far such compliance is

justifiable, or to mark out the precise time when criminality begins. Sure I am, that, when the disrelish for such modes of social enjoyment exists, it should not be discouraged. But as this is a matter of individual feeling, I should be sorry to assert any thing positively, on the point of total abstinence from those amusements, which are commonly, though perhaps not justly, termed innocent. Pray read over with care the Bishop of London's (Porteus) 14th Sermon, on 'Lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God;' and Hannah More's 17th and 18th chapters of 'Strictures on female Education.' In which I think you will find more just reasoning, and good sense, on this subject, than is contained in many volumes of modern morality. You will not imagine, my good friend, that I am an advocate, either for monastic seclusion, or mystical contemplation. We were made social beings, with a natural relish for pleasure. Religion would not lead us, either to the desert, or the cloister. It would teach us to perform our parts in the active walks of life, and would infinitely enhance every feeling of real pleasure; but then, it would also teach us to walk in this world with God, and lead us to such sources of enjoyment, as are pure and unadulterate; such as are suitable to thinking, and immortal

beings ; such, in a word, as may be pursued in another world, only in a more perfect manner, and without the clogs and hindrances of those bodies, in which our souls are now imprisoned. Of this nature, are the pleasures of intellect, of benevolence, of friendship, of social intercourse, and, above all, of religion. These afford a rich and inexhaustible variety ; and, unless we be providentially visited by some disqualifying fit of sickness, or some extraordinary mental dejection, these are ever ready to present some innocent and useful mode of passing that time, which is not necessarily devoted to our more immediate occupations, in that state of worldly employment, to which it hath pleased God to call us.

It is the character of proper recreations, that they recruit the mind and body, for a renewed application to the more serious business of life. Now, I am sure you will agree with me, that what the world calls recreation, is not of this nature. It is a drudgery of the most wearying and jading kind ; it deadens the faculties, it discomposes the mind, and it injures the body. I can hardly recollect having been ever in a crowded assembly, without experiencing its prejudicial effects ; without finding myself, more or less, unfitted, for pursuing my duties, that night,

in prayer, and the next day, either in business, or devotion. This may not ordinarily happen to other persons; but, where it is the case, I am sure that pleasures of this kind cannot be innocently, I will not say enjoyed, but participated.

I find a long arrear of letters to answer: this has been the first employment of to-day. I must now attend a little to my other friends, and therefore prematurely sign myself, my dear friend's

Sincerely obliged and affectionate,

JOHN JEBB.

P. S. As to the locality of heaven and hell, there can be no objection to retaining the idea of it. I only adverted to the mistake of those, who looked merely, or principally, to some indescribable change of place, without reflecting, that the dispositions preparatory to, and in some measure constitutive of, future happiness or misery, must be formed *here*.

LETTER X.

To Mrs. Heyland.

Cashel, February 28. 1805.

ABOUT an hour ago I sat down, made a pen, prepared my paper, swept my hearth, trimmed my fire, and settled myself, with all due comfort, to write you a letter, when I was interrupted by the entrance of a good-natured visitor, who sat with me, or rather walked with me about my room, ever since; told me various anecdotes, which I shall probably never recollect; and which, in truth, are little worth recollecting; asked me to dine with him to-day, when I shall probably hear, at least, as many more anecdotes.. and, at last, kindly left me to my own inventions, when I had been almost afraid that I should be too late for this day's post; a delay which I could the less brook, because to-morrow happens not to be a post day, and because I am conscious of being already much too great a defaulter.

Have you laboured through the above extraordinary sentence? Never, I believe, did I write so long a one, and never, certainly, do I wish to compose such another. Such as it is, it must

now go forward, for time is precious ; and, instead of weighing sentences, and rounding periods, I think it best to let you know, in the first words that have occurred, how well I am. Thank God, an oppressive rheumatic headache, brought on by the damp weather, has almost deserted me ; and though this day be nearly as unpromising as any we have yet had, I feel comparatively to tread on¹ air. I feel, indeed, ill qualified to pursue a train of mathematical reasoning, or to encounter the perplexing intricacies of poor W.'s wild theology, but I think I could read, with pleasure and interest, a book of Milton, or 50 pages of divinity suited to my taste, and rise from my employment, with a mind not jaded but refreshed, . . this is a tolerable proof that I feel at my ease.

I have been led, of late, to feel the goodness of Providence, in placing me in comfortable lodgings, where I have every necessary of life provided without anxiety or trouble. My friend Forster*, has been employed in furnishing his rector's Glebe House, which he is about to inhabit ; and his labours in providing beds, chairs, kettles, looking-glasses, tables, &c. &c., together with cows, ploughs, cars, &c. &c., have fully

* The late Rev. George Forster.

awakened me to the truest relish, for a furnished lodging, and a solitary mutton chop. I feel a hopeful belief, that my little income will support me with ease, and that, after devoting a proper sum to charity, I shall even have something to spare for books ; and right gladly would I devote that superfluity to books, which my situation may allow me. I shall not envy the rich Rector, who ploughs his rich acres, if I am permitted to cultivate my mind ; for, however poor the soil, and however scanty the produce, if I can bring forth any fruit to perfection, it is a happy reflection, that the harvest for which I wish to prepare, is an eternal one, and its fruits such as never will decay. Your kindness has put me in possession of two authors, whose best wisdom, and whose only real happiness, were derived from religion, . . Milton, and Bacon. They both, it is true, had their failings, and their calamities ; but they erred, and they suffered, only inasmuch as they departed from the strict line of christian duty ; and their sufferings providentially became the means of bringing them to a happier state than they previously [enjoyed, . . because, to a condition of calmness and retirement, to softened tempers, and to religious meditation.

My books are not yet arrived from town,

and I am looking out for them in daily expectation. The package contains not only your present, but several other valuable works; few of them, indeed, are what can be styled light summer reading; but they are, in general, such as will, at once, interest and instruct: whether I myself shall ever reap as much improvement from them, and the rest of my little collection, as a disposition naturally sanguine leads me to hope for, I cannot presume to form an opinion; the issues of this, as of all other sublunary schemes, are in the disposal of infinite goodness and wisdom; and, whatever may be the good pleasure of the great Disposer, I trust he will graciously prepare and dispose me to meet with thankfulness. If I profit myself by reading, or by thinking, I own I have an earnest wish, that others may profit with me, and through me. I hope the wish is not selfish, and still more that it is not dictated by foolish vanity. If I thought it were, much rather would I continue all my life in obscurity, content to study and meditate for myself, and for a few children, and grown people with the capacities of children. This would, in truth, be, at present, if not my sole, my chief occupation, did not something within, backed by the, perhaps, too partial suggestion of my friends, lead me to prepare for a wider

sphere ; perhaps I may never be summoned to move in such a sphere ; if so, I trust, I shall be enabled to rest satisfied.

Yours ever, my dear Maria,

Most affectionately,

JOHN JEBB.

LETTER XI.

To Mrs. Beatty.

Cashel, April 11. 1805.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

HAVE you used me as I am conscious I do not deserve at your hands, . . . that is, have you written me a letter, since I left Dublin ? If so, it has perished in one of the very frequent mail robberies that have occurred. At all events, it was my part to begin writing, and I have often determined to do so ; but some excuse for procrastination continually presented itself. It is thus that too many are apt to trifle away their time at large, and to put off the evil day of attention to the most important concerns, which can occupy immortal beings ; infinitely important, indeed, when we consider how short a time

is allotted us for the formation of those dispositions, relishes, and habits, which must attend us through all eternity. I trust that we, my friend, may be enabled, in this momentous business, to work while it is called to-day. The day is far spent, the night is at hand, . . . that night in which no man can work. We should therefore be solicitous not to lose that portion of sunshine, which still remains.

I have been led imperceptibly into this serious train of thought. The season at which I write, doubtless, has its influence; I have just finished a Good-Friday exhortation, for my rustic congregation, and perhaps could not immediately descend to common topics. Yet how commonplace is what I have said! It is what we all know. And yet it is what we too seldom exhibit our conviction of, by the manner in which we employ our hours. The world seems to have adopted for its favourite maxim, in religion and in morals, the comfortable aphorism, that 'to enjoy is to obey.' And it must be owned, that the conduct of the world proves its readiness to obey, so far as such a disposition may be inferred from the eager pursuit of enjoyment. But the world may be easily confuted, on its own principle. For when is it that we feel real enjoyment? Not, certainly, in that infectious atmosphere,

which gayety, falsely so called, has created around itself. Not in the possession of wealth, not in the attainment of knowledge, not even in the more quiet intercourses of life. Still something is wanting, on which the heart may securely repose. Some better portion, which cannot be taken away; which may be commensurate to the vast capacities of an immortal soul. This something, is, true religion, the love of God and the love of man; this, and nothing short of this, is permanent enjoyment. And when the maxim is thus explained, nothing can be truer, than that 'to enjoy is to obey.' God is love. He wills the happiness of his creatures; and not merely to seek, but to derive, that happiness, from the fountain of eternal good, is consummate obedience. Are we, then, to delay, in reaching forth after our supreme good? Are we to consume on trifles, that time, which was given to make us wise, and holy, and happy? Shall we be outstripped in activity and exertion by every worldling? Who is there, of the vast crowd that place their happiness in earthly things, that will admit the possibility of making too much haste to be rich, to be powerful, to be popular, to be famous? And shall not we imitate their ardour, when the cause is infinitely superior, the object of our pursuit, eternal, and the means to be pursued, in them-

selves, truly delightful? Our remissness can be accounted for on no other principle, than the Scriptural one, 'That the children of this world, are, in their generation, wiser than the children of light.'

I hope, my dear Friend, that, since I saw you, you have been both well and happy; and that you have, by this time, fully decided upon some place of residence. Few things are more disagreeable than a state of suspense; and, perhaps, few things more productive of moral difficulties, to those, who have, by God's grace, escaped grosser temptations to evil. I long to hear from you, though sensible I do not merit a letter at your hands.

Do not forget my best regards to all with you, and in Bagot Street,

And believe me, my dear Friend,

very affectionately yours,

JOHN JEBB.

LETTER XII.

To the Rev. J. M' Cormick.

Cashel, April 27. 1805.

I NEED not say how sincerely I wish, that, by my presence, or in any other mode, I could con-

tribute, even in a slight degree, to increase your cheerfulness at the Glebe. It is, indeed, most probable, that my conceptions cannot well reach the painful and melancholy emotions, which must continually arise from the condition of my poor aunt. I hope I feel as I ought to do for her, and especially for you and our dear sister. But, on such real calamity as this, I know that to offer any palliation of it would be cruel, and I trust that to suggest any topics of consolation would be needless. The only source of true comfort, is bountifully placed within our reach; and, undoubtedly, the very afflictions, which a good Providence sees fit to send, will, if it be not our own faults, ultimately produce the happiest effects. They are salutary warnings, that we are to derive our best enjoyments from within, from the culture of our own hearts, and from an habitual intercourse with Him, who is subject to no decay, who never will leave us, and never will desert us, unless we first desert him. It has been well observed by the profound Pascal, 'that the same thing which proves man's misery and corruption, also proves his greatness, and his dignity: for the reason why he grows sick and weary of every object, and engages in such a multitude of pursuits, is, because he still retains the idea of his lost happiness; which, not finding

it within himself, he seeks through the whole circle of external things, but always seeks without success, because, indeed, we cannot find it in ourselves, nor in the creatures, but in God alone.'

It is, in truth, the peculiar and distinguishing excellence of christianity, in its higher influences, that it, at once, restores the image of our Maker, and causes him to dwell in our hearts. While the cold formalist, places his religion, in a superstitious attention to outward ceremonies, and the angry dogmatist, his, in fierce contention for abstract metaphysical doctrines, the pious and humble follower of Jesus, knows and feels, that *his* religion is love, and peace, and joy : for he, at least, *begins* happily to experience the divine reality of our Saviour's promise, ' If a man love me, he will keep my words ; and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him.' It was surely a sense of this divine presence, and a portion of God's own Spirit, which dictated this wonderful apostrophe of the Poet.

Thou art the source and centre of all minds,
Their only point of rest ; Eternal word !
From thee is all that soothes the life of man,
His high endeavour, and his glad success,
His strength to suffer, and his will to serve.
But oh, thou bounteous giver of all good,
Thou art of all thy gifts, thyself the crown !

Give what thou canst, without thee, we are poor,
And with thee, rich, take what thou wilt away.

This moment I hear, from Richard, that my poor aunt has rallied, and got the better of her attack ; whether this implies recovery, I do not know. God direct all for the best.

My best love to my aunt, and your little ones.

Believe me your truly affectionate

JOHN JEBB.

LETTER XIII.

To Miss Jebb.

Sunday, 30th June, 1805.

My very culpable neglect, has been just brought home to my mind, in such a point of view, that I am sure you cannot feel it near so strongly as I do myself ; and I know not how I can more fitly employ this evening, than in endeavouring to make some atonement. What I write, however, must be suited to the day, as nothing but absolute necessity warrants common letter-writing on sunday.

Yours (I am ashamed to say of April 30.) is now in my hand. It gave me great pleasure, when

first received ; and I can truly add, that, on a careful reperusal, it still gratifies me highly. It shows both right feeling and candour ; and it describes, with accuracy and justice, a case by no means uncommon, that in which religious principle does not fully predominate over the world. What pleases me most, is your evident wish, that it should so predominate. If the wish be truly earnest, . . if you do not suffer it to be stifled by other things, . . exertion will follow almost as a matter of course. And, when there is decided exertion in a right cause, what may not be hoped in the way of happy result ? It must be admitted, indeed, that many do exert themselves unsuccessfully, . . that many seek to enter into the kingdom of Heaven, without obtaining admission. But the truth is, they exert themselves, depending on their own strength ; they seek to enter in, by their own merit, not considering that we can do nothing of ourselves, to help ourselves, but our sufficiency is of God ; and, that, if any man will enter into life, Christ is the way ; that is, his life must be our perpetual example, and his spirit must be our principal dependence. You complain that you ‘ have not resolution to practise what you know to be right,’ that ‘ insignificant occupations engross you but too much, and you find it difficult to disengage

your mind sufficiently from surrounding objects, to fix it on higher, and more important pursuits.' The fact is, this has been, at one time or other, the case of most of the sons of Adam : for, we cannot, of ourselves, practise what is right ; we cannot, by our natural powers, make what is invisible, paramount over what is visible. But, if we fervently, affectionately, unreservedly, and uncompromizingly, ask strength of God, he will enable us, by his own omnipotent interference, not only to do his will, but to do it with delight ; . . not only to live above this world, but to turn every scene of it to durable advantage.

There is a fatal error, which, I am well convinced, prevents multitudes from enjoying the full and felicitating influences of christianity ; namely, that they deem it a dry catalogue of duties ; or, at best, a collection of truths, awful, indeed and sublime, but, by no means attractive or engaging. Now the fact is, our holy religion prescribes no duties, but what are indissolubly interwoven with happiness ; and insists on no truths, which, if rightly understood, are not the sublimest exemplifications of God's goodness, mercy, and love. It is the main object of the Gospel, to free us from every thing unholy, impure, mean, sordid, selfish, envious, discontented ; and to give us enlightened understandings, purified affections,

powers almost indefatigable, and peace almost uninterrupted. This happy state, it is true, comparatively few fully attain ; still, however, multitudes, I am well convinced, have attained, and do attain it : some, doubtless, in higher degrees than others : some, with what may be termed moral eclipses, this world, occasionally, obscuring the next, by its vain shadow ; some with slighter obscurations, a momentary cloud of wrong feelings, or wrong passions, sometimes, though but rarely, intervening ; and a distinguished few, enjoying a cloudless meridian state, realizing that beautiful picture of the poet, which he thought, perhaps, was merely the happy creation of his own fancy : . . .

Eternal sunshine of the spotless mind,
Each prayer accepted, and each wish resigned ;
Desires composed, affections ever even,
Tears that delight, and sighs that waft to heaven.

But how are we to seek for those influences, which will bring us to this happy state ? I answer, not by austerity, not by sourness, not by fanaticism, not by gloom ; but by the devout, affectionate, cheerful study of God's word. Devout, because we must pray that our hearts may be opened, to understand it ; affectionate, because we must accustom our souls to love it : and cheerful, because we must invigorate our active

powers, to fulfil it. When we thus come to the Scriptures, we may hope to find them, in truth, the words of eternal life; we shall find them, from beginning to end, an exhibition of God, at once in the most awful, and engaging light. Not only, as infinitely holy, just, wise, and powerful, but as the Creator, preserver, benefactor, Redeemer, and Sanctifier, of his rational creatures; we shall find the most gracious adaptations to the wants and weaknesses of our fallen state: a Mediator, to relieve our consciousness of sin; spiritual influences, to assist our infirmities; threatenings, to alarm our carelessness; promises, to attract our self-love. We shall find the amplest provision for every feeling of that primitive innocence, which it is the object of religion to restore. The perfections of the eternal Godhead, are, as it were, familiarized to our view, in the historical, prophetical, and devotional Scriptures; but, more especially, in the character of the blessed Jesus. The substantial happiness of the righteous, is, not only declared in words, but illustrated by facts, in the lives of the holy Apostles, but particularly in that of Saint Paul; the things that are above, are not only revealed in the sublime visions of 'that disciple whom Jesus loved,' but are actually, in a good measure, anticipated, in that righteousness, and peace,

and joy in the Holy Ghost, which may be experienced even in this life ; and which, we are assured by an inspired writer, constitute the Kingdom of God. Subjects of this ennobling, and felicitating nature, abound in Scripture, not only in the richest variety, but, at once, with the sublimest pathos, the most touching simplicity, and the most exquisite adaptation to the best feelings of human nature, in its best state. When these, and similar truths, then, become truly delightful to the soul, when they are habitually recurred to, as the happiest subjects of our contemplation, as the calmest breathing-places of our wearied spirits, in a word, as ‘ tired nature’s sweet restorers,’ in a sense, infinitely beyond what the poet thought of ; when this is, at least in a good degree, realized, then, and not till then, shall we find ourselves superior to the world ; then, and not till then, will the trifling vexations, and still more trifling pleasures, of this visionary life, dwindle to their proper insignificance, and that, for this simple reason ; then, and not till then, eternal and spiritual things, will enlarge, occupy, and gladden the whole soul, in all its faculties, and all its boundless capacities, either of feeling or reflection.

Believe me, this is no enthusiastic rant ; it is no less the calm sentiment of my understanding,

than the warm feeling of my heart. And I should be sorry, indeed, to put forward these views, if I had the slightest suspicion that they could interfere, with the rational duties, and kindly feelings of common life. But the truth is, that, while religion thus occupies the mind, it leaves it free as air, for every useful occupation, and for all the tenderest charities of life: the truly religious person, of all others, best calculates the object of his mortal existence. He knows that this world, is a scene of active preparation for a better; he feels that he is blest, with an understanding, which wisdom requires him to exercise; with affections, which God and nature impel him to cultivate; and with active powers, which both instinct, and conscience, urge him to employ. He is, therefore, diligent in the discharge of each appropriate duty, both as matter of pleasure to himself, and of religious obedience to his God: and, in this course of happy activity, his religion is of daily and hourly assistance; because it not only gives a general spring and elasticity to his mind, but, also, affords much time, by expelling evil thoughts, and removes many anxieties and perturbations, by creating a decided, affectionate reliance on God's providence. The religion, then, you see, which I speak of, is neither the

austerity of the cloister, nor the enthusiasm of the desert ; it is conversant in the walks of common life ; cheering and invigorating us in common duties, no less than it elevates us in the appropriate exercises of devotion. Thus, it enables us thoroughly to fulfil that seemingly impracticable injunction of the Apostle, ‘Pray without ceasing :’ for what else does this mean, than simply, ‘Possess yourself of a mind habitually devout ; which is always ready to acknowledge the presence of God, and which is always in a tone fit for actual prayer, or thanksgiving ?’ It is not necessary to the perfection of a musical instrument, that we should be for ever playing upon it, . . . but, merely, that it should be always in tune, always ready to yield the harmonious ‘concord of sweet sounds.’ Thus, also, it is the perfection of religion, that our souls should be in unison with the harmonies of nature, so as, at all seasons, to join the universal chorus of thanksgiving, adoration, and praise, which is continually proceeding from the whole visible creation.

This state, is, unquestionably, of rare and difficult attainment : but, that it is attainable, the lives of very many excellent persons abundantly testify. And this happy possibility, should surely induce us to press forward towards it.

The very first step, after prayer, and scriptural study, is an effort to draw our enjoyments from the simple stock of nature ; or, at least, from such works of art, as most purely copy nature, such as drawing, gardening, poetry, (with nice selection as to the kind) but, most especially, from religion itself, which is, in truth, ‘the soul of all the rest.’ When piety even begins to predominate, it is wonderful how foolish, how irksome, how insupportable, those high-wrought excitements, and agitated scenes appear, in which the world is seeking, but unsuccessfully seeking, for enjoyment ; literally walking in a vain shadow, and disquieting itself in vain. In truth, this is precisely what we might expect, for it exactly coincides with those feelings of nature and experience, to which Saint Paul so exquisitely adapts, or, rather, from which he so happily derives, his best reasonings. ‘When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child ; but when I became a man, I put away childish things.’

Monday morn. Are you with Maria ? If so, show her this letter ; and let me beg her to consider it as, in some measure, addressed to her. I know her good nature will admit the excuse of very much real, and pressing business, which

has, for some time, much employed my mind, as, at least, some palliation for my long silence.

Get by all means, and carefully read, 'Hints for a young Princess.' It is by far the best book, which has, for a considerable time, issued from the press. The Bishop of Exeter (Preceptor to the Princess Charlotte, for whose use it has been written) declares, 'that he has derived more information from it, on the important subject next his thoughts, than from all his other reading.' And he is both a learned, and a good man. The Queen, too, is delighted with the work. To the honour of your sex, it is written by Hannah More.

Give my best love to all with you, whether at the Farm or at the Glebe. I direct to Dublin, as the surest way. Though I do not deserve a letter, pray do write very soon.

Your truly affectionate brother,

JOHN JEBB.

LETTER XIV.

To Mrs. McCormick.

Cashel, July 23. 1805.

THE late awful, but gracious dispensation of Providence*, must naturally fill us with tender regret. It calls up numberless affecting recollections of past kindness, towards us all; of that conscientious and affectionate anxiety for our truest welfare; that discriminating good sense, which so wisely pointed out our duty; that generous spirit, which sacrificed every thing selfish, for us, and our poor father; that fervent piety, which doubtless poured forth frequent prayers for our happiness; . . these are but a few of the traits, which, as it were, rush into our minds, accompanied with the melancholy conviction, that they are now no more! But you, my dear sister, need not be told, for I trust you happily experience, that there are, not only consolatory, but delightful circumstances, in our excellent parent's removal (for *parent* I may surely call her). Her integrity, her benevolence, her habitual devotion, were such, as to evince that they flowed from a heart on which christianity

* The death of his aunt, Mrs. McCormick.

had its proper influence. Even in those dispensations, which, perhaps, at the time, appeared mysterious, and hard to be reconciled with our ideas of Almighty wisdom and goodness, we may trace the mercies of a loving Father. I have little doubt that the severe sufferings of our dear aunt, were providentially instrumental, in fitting her for a higher state of happiness in heaven; and that, as gold tried in the fire comes out purified, she has escaped from pain and affliction, divested of various natural, or acquired infirmities, which might have disqualified her for so high a place, in our Father's many mansions, as I trust she now is advanced to. Our blessed Lord himself, was made perfect through sufferings. Is it not, then, perfectly natural, that his faithful followers should be improved by a similar process? Viewing the matter, therefore, in this light, I consider her late melancholy condition, as a kind of discipline, corrective of those little infirmities and weaknesses, from which few, even of the truly good, are wholly exempt; and her tranquil exit, as an earnest of that happiness, which I trust she is now enjoying.

To you, and to your worthy partner, it must be a matter of thankful recollection, that you have been enabled, through the space of eleven

years, to comfort the declining years, and alleviate the various sufferings of so dear a relation. This must ever be a source of pure enjoyment ; and you will most feel its kindly balm, when you shall most need it, .. when you yourselves, (in I trust, a good, old age,) shall be summoned from this probationary scene. Do you not, also, even now experience the moral efficacy of those severe trials, and voluntary deprivations, to which you so cheerfully submitted ? Have they not been, subserviently to God's providence and grace, the means of correcting many little defects in your own temper ; of improving many right dispositions ; of increasing your reliance on the only powerful protector ; of giving you a relish for those enjoyments, which are of the most satisfactory, because of the calmest kind ? Sure I am, that you *do* thus feel ; therefore, what might appear, to the superficial observer, useless suffering to our deceased relation, and a cruel burthen to you, has been, in fact, the gracious means of increasing her present high enjoyments, and of preparing you, both to enjoy life with truer relish, and to meet death, without distraction, and without fear.

Richard has informed you of the Archbishop's kind disposition in my favour. Providence has indeed been very good to me ; the preferment is

a comfortable sinecure; I suppose to the amount of 250*l.* per annum. My residence still to be in Cashel; where I am to act as preacher in the Cathedral, without salary. The congregation is large, and respectable; and, I have cause to know, prepared to listen favourably to me; so that I have really hopes of being enabled to do them good. A sermon I preached lately, has had, under God's favour, some practical effect; having called persons to seriousness, who never were serious before. Things being so, I certainly prefer my present situation, very much, to a country living of double the value; and could remain as I am, very thankfully, for many years, or even for my whole life; though my excellent patron tells me to consider this, but as an earnest of what he means to do for me. I have many more letters to write, and must conclude. With my best love to all at the Glebe,

Your truly affectionate brother,

JOHN JEBB.

LETTER XV.

To the Rev. J. M^c Cormick.

Cashel, January 2. 1806.

I KNOW that we have been very bad correspondents; and I feel conscious that the fault has been chiefly mine. Some allowance, however, will I trust be made, for my having been thrown into a situation altogether new to me, and implying more mental exertion than I was ever before called upon to make. Especially as, within the last half year, I have suffered more than usual under an incapacitating nervousness, which has often obliged me, for days together, to give up all thought of thinking.

I learned from Richard, that you passed a very happy month together. It was to me a source of real regret, that I could not accept of Rowley Heyland's invitation, and add myself to the family party: but the duties which I have undertaken, were imperative on me to stay at my post; as, in addition to the ordinary Cathedral preaching, and the General Thanksgiving, I had to prepare young persons for a confirmation, and to examine a candidate for orders. Some good,

I trust, has been done. My power of sermon-writing, is, on the whole, improving, and my discourses are as acceptable, as, all matters considered, I could reasonably expect. Some of the young catechumens are getting a serious turn, and were evidently affected at the confirmation; and the examination for orders went off so, as to give an impression, that hands will not probably be laid, in this diocese, 'on skulls that cannot teach, and will not learn.' I was enabled, besides, to turn my examination into a sort of theological prelection; throwing out hints, which I hope will excite the candidate to study; and endeavouring to afford some clue to guide him through, what doctors of every sect have exerted considerable ingenuity to make, an inextricable labyrinth.

The clerical circle in Cashel has been growing in size; and, I trust, increasing in professional feeling. We often meet each other in a cheerful, and I hope improving way. But, for my own individual part, nothing gives me soberer satisfaction, than to find a growing inclination to draw, for my chief comforts (under God), upon myself. The faculty of thinking, reasoning, feeling, and being happy, when alone, I deem of inestimable value; and I own with gratitude, and I hope with humility, my thankfulness, that

this faculty is beginning to dawn in myself. And to its further progress I hopefully look forward, as that, which, by giving me self-command, self-possession, and self-enjoyment, may make me more useful, and more acceptable, in society. You can hardly conceive the real pleasure I derive, from having, decidedly and uncompromizingly, given up all common amusements; not, I trust, with the gloom of an ascetic, or the morbid melancholy of an anchorite; but with somewhat of the feelings of 'a man,' when he puts away 'childish things.' Within the last year, there have been growing upon me tastes for happiness of a more quiet and satisfactory kind, which would make balls, and cards, and all the *et cetera*, by which the world is trying to escape from itself, an insupportable penance; even though I were not convinced, as I really am, that they are inconsistent with the quiet, sober, peaceful temperament, to which the religion of the Scriptures is intended to bring us. I have been led, unawares, into a history of my feelings, for which I ought perhaps to apologize; but I know you will excuse that, which may possibly let you more fully into my present condition, than whole volumes of matter-of-fact detail. I will own to you, that, when I first began to give up the amusements of the world, rather

from an apprehension that they were wrong, than from a conviction that they were inconsistent with true happiness, I felt 'a craving void,' an uneasiness arising from relinquishing much that had formerly gratified me, without getting any thing better in its room. It is but within the last six-months, that I have found the place tolerably filled, which gay follies had before unsatisfactorily occupied; and, even now, at times, I have to complain of unpleasant feelings: but I am well convinced, that these are the results, either of bodily weakness, or of something morally wrong within myself; and, as I grow better, I hope to grow happier. This, however, I can safely say, that I am now a far happier being, than I can recollect I ever was before; and that, under God's good guidance, I attribute any increase of enjoyment, to my growing relish for what may be had, without leaving my own solitary fireside, *Est hic, est Ulubris*: still, as I hinted, I am no anchorite: when occasion requires it, I can take my part, more cheerfully than ever, in society, provided it be quiet and rational. And, thank God, the number of excellent, and rational people, whose minds are well cultivated, and, what is better, whose hearts have within them the living fountain of the only true happiness, is, I am convinced, hourly

increasing. These times, I soberly believe, are better than the former, inasmuch as true religion is, unassumingly, unausterely, and unaffectedly, the decided choice, of, I trust, very many people in high, as in low life. It is incorporated, more than it ever yet was, into habits of thought and feeling, into the little details of domestic life, and even into the very pleasures which are pursued. It is not now marred by stiffness, formality, sourness, or cant. If people, a century ago, were very demurely good; and went very orderly, and very gloomily to church, every Sunday, and every Friday; it was, because they were, in a good measure, obliged to be, or to do so, by established usage, and immemorial prescription. But now, whoever is good, deserves the credit of being good by choice; and the goodness of to-day, appears to me to have much genuineness and heart in it; to consist more in the spirit, than the letter; to look more for the calm delight of self-approbation, than for the applause of multitudes; to go infinitely deeper than the mere routine of outward duties, and not to rest satisfied with less than the happy consciousness, that a moral transformation has taken place within. This is not a mere picture of the fancy, or vision of the imagination, I have seen it more than realized, in various

instances, within the course of the last year; especially in the case of my friend Knox.

My plans are somewhat formed, for visiting town early in February. Might I hope to meet you there, if only for a short time? One week of my time must, I think, be allowed to Bellevûe. And this naturally leads me to mention, that I have formed an engagement to preach for the Female Orphan School, in May. Mrs. La Touche wished it, and my friend Knox was imperative. So I had nothing for it but to consent. It is an arduous undertaking to plead for that charity, which has commonly had Kirwan for its advocate. However, I am determined not to be anxious; but, relying on that aid, without which the wisest must be foolish, to leave events to Him, who can produce good, through the instrumentality of agents positively weak. My subject will be, I believe, the religious education of youth.

This whole epistle is, I fear, a farrago of egotism: friendly letters, however, must all, possibly, be more or less egotistic. I know I wish your answer to be very much so; and it is partly with this very view, that I have expatiated so much on the selfish little monosyllable. Pray, then, if you can do so consistently with truth, show me that you have not been fatigued and

disgusted, by writing me a full account of yourself, and my dear sister, and of your young family. It is now so long since I have heard from you or her, that a fierce appetite has been created, which I call upon you to allay. And believe me, however circumstances may have conspired to keep me silent, there is, perhaps, no human being more deeply desirous of hearing of your welfare, or more truly interested in whatever may contribute to your happiness, here and hereafter. And it would be very ill were it otherwise; for, independent of the close ties both of relationship and friendship, from my school-boy days, I am indebted to you, for kindnesses which I hope I never shall forget: nor let it be forgotten, that, to the providential results of your friendship with poor Tom Marshall, I am indebted for all my worldly prospects; and, what is of infinitely more importance, for all my hopes of professional usefulness, and every pleasant view of religion, to which I have been led.

Believe me, with most affectionate regards to my sister and your little ones,

Always yours most truly,

JOHN JEBB.

LETTER XVI.

To the Rev. J. M^c Cormick.

Cashel, January 5. 1806.

THOUGH I dispatched a packet to you yesterday, which you probably think unconscionably large, yet I cannot omit an immediate reply to your very acceptable letter, received this morning. Had it entered into my mind to impute, either unkindness, or indifference, to you, the uneasy feeling would be completely effaced, by what you have so affectionately written. But I can assure you there was no such feeling in existence. On the contrary, I was accusing myself, though I trust I stand acquitted in your mind. I know too well, from long experience, what it is to suffer under mental depression: and therefore can feel for my fellow-sufferers; and can also make allowance for their silence, as nervous illness almost uniformly unfits me for writing to my friends. Still, however, I can bear some testimony, and hope to bear more, that resistance and activity, next to the knowledge and feeling of true religion, are the best means of overcoming low spirits.

To hear that you are so well, and so happy,

from yourself, as well as from others, is to me a source of real pleasure. I am particularly obliged by your minute account of the dear little ones, in whose progress I hope I feel a becoming interest. On the principles, and present state of methodism, I have had many serious thoughts; and have received some information, not easily to be come at. It is my conviction, that methodism, in its purity, though doubtless containing some erroneous views, and marred by the infelicities of an uncouth phraseology, has a body of sound truth, much akin to the views of our established church. What I particularly object to, is, the mode of talk, respecting sudden conversion, and justification; and also some of the unqualified assertions, respecting a doctrine radically sound and excellent, . . christian perfection. Still, however, with all its alloy, I conceive there is much pure gold in methodism. I soberly believe that it has been the providential means of reviving and diffusing, far beyond its own sphere, that inward, spiritual religion, which is diffused through our liturgy, but which had been, before John Wesley's rise, almost entirely banished from our pulpits, by the cold, rationalizing, spiritless system of morals, which came in fashion about the restoration, and reached its acme about the middle of the last

century. The higher tone of morals, and the more exalted feeling of christianity, as a spiritual system, which is now, I think, rapidly gaining ground, amongst the philosophically pious divines of our establishment, I cannot but attribute to the indirect operation of methodism, which certainly kindled its torch at the altar of the church of England.

The writings of Jeremy Taylor, once Bishop of Down, first gave John Wesley any serious impressions; and when he defended his system against, what appears to me, injudicious attacks, it was by weapons borrowed from the armoury of our liturgy, articles, and homilies. I do not deny, that there are errors in his system: I could not be a methodist, because, amidst much deep piety, and much sound wisdom, methodism contains some things, which appear to me, neither consistent with reason, nor with Scripture: but this I will confess, that, in the writings of John Wesley, I find more that completely harmonizes with my own views, than I do in the writings of his most violent opponents; and this leads me to say, that, while some of the persons, on whom my worthy friend Dr. Hales animadverts, certainly do, occasionally, strain the Scriptures by unlearned and unskilful disruptions from the context, the Doctor, on the other hand, frequently employs

his critical acumen, in the service of distorting passages from their plain obvious meaning, both as evidenced by the context, and supported by parallel places. This especially happens, when he sets himself to controvert the doctrine of christian perfection ; which, though, as I hinted already, the methodists often talk of in a phraseology circumstantially wrong, yet still I do think they are substantially right ; and I think I could evince, that, in the main, they have our admirable liturgy, and the writings of some of our most philosophical divines, with them on this point. Dr. Hales, however, is both a conscientious, and a pious man ; and I am well convinced is sincerely desirous to do good ; but I think it is a very delicate matter to oppose methodism in this country. It has, to my certain knowledge (observe I speak not of Calvinism, but of the Wesleyan methodism,) been productive of much advantage, among the lower classes ; not only increasing their piety, but, in very many instances, opening their understandings, and civilizing their manners ; and may it not be a question, whether some alloy, or enthusiasm, has not been providentially suffered to intermingle with it, for the special purpose of impressing the imagination, and warming the affections of those, whose reasoning powers have not yet had an opportunity

of full and fair exercise ; and whose grossness of conception required something, as it were, palpable, and tangible, to work upon ? Certain it is, that this system has been permitted to spread widely, and to operate powerfully, and, in most instances, advantageously ; and when I consider, that ‘ he that is not against us, is for us,’ I own I feel not disposed to intermeddle with methodists, in the way of opposition. There is a peculiar delicacy in the case, from the state of the party in England : there, they have altogether separated from the establishment, and are avowed and zealous dissenters. In this country, they are warmly attached to our church ; receive the sacrament very regularly at our hands ; and, whatever may be the sentiments of some teachers among them, I know that the great body of their people, love a good clergyman in their heart, and hear him with satisfaction and delight. Now, while their dispositions are such, should it not be our policy, rather to be friendly, than hostile, to them ? not, certainly, to temporize, but, first, to feel that they are friends, and, then, to treat them as such ? May there not be much danger, that an opposite line of conduct will drive them to follow the example of their English brethren ? Your plan of sending the Scriptures among them, is altogether unexceptionable ;

and, under God's blessing, would do essential service; and, so far as I can judge, they will gladly purchase Bibles. Some methodists, in the Monaghan militia, purchased from me I dare say 180, in this town, in the space of three months; and such was their relish for our establishment, that the poor fellows, hearing of my appointment as cathedral preacher, on the eve of their departure, told me they left this place, happy in the reflection, that it would have the benefit of a serious clergyman to fill its pulpit. I much like your hint, as to reading the word of God in the quiet circle of their own family. It has a great deal, both of depth, and force in it. In England, I know, from good authority, that the methodists multiply social acts of religion, and an unquiet spirit of bustling activity, so much, as greatly to injure the calm, and less equivocal exercises of private devotion. Their sectarianism is increasing; and, pretty nearly in the same proportion, their personal piety is declining. I saw, some months back, a letter from a very intelligent, and thoroughly unbigoted, English methodist, a man of letters and information, stating, that, in Manchester, and other great towns, it appeared, that the persons who were most zealous in prayer-meetings, and most active in sunday schools, when cut off, by sickness, from participating

in those external stimulants, lamentably declined in their devotional spirit, and were almost incapable of addressing God, in private prayer. I state this from recollection, but I believe with tolerable accuracy; and this is, in itself, a volume of evidence, for the expediency of leading, so far as we can lead, our methodist brethren, to look more to those secret acts of religion, which keep up an intercourse between the soul and its Maker, than to those public movements, where the simplicity of worship may be marred, by the intermixture of wrong motives, . . . pride at excelling in, what is called, the gift of prayer, desire of human estimation or applause, and, above all, the spirit of a sect and party, which has proved so fatal in England. Now, I speak it with the certainty arising from somewhat of actual experience, that by preaching spiritually, and living exemplarily, a clergyman of our establishment may acquire an astonishing influence over the Wesleyan methodists; and, in my own case, I am able to state, that I have been enabled so to preach, on different occasions, as, in the same sermon, at once to give satisfaction to zealous anti-methodists, and to decided followers of John Wesley. You will naturally ask, ‘How is this to be done?’ I reply, by a faithful, rational, affectionate exhibition of the religion of the scriptures, unclogged by the

technical phraseology of any sect or party ; or, what comes to the same thing, by imitating the sound rationality, and the sublime spirituality, of our unrivalled liturgy, . . a service which I soberly think, not only unequalled, but unapproached, in the whole christian world ; and which, considering, both the theology, and the language, of the day when it was compiled, could not have been framed *sine numine*, without some divine superintendence. I have referred to the instance of my own preaching, merely because I had no other matter-of-fact testimony to produce ; but it is with a deep consciousness of my own weakness. However, if *I* have found it so, what would it be with those, who imbibe similar sentiments more deeply, feel them more practically, and can express them more attractively ? There rests not a doubt on my mind, that, if preaching had been done full justice to, enthusiasm would be rationalized, on the one hand, and cold formality would be vitalized on the other : so that the genuine, unaffected, unsophisticated religion of the heart, would be happily diffused throughout the land.

To my friend, * * * * * I look forward most hopefully as one who will do prodigious service to the cause which is nearest his heart. He has got views, which appear to me wonderfully what

they should be ; and with his flowing eloquence, his happy power of illustration, his mild, engaging, insinuating manner, I do trust, that he will one day be an instrument of very extended good.

I hope you will not conceive from this, and from my last letter, that I am at all fanatical. If I entertain a single theological sentiment, unsanctioned by some of our soundest, and most philosophical divines, I do so unconsciously. By education, by conviction, and by choice, I am, what I conceive to be, a thorough-paced Church-of-England man. The cant of a sect, I cordially dislike ; the uncouth phraseology, I had almost said, the pious jargon, which some good people delight in, is very revolting to my taste ; and were I called upon to select my favorite authors, I should, almost without exception, cull them from the shining lights of our own establishment. Still, however, I am so much attached to the eclectic philosophy, that I will not be deterred by a name, or prevented by mere injudiciousness of manner, from gleaning truth wherever I can find it. Πανταχὴ τὴν ἀληθεῖαν, I would wish to make my motto ; and I shall never be ashamed to let Doddridge and Wesley appear, in my little library, on the same shelf with Tillotson and Burnet. And, in truth,

I hail it as a happy omen, for the permanence of our Irish Establishment, that a mild, tolerant, catholic spirit is very prevalent amongst our hierarchy. Several of our bishops, I know, are disposed to treat the methodists kindly ; and wish that the clergy should rather endeavour to retain them with us, by courtesy, than force them to separate, by polemical acrimony. And I have some reason for concluding, that, wherever this christian kindness is discreetly maintained, the Irish methodists are not more decidedly attached to their own meetings and leaders, than to the worship and ministry of the Church. The amiable spirit, which seems to influence our Irish churchmen, is to me a very consolatory subject of reflection ; because I hail it as a kind of providential pledge, that our hierarchy will not be speedily overturned. And this is a real comfort, at the present crisis ; for, in addition to the aspiring views of the Roman catholics, which perhaps are not so formidable since the decision of last session, there will be a most violent attack made in parliament, in the course of next spring. The Grenvilles, the Fitz-Williams, and a phalanx of Irish supporters, aided by many in England who would oppose popery, are about to bring forward an inquiry into abuses existing in our own Church. Some even, who call themselves

zealous supporters of our Establishment, have been speaking ill of it, at the other side of the water ; and, in cases where they have been, both superficially, and erroneously informed. Still, I do not fear for the final result ; and I do think, that, if inquiry be fairly set on foot, when tried in the balance with our sister Establishment, we shall not be found wanting. That there are errors and abuses, I am well aware ; but I feel convinced, that they are neither so general, nor of such magnitude, as our enemies represent ; and I live in hope that many of these, will yet be quietly corrected.

Continental matters, by the last packet, appear to be at a very low ebb. Bonaparte's commission to chastise Europe, is not so near being withdrawn, as we lately imagined ; but, I own, I am not dispirited. All events are in the hands of One, who will doubtless dispose them for the ultimate advantage of the world ; and I trust, especially, of these countries, which have been so signally protected ; and which, with all their faults, I humbly hope contain, still, much real virtue : surely there are many more than ten righteous to be found amongst us.

I hope earnestly that we may meet sometime in the course of next month, or even at the beginning of March. It would perhaps be too

much to expect that you could take a run up to town ; but, if there be no other way, I must only strive to see you at the Glebe, if it be but for three days. I know that there will be in town such professional employment for me, as it would be wrong not to attend to ; but, however pleasant all these plans may be, in prospect, I am to remember, that they are, at best, uncertain. A brother-clergyman, a curate of this diocese, was in company on saturday 21st, and died on Christmas Day of an inflammation on the lungs. He had enjoyed uninterrupted health, and been a man of strict, habitual temperance : his death has made an awful impression.

I beg my most affectionate regards to my sisters and to Richard, and if there be any other of your little ones, fit objects of the kindly compliments of the season, I hope you will present them for me.

Yours ever most truly,

JOHN JEBB.

January 6.

LETTER XVII.

To Mrs. Heyland.

Cashel, Jan. 11. 1806.

ON reviewing what I have written, it appears to me that little has been said about my actual pursuits, occupations, engagements, &c.; but the old proverb comes in to my aid, '*No news is good news.*' A saying, with all its homely quaintness, which has more force and depth in it, than we are commonly aware of. For that calm, unagitated, unruffled flow of time, which leaves little to be told, is the happiest, as well as the safest, period of our lives. It is like the gentle lapse of rivers, which, without being noticed, or talked of, is permitted quietly to fertilize the soil, and beautify the prospect, while the fame of the rapid and destructive torrent is noised abroad. In such a state, we are led from what is without, to that which is within; from the bustle of the world, to a quiet communion with our own hearts; from what depends on the will, perhaps on the capricious and unaccountable whimsies, of others, to that, for which, under God's good guidance, we may draw upon ourselves. I

cannot flatter myself that I am yet brought to this happy temperament. But I trust I am in progress ; and my earnest desire is to look unpresumptuously forward, to a self-possession, and self-enjoyment, which may enable me to move with less danger, and more usefulness, through this world. A heathen moralist says, ‘ It is an inestimable privilege to be one’s own.’ And I soberly think, that, in proportion to the degree in which we have gained this mastery . . to the faculty we have of deriving comfort from ourselves . . to our independence on high-wrought excitements, and manufactured substitutes to the simple stock of nature . . precisely in proportion to our advancement in these qualifications, will be our peace with ourselves, and those around us ; our patient acquiescence in the will of the all-wise and gracious Disposer ; and our fitness to do good in that world, into which we have been brought, that we may be active and useful beings. This may look like a piece of to-morrow’s sermon, but I do assure you that it is spick-and-span new ; that it never was in a sermon ; and that, for aught I can tell, it never will be in a sermon : that is to say, however trite and common-place it may be, and however it may come under the heavy description of what is called prosing . . it has been fairly transmitted

from my pen to this paper, without contracting any new dulness from the atmosphere of a pulpit. Good night.

J. J.

Saturday night.

LETTER XVIII.

To * * * * *

Cashel, Jan. 20. 1806.

THIS day, too, is 'dark, gloomy, and dispiriting,' but I am determined not to let it put me out of spirits. I cannot, however, prevent it from having more of an incapacitating influence on my faculties, than could be wished: all that can be done, in these cases, is, to fight against the enemy; and to 'set doggedly to work,' determined that, if we cannot do things as we wish, we will do them as well as we can.

After the long epistle I wrote, which I suppose you have seen, there is little left to say of myself; and, in looking to your letter, I can see little, which may not be answered when we meet. There is, however, one point, on which I cannot postpone talking to you a little; I mean the scepticism of that young lady. I shall certainly

not shrink from the effort of doing any good in my power : but I tell you before-hand, that my expectations of doing any good, are the most remote imaginable from sanguine. If her doubts merely went to the divine origin of christianity, I should not be so hopeless ; but, from a recollection of some things that lightly fell from her, about two years ago, or perhaps more, I am apprehensive that she is shaken, as to some of the fundamental principles of natural religion ; that she doubts truths, which were not questioned by Socrates, Plato, and Cicero ; in a word, that she is deeply imbued with the new-fangled whimsies of atheistical philosophism. She has, as you say, many good qualities ; but I do much fear, that her singularities will stand in the way of her recovery. There is about her a study of inflexibility, which is a principal ingredient in the generic character of the new school ; a love of paradox ; a disposition rather to dwell on minute difficulties, than to acquiesce in the necessary ignorance, which must cling to all human creatures, in this dim twilight of our earthly being : a disposition directly the opposite of that lovely humility, that lowly submission, which is the chief ornament of the truly feminine character ; and which is, in truth, the very ground-work of all genuine christianity. ‘Learn of me,’ said

our blessed Lord, 'for I am meek and lowly of heart.' And, again, 'Blessed are the poor in spirit,' &c.

My own faith, rests on this foundation, that I have, from a variety of sources, the most incontrovertible evidence, that the Scriptures of the New Testament, were written, at the time they were said to be written, by the persons to whom they are commonly ascribed; that the facts in them must be true, from that very testimony of their bitterest enemies; that their facts are, many of them, miraculous, many of them complete of very ancient prophecies, and, consequently, that the system is divine. To this, might be added a variety of other most weighty proofs; but this simple outline contains that, on which I should not hesitate to build my belief. But, then, objections may be made to many difficulties in the Scripture scheme. True. But to what system of philosophy, to what matter of fact, may not objections be made? Let my mind be once thoroughly convinced of the fact, that Christ is a divine person, and, what is better, let me once feel the felicitating, as well as strengthening, and purifying influences, of Christ's religion in my heart, and I will defy all the cavillers in the world, to shake my faith. We are very ignorant beings; we cannot account for the production of a blade

of grass, and shall we presume to fathom the secrets of Omniscience? We are very weak beings; we cannot make a single hair white or black, and shall we presume to controul the decrees of Omnipotence? Yet the absurd philosophy of the new school, would teach us to believe nothing, which we do not thoroughly comprehend, and to quarrel with every thing, which we do not approve. A degree of presumption, which it makes me melancholy to think of. * * * * *, I do fear, is deeply infected with this presumption; and, if she be, I own I almost despair of being able to convince her; for, unhappily, the prejudices of the atheistical school, leave no common ground for the christian and the philosopher to stand upon; so that they may reason and dispute for ever: still, however, God is both good and powerful; it is often his pleasure to bring about greater changes, in the human understanding and heart; and when he chooses to bring them about, he may do so, by the weakest instruments: therefore, I do not wholly despair, but will endeavour to do my best, and leave events to the all-wise Disposer.

From all that has been passing in that family, I would draw one awful, and useful lesson; . . . that, when we cease to be religious, or when we decline in religion, we may expect to meet with

misfortunes. Happy if these misfortunes, lead us back to the only living fountain of consolation ! When * * * * * lived unostentatiously in * * * *, I recollect well the manner in which he passed sunday evening. He read a sermon, and prayers, to his family ; and though, perhaps, never what one would call deeply serious, he was conscientiously devout on such occasions. When he removed to * * * *, the good old custom of prayers and sermon was given up, perhaps as citizenlike and ungentleel ; and music, trifling talk, &c. &c., substituted in its room. I recollect well the impression made on me, at the time, by this change. Now mark, in that family, what has happened. I do not say that these things are judgments ; this would be arrogating to myself, what is the prerogative of Omnipotence, alone ; and, I will add, it would be departing from that christian charity, which I would willingly feel towards all, and especially towards those whose kindness I gratefully remember, and whose many amiable qualities I cordially regard. But, further still, it would be transgressing against the spirit of St. Luke, xiii. 1—5. I say then only, that these circumstances are remarkable, and awfully instructive. And that they should lead us all to an increased diligence in cultivating the favour, and, if I may so speak, the friendship, of that all-gracious Father,

who will never fail to draw nigh unto us, if we first draw nigh unto him. He has beautifully characterized himself, as 'a fountain of living waters;' and what, indeed, can water, that vitalizing principle of nature, do for the body, which he does not, in an infinitely gracious way, for the soul? Refreshment, purification, strength; these he is abundantly able, and most affectionately willing, to bestow upon us; whatever be our calamities, whatever our disappointments, if we turn to him, he will make the wilderness a pool of water, and the dry land, springs of water. Isai. xli. 17, 18.

This letter, I know not how, has turned into a sort of sermon; but I do believe, however crudely expressed, it has some true and weighty matter. I think it my duty to put you on your guard in one point. I know nothing from which I would shrink with more fearful apprehension, than close intimacy with an infidel; for if it did not, as I hope it would not, shake my belief, I feel that it would deaden my comfortable, affectionate, heart-warming views of religion. Farewell, and believe me,

Most affectionately yours,

J. JEBB.

P.S. I make it an earnest request, that you will keep from any thing like controversy with

* * * * *. Deep and abstruse speculations, may do us hurt, and cannot do us good. It is, indeed, right, that we should be able to give an answer for the faith that is in us; but such an answer lies within a very narrow compass. If she is gone very deep, and nothing can be done to draw her back, I would submit the propriety of avoiding too close intimacy and connection.

LETTER XIX.

To the Rev. J. M^c Cormick.

Cashel, April 12. 1806.

I THANK you most cordially for the happy intelligence you communicate in your letter. Your wish that I should act as sponsor to my little namesake, entirely coincides with my own, and affords me much gratification. Surely, to answer for a child of yours, can be neither burthensome, nor hazardous; and it must be pleasant, that any link should be added to the strong ties, which I trust will ever subsist between us. On the subject of indiscriminately standing sponsor, I might perhaps have my scruples; but, in the present

instance, be assured there is not 'the shadow of a shade' of hesitation ; for, where we are convinced that parents will do their duty, there is no hazard in becoming an additional security.

Matters were so ordered, that I met a degree of acceptance in Dublin, which I had by no means expected. But I know full well, that popularity is held by a very uncertain tenure ; and that, if it were ever so secure of continuance, it is valuable only so far, as it can be rendered subservient to the good of our fellow-creatures. Therefore, I feel that I have no right to reckon upon a life interest, in the small stock I have been given to trade upon ; and that, so long as it may please God to continue any portion of it, I must hold myself strictly accountable for its expenditure : so that, if I rejoice, I must rejoice, not only with moderation, but with trembling.

The ordination sermon, I hope, has been sent to you. The orphan sermon presses on my mind ; the day is fixed, but nothing is yet written ; and all that I can say, in the present stage of the business, is, *mens agitat molem*.

I think now more highly of Dean Kirwan than I ever did. During the last two years of his life, his views of religion became more clear, deep, and strong ; and the effect was, that his preaching assumed a tone, far surpassing any

thing I ever heard him deliver. His last five sermons, I understand, are master-pieces. I can answer for two of them, which I read with astonishment and delight; his own MSS. having been shown to me. One of them was the last he ever preached, and that for the orphans. You may guess, then, how I feel. Competition with this great man, is altogether out of the question. I feel as a pigmy compared to a giant; but then, may not the charity grievously suffer, and may not that cause which is still more important, and which I wish to give all my strength to, be materially injured, through my want of powers? These things, however, are in the hands of a wise and good God; and to him I submit myself. My best love, and good wishes, to my sister. Believe me always,

Most cordially and affectionately yours,

JOHN JEBB.

LETTER XX.

To Mrs. Beatty.

56. Dawson-Street, Dublin, Sept. 18. 1806.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I DID not learn the melancholy event, till this day, at your mother's door; and you can more readily conceive, than I can express my feelings. I cannot go to bed without writing a few lines. I am anxious to hear how you are, and especially how poor Lady B. bears up. May it please God to cheer her under this heavy affliction, for he only can effectually do it!

I have been recalling the kindness, the good-nature, the affectionate dispositions, and steady good conduct, of her who is no more: to you, these must already have afforded the best consolation; for may we not trust they are pledges of her having been received into some one of those 'many mansions,' the least elevated of which, is far superior to any thing in this dim speck? You, my good friend, have been already tried in the school of affliction; so has your poor mother; and I wish, from my heart, that your afflictions may be not only alleviated, but turned into

matter of future joy, by the hand that has been pleased to deal them. He does not willingly afflict us; and we may rest assured, that, if we are brought to love him as we ought, we shall be divinely enabled to extract sweetness even from sorrow. 'Thou hast made us for thyself,' said a great and good man, 'and our heart never resteth, till it findeth rest in thee.' What, then, is every providential deprivation, but a special call to draw nearer 'to him, who is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think?' And does not a rich, an inestimable, an inexhaustible reward follow, this cleaving to our God? Is it not, indeed, rather its own exceeding great reward? What is there that we can want, for time or for eternity, which we may not find in Him, who is goodness, wisdom, power, love, . . . all, in an infinite degree, . . . and all ready, not only to be exerted in our favour, but to be imparted to us, and cherished in us, by that all-gracious Being, of whose fulness we are all invited to receive.

I feel, my dear friend, that it may be better to spare you for the present; but I am most desirous to hear from you, if it be but three lines. My ignorance of late events in your family is owing to my having led, for a considerable time, a rambling life; being recommended to leave

Cashel and study, for the sake of health. I thank God, the purpose has been completely answered ; and I propose returning home in about a week. I am at present with my friend Mr. Knox. I beg my kindest regards to all your family, and am, with truth,

Your affectionate friend,

JOHN JEBB.

LETTER XXI.

To Miss Jebb.

Cashel, Oct. 4. 1806.

I KNOW it will give you pleasure to hear that my journey turned out more pleasant and productive, than I had any reason to expect. At Maryboro', I was agreeably surprised by meeting my friend * * * * *, who was escorting a lady to pay a visit to his cara sposa. With them I passed the evening ; and breakfasted, on thursday morning, at Durrow. The lady was once an acquaintance of yours, Miss * * * * * ; and I think she has so managed matters, as to have become more youthful in appearance during the lapse of years, which has been going forward, since I met her at

Rosstrevor. I had it in my power to accommodate an invalidish lady with a seat in my carriage, for the last two stages of the journey, there being a great run on the road. She repayed me by her conversation, which abounded in good sense, good nature, and good feeling. Every thing here has remained *in statu quo*. Some few friends I have seen, who were glad to see me. This I am glad to feel, that I look forward with some complacency to a quiet winter, after all my rambling; and that I am hopeful of being able to read, write, and think, with ease and comfort.

On recalling to my mind the last conversations that I had with you, I am somewhat apprehensive, that neither my sermons, nor my talk, have been sufficiently explicit, to remove ambiguity, and prevent misapprehension of my meaning. You conceive that I raise the standard of christian practice alarmingly high; and I grant, that it would be even so, if I pressed things as matter of duty, rather than of choice. But the truth is, that I regard religion, as a divine apparatus for restoring our affections to their right tone, and occupying them, about their supreme and everlasting object. The language of Scripture, the writings of the wisest men, and the experience of all ages, wonderfully concur in establishing the fact, that man, in his natural

state, is like an instrument out of tune. Can it, then, be matter of surprize, if, while his 'ventages' are thus 'ungoverned,' he should, like poor Guildenstern, be quite unable to 'command any utterance of harmony?' But I would go to far higher authority than Shakspeare; the invaluable liturgy of our own church. Look at the collect for the 4th sunday after Easter, and there you will see a most lively picture, both of our natural helplessness and misery, and of that blessed peace and self-possession, which are attainable through the influences of divine grace. Man is described as under the power of 'unruly wills and affections:' somewhat like a vessel at sea, in a great storm, at the mercy of every blast, and every moment threatened with instant destruction. In this perilous condition, He alone, who can say to the winds and waves, 'Peace, . . be still,' is able to allay the perturbations of a fluctuating and troubled mind. He, alone, can order the unruly wills and affections of sinful men; but, when He speaks the word, a great calm succeeds, in virtue of a power and will, which he graciously communicates, of loving that which he commands, and desiring that which he promises. This passage, I conceive, exhibits a deep acquaintance with the philosophy of the human mind. If we are once brought to

love that which is right, there can be no difficulty in the performance of it. What affectionate child, what attached friend, what devoted lover, ever finds a difficulty in thinking of, in conversing with, in gratifying, the beloved object? Thus, too, it would be in religion, if we were to imbibe it in its unmixed purity; then, whatever changes, whatever difficulties, whatever obstacles, might be presented by this troublesome world, they would no more turn the heart from its object, than the magnet could be turned from the north, by shaking the box which encloses it. Some vibrations there may be; but allow a moment for the soul to settle, and it, like the needle, will turn to the object, by which it is supremely attracted, .. for it is there 'surely fixed, where alone true joys are to be found.'

But how, you will be ready to ask, is this love to be attained? for an answer, I refer you to the first paragraph of the Epistle of St. James. 'Every good gift, and every perfect gift, is from above.' If any man, then, lack, not only wisdom, but love, or, what is the sure result of love, power, let him ask it of God: this is the injunction of St. James, this is the repeated advice of our Saviour, and in this path we can never be disappointed; for, has he not said, 'If ye, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children,

how much more will my heavenly Father give his holy Spirit to them that ask him?' The sum of all, then, is, that, if we endeavour to climb to heaven, by a ladder of our own making, by any endeavours merely of our own strength, we shall miserably fail of our purpose; but if, with an earnest desire for aid from on high, we pray for those things, which, by nature, we cannot have; if we do thus, with sincerity, and continuity of effort, at the same time avoiding all distracting and contrarious habits and pursuits, then we may be certain that a golden chain will be let down from heaven, to draw us up; we shall feel a change within, altogether beyond human power to effect; and we shall be sweetly constrained to say, 'This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes!'

This I have written as rapidly as my pen could move; if, therefore, I was not sure that you are a good-natured critic, I should not send it. I fear it is strangely incoherent. However, I know you will accept the will for the deed. My best love to all with you. Pray write soon, and believe me,

Your truly affectionate brother,

JOHN JEBB.

LETTER XXII.

To the Rev. J. M^c Cormick.

Cashel, Nov. 6. 1806.

THOUGH I wrote, two posts since, a very hasty letter to my sister, I don't conceive that it discharges me from the obligation of troubling you with a few lines. You know pretty well how I have been occupied, and how unfitted for writing at an earlier period.

My late illnesses, I think, will be, on the whole, advantageous to me in a variety of respects. One benefit which I deeply, and I hope gratefully feel, is, a certain joyousness, when in possession of myself, which I suppose never falls to the lot of those, who enjoy uninterrupted health. Pray has it ever struck you, that robust health has a tendency to 'embody and embrate' the soul; deadening its active powers, and overlaying its finer feelings? If this be the case, surely we invalids have no reason, in the long run, to envy our stronger and stouter brethren.

In this world, however, we have bodies, as well as souls; and it is certain that, if the mind be over-exerted, it will injure the body; and, then, both together will be unfit for use. There-

fore, I see clearly the necessity of due exercise and relaxation; and indeed the experience of the last few months confirms this, (if confirmation were needful), for I am evidently in a much better state, both of mental and corporeal soundness, in consequence of the excursions and variety I have had. But the return home is pleasant, though the home be so lonely as mine is. The intermission of my usual pursuits, makes me return to them with more zest; and I have seldom entered more warmly, than within these few days last past, into the spirit of literary luxury; so that what Heinsius said of himself, in the Leyden library, I sometimes feel disposed to apply to my own case. ‘Plerumque in quâ (bibliothecâ) pedem posui, foribus pessulum obdo; ambitionem, autem, amorem, libidinem, &c. excludo, quorum parens est ignavia, imperitia nutrix, . . . et in ipso æternitatis gremio, inter tot illustres animas, sedem mihi sumo cum ingenti quidem animo, et subinde magnatum me misereat, qui felicitatem hanc ignorant.’

You are not, however, to imagine, that I am so devoted to this learned leisure, as to neglect needful exercise, or to shun more active employments. I take frequent opportunities of riding or walking; and am, just now, a good deal interested, in establishing a better system in our

County Infirmary. Yesterday we had a tolerably full meeting, in which the Archbishop took a very decided part; and I hope that all things will, at length, go on as they ought to do.

I shall be happy to hear from you, whenever you have leisure.

Yours most affectionately,

JOHN JEBB.

LETTER XXIII.

To Miss Jebb.

Cashel, Nov. 20. 1806.

I HAVE been, from time to time, postponing my purpose of writing to you, in expectation of being able to write connectedly; with some accumulation of ideas, some useful practical hints, gleaned from writers who have studied the human heart, and some regularity of plan, which might go towards producing a distinctness of effect. But, alas! I feel that, if I were to wait till enabled to do all this, we should both probably reach a good old age, or be removed from this world, before our correspondence could be renewed. Therefore, I think it best to come down from my great

aspirings, and content myself with a common letter ; for which I have made no preparation, and of which, I positively cannot foretell what the next sentence shall be.

You complain of being alarmed at wanderings in prayer ; and, doubtless, there are wanderings, which should lead us to inquire very narrowly, and probe very deeply, into the interior of our hearts. I mean, such wanderings, as proceed from habitual dissipation of mind, from strong heart-attachment to the present world, and from disordered, irregular affections and desires. These are the common results and accompaniments of a careless life ; and it is certain, that, from such wanderings, they will be completely free, who look to God, as they ought to do, amidst the common occupations, and necessary intercourse of life ; for, if we limit the range of our thoughts throughout the day, we shall be wonderfully masters of ourselves in the hours of devotion.

But there are wanderings of another nature, from which I verily believe the most deeply pious will not be exempt, till they are separated from the body. These, may be commonly traced to some malady in our frame, or to some irregularity in our animal spirits ; and, even in cases when the cause is not discernible, proceed rather from physical weakness, than from any thing morally

wrong. I cannot undertake to say, that what you complain of, is wholly of this latter description; most probably it partakes, also, of the former; for, in the stage of religion which you, at present, seem to occupy, all undue anxiety about, and attachment to the trifles of the world, is not surmounted. Still, however, it is a most promising symptom, that you speak with regret of being often 'cold and languid,' and of 'the world obtruding on your thoughts, at the very moment you are praying to have your affections weaned from it.' Your regret bears testimony, that the wanderings are involuntary; and, if it be softened down into unremitting and earnest concern about the important subject, then I do feel hopeful that you will have less reason to complain than heretofore; and my hopes are considerably strengthened by your most pleasant intelligence, about your growing attachment to sabbath. By all means, cherish this; and make to yourself as many opportunities, as, consistently with propriety, and without incurring the charge of particularity, you can, of being alone, and properly occupied, on that day. But to return, you should by all means look forward to, and press on towards, a freedom from all such wanderings, as imply actual wrongness; at the same time, not needlessly distressing yourself about such as, perhaps, are no more

morally culpable, than having a head-ache, or tooth-ache. It is not at the very period of actual wandering, that you are to humble yourself on account of it; this would rather tend to increase, than alleviate, the evil: it should then be your object to aim, rather, at what may, at once, compose, elevate, and enliven the affections: always remembering, that over-anxiety may even rivet those evil thoughts, which we wish to get rid of. It is not, then, the part of pious wisdom, to employ direct, and formal efforts, to banish what is vain, trifling, or impertinent. We should rather turn with promptness and alacrity to some cheerful, animating, affecting thought, connected with God and heaven; with the happiness of religion, or with those kindly affections towards our fellow-creatures, which assimilate with, and often aid, the spirit of true devotion; and we should make it an invariable rule, never to let the incursion of foolish ideas, divert us from continuing any pious exercise, in which we have engaged.

But the main stand is, after all, to be made, in the daily course of our lives; for may it not be said, that, in their prayers, as in their dreams, people are often apt to act over again the occurrences of the past day, or to anticipate those of the day to come? Let us, then, be careful to obtain a due watchfulness over ourselves; a

thorough self-command ; an habitual conviction that we are in the presence of God ; and, then, we shall, in good time, have little to mingle with our prayers, that could give us well-founded uneasiness. In order to this, it is desirable, that our regular devotions should be more directed to the obtaining right inward principles and feelings, than to any outward regularity of actions ; for, when the principles and feelings are as they ought to be, right conduct will follow, as matter of course. And, further, we should seize every opportunity of lifting up our minds to God, secretly, in the midst of our common pursuits, occupations, and conversation. This practice, if it once grew into a habit, would go a very great way, indeed, towards keeping us from engaging in any pursuit, or amusement, inconsistent with the devotional spirit. And I am deeply convinced, that it would so calm our minds, and free us from distractions and perplexities, as to keep us in the best possible frame, for whatever proper business, and truly innocent pursuits, we may happen to be engaged in. And now, my dear sister, I have one piece of advice to add : it respects temper. Watch over this, with the utmost caution and vigilance ; for, until this be, in a very great degree, mastered, there can be no real, solid happiness ; and, when this is substan-

tially right, from right principles, and through the only adequate means, . . . God's gracious influences, then, it may be fearlessly asserted, that no external circumstances can make us unhappy. I know what it was to have violent temper in a high degree. You have less to struggle with; but still there is something. That warmth, however, is, to my knowledge, accompanied with generous, disinterested, affectionate feeling; and, if you can, as I hopefully believe will be the case, get it subdued through God's assistance, you will be the better candidate for religion of the right kind, by having that naturally irritable temperament; for it is remarkable, that the most perfect christian characters we read of, and St. Paul's among the number, had violent natural passions to contend with. And what was the consequence? The energy remained, while all its violence was destroyed. They were still liable to feel a chastened indignation; but, then, they were masters of themselves throughout; and the indignation was never personal, but always on the side of truth, and virtue, and religion.

I have written this altogether most rapidly, and I fear most unconnectedly: if there be any thing of truth or value in it, adopt that, reject every thing else; and especially excuse the well-

meant, though, possibly, ill-worded hints, towards the close. If any thing in me appears to you as it ought not to be, I shall esteem your communication of it as real kindness: for I know that, in many things, I offend; and to be set right is my earnest wish.

Farewell, my dear sister; write soon, to yours most affectionately,

JOHN JEBB.

LETTER XXIV.

To Mrs. Beatty.

Cashel, Dec. 16. 1806.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

* * * * *

You need not be apprehensive that I am excessive in my studies. The truth is, I have read enough to show me that there remains unexplored a field so vast, that the talents of a Newton, added to the age of a Methuselah, would be insufficient to approach near its limits. Therefore, with my very moderate powers, and uncertain health, I should be very unreasonable, if I looked to any thing more than enclosing, and

endeavouring to cultivate, a very small patch of this literary common.

But I have to complain of you, for giving loose to the suggestions of a too partial friendship. I well know that your expressions are far from outrunning your feelings; but, my dear friend, I know myself, and am deeply conscious of numerous and humbling deficiencies, which prove to me that I have yet very much, both mentally and morally, to correct. The mode of commendation which you indulge in would be enough to overset me, if I had not, I trust, risen somewhat above the low vice of vanity. As it is, it pains me in another way, by bringing up to my view, how much I have yet to learn, and how far I fall short of what might reasonably be expected, considering the advantages I have had.

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LETTER XXV.

To Miss Jebb.

Cashel, December 28. 1806.

I HAVE now before me two pages of a letter, written very closely, and bearing date the 7th of

this month, and part of another, dated the 20th, neither of which I was able to finish ; and, though uncertain whether I can bring this to a conclusion, I am determined, if possible, not to let this year close, without paying you the compliments of the season, and thanking you, as I do most cordially, for your last very acceptable letter.

It gratifies me much, that my hasty observations have been useful ; and more, that you take them in such good part ; and most of all, that I trust you will, ere long, be in progress towards a greater degree of inward comfort, and self-enjoyment, than you have, perhaps, ever yet experienced. It is particularly pleasant, that you make so candid, and unreserved a disclosure of your sentiments and feelings. A wise physician rejoices in a patient, who fairly states the symptoms of his case ; because he is thus enabled to prescribe on sure principles, and to meet the actual exigencies of the malady. And, though deeply conscious that I am little skilled in moral medicine, and that a testy patient might fairly meet me with, ‘ Physician, heal thyself,’ I, too, (as you call on me to prescribe,) am glad that you honestly state particulars, which afford me ground to proceed upon.

You state a long-confirmed habit of giving vent,

in words, to the feelings of the moment* ; and express a determination to endeavour to curb the unruly member. You could form few resolutions better calculated to promote your quiet enjoyment of yourself, and every thing around you. Do not be disheartened by the apprehension, that this wise restraint will sit awkwardly upon you, or appear forced, and insincere. Believe me, there is something truly respectable, in a conscientious effort to command, and deny ourselves ; this being the repeated injunction of our divine Master, than whom, there never existed a more thorough judge of decorum, we need never fear that an adherence to it, will make us appear in any other, than a praiseworthy and amiable point of view. But, in these cases, where the principle is right, and the attempt sincere, the effort will not be perceived near so frequently, as the happy effect ; and even though effort should appear, does it not always raise a person in our esteem, to see a rising emotion suppressed, . . a severe word softened, . . a momentary cloud on the countenance, exchanged for smiles of good-

* During the latter years of her life, Miss Jebb suffered under a complaint peculiarly irritating in its nature ; and though she would sometimes give way to the feeling of the moment, she would immediately, and most affectionately, ask pardon of those around her, for any thing painful she might have said, . . ED.

nature, and good-will? A victory over what is wrong, always proves the existence of right internal principles; and (next to the person who has effectually conquered all undue warmth of temper, so that even its first risings are invisible) that person is to be respected and admired, who is able to quell the tendency to tumult, before it breaks out into actual rebellion, or insurrection.

But it is not, certainly, any accumulation of mere efforts, as the occasion arises, that will be sufficient to produce this happy effect. Unless there be provision made within, outward exertion may, perhaps, only serve to aggravate the evil; unless we lay the ground-work of a contented mind, we cannot promise to ourselves a permanent and solid superstructure of placid and serene deportment: without this, many amiable and estimable qualities will be insufficient to accomplish what we desire; warmth of affection, generosity of spirit, sincere intention to make others happy (qualities which I know you possess in an eminent degree) will all be found incompetent to the conquest and regulation of our passions, unless we are, at least, in progress towards that happy discovery of St. Paul, 'I have learned, in whatever state I am, therewith to be content.'

Be assured, that passions and affections are

never given us, without being intended to be called into play ; they are intended to constitute materials of moral discipline and trial ; and, if they served no other purpose, this noble one would recompense us, for any uneasiness they may cost us ; the task of disciplining, regulating, and directing them, however painful in the act, will, if conscientiously persevered in, bring peace at the last. And observe, that I do not, by any means, recommend their extirpation ; they were given us for great purposes ; and, if we employ them properly, they will contribute largely to our happiness, not only here, but hereafter. The stronger, and the warmer they are, the higher is the enjoyment of which they mark our capacity. Whoever has warm passions and affections, is providentially called to exercise a more than common degree of love to God and goodness. And, whatever be our external circumstances, opportunities will never be wanting of bringing this love into action. Let me earnestly recommend, that you should exercise your affections and passions upon those infinitely interesting objects, which can never be taken from you. It is thus, that past, and present pain may be most effectually surmounted ; and, through the divine assistance, be, in due time, so recollected, as only, like shades in a picture, to contribute to

your enjoyment. It is thus, that you may be enabled to revert to former disagreeable sensations, only as the wearied traveller, brought into a land of peace and plenty, looks back upon the desert which he has traversed.

Do not imagine that I am speaking the language of cold, common-place speculation: I know well what I say; I, too, have my conflicts; within these four weeks especially, and never, perhaps, more strongly than this day, have I been grievously harassed, by temptations to repine, and be discontented at my lot. All, therefore, that I have said to you, I wish to apply to myself; it is these very considerations, which are my medicine; and I trust, through God's help, that they may be effectual to my relief.

Dr. Woodward was here for three days. He left this to-day, after having given my congregation a very good and useful sermon yesterday. The Archbishop and his family leave this, for town, on Thursday. Tell Louisa, that I shall have great pleasure in endeavouring to procure her some sacred music. There are some uncommonly beautiful psalm tunes, composed by Delamaine of Cork (long since dead), which, to my unscientific ear, are some of the most affecting melodies I ever heard. I should be glad to know whether these would be acceptable: I am

pretty certain Louisa never heard them : and I should also be obliged to her to specify what kind of sacred music she wishes for ; whether Anthems, Chaunts, or Te Deums.

I am now obliged to close this long letter.

Yours, my dear sister, most affectionately,

JOHN JEBB.

LETTER XXVI.

*To Mrs. * * * * **

1807.

MY DEAR FRIEND,
MANY thanks for your friendly hint. And now, as to what is of much more importance, I should much rather be silent, than say any thing that could oppress, or perplex you. Continue to do your rational duty, trusting in God ; pursue your design of a temporary residence in * * * *. Wait quietly for events : pray to God for light and guidance ; and he will finally disentangle you ; for, be it remembered, that we cannot disentangle ourselves. These are my sober sentiments. ‘ Be careful for nothing,’ &c. &c. Retire now, as far as your reason, and

sense of duty will permit. Pray to God to hasten the time, when you may retire still more effectually, and be raised in some good measure,

‘To regions mild, of calm and serene air,
Above the smoke and stir of this dim spot,
Which men call earth.’

And use every opportunity that you can fairly embrace of giving * * * * * a relish for enjoyments of the more quiet kind. This, you know far better than I can do, for you know it practically, cannot, and should not, be attempted, in the way of direct precept. In London you will have abundance of indirect modes. You can, for instance, show her much, both of nature, and art; so much, as to fill and occupy her leisure hours, without calling in the aid of balls, plays, &c. &c.; and you can also train her to indifference for the latter, by altogether abstaining from them yourself, yet, at the same time, continuing cheerful and happy.

* * * * *

Yours most faithfully,

J. JEBB.

LETTER XXVII.

To the Rev. J. M^c Cormick.

Cashel, Oct. 29. 1807.

I KNOW appearances are sadly against me, yet you will readily believe that you have often been actually in my thoughts, and always habitually in my heart. The truth is, I have made many efforts to write to you; evidence of which I could bring, by enclosing several unfinished letters. I hope this may not share the fate of its predecessors; and indeed, however heavy it may be, will it not be best to dispatch it? For surely it is better that one should plead guilty of dulness, than be suspected of unkindness.

My mind has had very few working days, for these two or three months past. How far the winter may be favourable, I cannot conjecture; but I am now so inured to sterility, that, what would be mental starvation to many, affords me a comfortable meal. I succeeded in a sermon, about a week ago, and have been living on it ever since; not, however, without hopes that it is the first-fruits of a little harvest of consolation. I do not voluntarily give myself up to inactivity

in the line of my duty, being truly anxious to improve every hour of sunshine ; but ‘ shadows, clouds, and darkness,’ too often, ‘ rest upon ’ my poor brain. I am, however, sensible, that all this has, even already, had its advantage, in deepening my views ; in giving them more solidity and compactness ; and, I hope, in teaching me somewhat more of the human heart, by, at once, affording me motives, and leisure to inspect my own.

You may have learned from the papers, that many parts of this country are in a desperate state of insubordination. Still, however, I do feel a strong confidence, that the ultimate result will be beneficial. It may be good that we should undergo a period of trial ; but I trust, that, at least, a small portion will come, as pure gold out of the fire. Religion is nearly confined to these countries, just at present. In France, and wherever France bears sway, that is, alas ! throughout all continental Europe, there is a prospect of little else than infidelity, if not of atheism. The priesthood almost extinct, from the miserable stipends allowed them ; and even the few that remain, in France at least, not exempt from the military conscription ; the price of a substitute, I have it from good authority, amounting to the almost incredible sum of

500*l.* or 600*l.* Amidst this gloomy prospect, I would willingly, but with deep humility, conjecture, that these islands will be providentially made use of, for an invaluable purpose; and that even the present dreadful disorder, may be a necessary preparation, for the greatest blessings, that have ever yet been vouchsafed to the world. Who can say, whether a temporary declension of all religion, be not indispensable, towards the decomposition of popery; and to the introduction of a purer, and better system, than has yet prevailed, even in protestant Europe? I cannot but indulge the hope, . . if it be a vision, it is however a consolatory one, . . that Church-of-England piety is, in due time, to leaven the mass of civilized society. And, in this view, I look forward, with somewhat of resignation, even to a period of suffering, and comparative persecution; as a process, which may make the religion of our establishment purer, and more intense, and, of course, better fitted to communicate a happy influence, when events may be ripe for its more extended operation. I know not whether I make myself clear; my ideas are thrown out very hastily, and I fear undigestedly, on paper; but I write to one who can either develope my meaning, or make a kindly allowance for my no-meaning.

By the way, it is pleasant that piety and zeal of a very deep and active nature have been, of late, gaining rapid ground in this diocese. I trust we may yet be of some little service. To be sure our Archbishop is a host in himself. He appears to me daily growing in wisdom, in disinterestedness, in spirituality, and in humility. His perfect knowledge of the world, strong good sense, and unimpeachable integrity, joined with that personal dignity, which is, at once, so simple, and so commanding, give him a wonderful weight in the world; and I question not that the purity and piety of his mind bring down a special blessing, from a higher quarter, on all his efforts. I cannot, indeed, find words to express the delight I feel, at having such a man for my patron, and my friend; or my gratitude, that our church is blest with such a guardian, in these awful times.

Your truly affectionate,

JOHN JEBB.

LETTER XXVIII.

To Mrs. Heyland.

Cashel, February 8. 1808.

MY DEAREST MARIA,

THE very great suffering which you have undergone, both from illness and anxiety, I was quite unacquainted with, till a few days since, except so far as ***** was concerned; and your letter most happily confirmed my hopes that all would be well. The discipline, indeed, has been severe; but I have no doubt it was also most merciful; for, though there are very few, indeed, in the circle of my acquaintance, of whose rightness I have a more thorough conviction, than of yours, yet, I am persuaded, that, even the very best, are by no means exempt from the need of providential discipline. Happy are they, who acknowledge the hand from whence it comes; and who derive from it the intended benefit. That this is, in a very great measure, your case, I have, I trust, a well-grounded confidence; what I say, therefore, is rather intended in the way of encouragement, than either of admonition, or even of suggestion. But one thing I will venture strongly, both to suggest, and to urge; it is, that

you should keep up your spirits. I well know, from long personal experience, the depressing effect of malady ; and, with this in my view, I do not hesitate to say, it is a duty to fight against it.

You should have heard from me sooner, but that, for just one fortnight, the house has held me a close prisoner. I am looking up, and soon hope to be out. The fit, I think, will ultimately be an advantage. It has been attended with more than usual nervous irritability ; I was completely overset one day, by the very quiet conversation of a single friend, which obliged me, for a time, to exclude all visitors.

It would be a cold word to say, that I am greatly, both gratified, and obliged, by the kind and affectionate wish expressed by you and Rowley, to see me under your roof. I truly feel more than I can express ; but there are special reasons why I must not make my usual annual trip to Dublin, this year. It would be idle and disingenuous to say, that this does not imply sacrifice and self-denial ; but, if all the circumstances were before you, I think you would agree, it is right for me to stay where I am. This morning, I have had a very kind invitation from Richard, which for the same reason must be declined. And I must add, that, though both

under your roof and his, I have ever experienced the most cordial and affectionate attention, I should think it an absolute duty, on very many accounts, were I to go to town for any length of time, to establish myself in a lodging; which I would be very ready to allow my friends to reduce almost to the denomination of a dry lodging. For it would be far from my intention, by this little arrangement, to relinquish the society of those who are deservedly dear to me.

I feel deeply for poor *****; but I have a cheerful, though not a sanguine hope, that, before very long, he will be compensated, and more than compensated, in a more desirable way. His honourable, conscientious, upright conduct, and his laudable attention to his most promising young family, place him, I soberly think, under the wing of divine Providence. Believe me, with hearty wishes that, from you and yours, no good thing may be withheld,

Your truly affectionate brother,

JOHN JEBB.

LETTER XXIX.

To the Rev. J. M^c Cormick.

Bellevûe, March 8. 1808.

IF you could anatomize my brain, or untwist my nerves, or analyze my animal spirits, you would doubtless discover more powerful reasons than I am able to plead, for my long silence. Though very far, indeed, from a materialist, I cannot but feel, that mind is wonderfully at the mercy of matter; and though hopeful of an emergence, even in this life, from the prison of such bodily fetters, as have been this long time my providential discipline, I must own, at present, my utter inability of doing, in literary matters, that which I would. A person who has not suffered similarly, cannot even faintly conceive, how I shrink, and have shrunk for the last two months, from the effort of writing even a letter of friendship, or of civility. This is my fourth or fifth commencement of one to you; and, at this moment, I know not whether it must not share the fate of its predecessors. You will, however, easily believe, that however my power of execution has failed me, I have had the desire to write. The

truth is, that a frequent interchange of thought and feeling with you, would afford me very deep gratification ; and is by no means among the least of the advantages I anticipate, from a more healthful state of body, and more lucid habit of mind.

It would be a wretched thing, if we had no better consolation, and no higher prospects in reversion, than politicians can discern. But I do verily believe, that, amidst all the dismal scenes which are transacting, the world, under a providential and gracious guidance, is holding on a steady course, towards political, and moral, and religious purification. No less than this appears to be asserted by the sure word of prophecy ; and the remote, but certain movements towards this improvement, may be discerned, by the calm, and wise observer of what is passing in the world. The very politicians, whom I pity much more than I blame, are acting their parts in the great drama ; and will doubtless be made subservient to purposes, of which they little dream. All this, perhaps, may appear fanciful. But I think I could make out my case, if I had a couple of hours' talk with you. Meantime, it is pleasant, that what I am led to hope, on grounds of christian philosophy, a late most ingenious French philosopher has conjectured, on far other data ;

and clothed in language as beautiful and energetic, as can well be conceived. 'Ah! what would be the lot of the generations to follow, what the despair of him who reflects upon them, if, in the chaos of human affairs, the laws of an inexhaustible creation did not present themselves; if, in the darkest storms, by which every thing appears ready to be swallowed up, the lightning of Providence did not afford, through the gloom, the glimpses of a better futurity! True it is, that, when the tempests are let loose, and hurricanes, raised by the passions of men, rage on the ocean of time, the vessel cannot hold her course direct to the destined harbour. The spectator is sometimes deceived, and thinks the motion retrograde, when it is not.'... 'But no: after those deplorable commotions, in which so many individuals are sacrificed, it is not uncommon to see a better order of things arise; to behold the race itself advance more freely towards the great end, which is pointed out by its intellectual nature; and obtain a new expansion of its improvement, by every new explosion of its powers.'—*Villers on the Reformation.*

I have left myself but a few lines to say, that I am highly gratified by your kind wish to see me at the Glebe. I hope to arrange matters so as to

enjoy, at last, the pleasure of seeing you there.
I beg my best love to your whole fireside.

Most affectionately yours,

JOHN JEBB.

LETTER XXX.

*To *****.*

Cashel, Oct. 26. 1808.

I THANK you for your interesting letter, and lose no time in sitting down to answer it. The Lord's prayer had, in some degree, engaged my attention ; though not so closely, as your hints have now led me to consider it. After some thought, I must honestly confess that I cannot subscribe to your ideas.

When our Lord delivered this prayer, I conceive that he intended it for a model of perfect christian devotion (that is, in the whole spirit of it, for the petitions are evidently calculated for the militant, not for the millennial state of the church). Now, if this be so, it surely cannot be maintained, that any part of the prayer, is exclusively, or even primarily, adapted to the

weaker order of christians. That some of the petitions are capable of being grossly apprehended, and interpreted in their own way, by the justification men, I readily admit ; but this is no more than may be asserted of numberless passages in the New Testament, and especially of what are called the doctrinal parts of St. Paul's Epistles. And, in truth, I deem it a signal instance, both of divine wisdom and goodness, that the Scriptures should have been so composed, as to favour such inadequate applications, and, consequently, such gross misinterpretations ; for I firmly believe, and I am sure you will agree with me, that the essence of christianity, could hardly have been preserved in the world, had not the kernel been thus enclosed in a hard shell, and further guarded by husky integuments. (You will perceive, that I have borrowed a favourite illustration of Knox's.)

The thing that I protest against, is, the supposition, that our Lord himself, permitted a prayer, any of whose petitions are of the lower order. When matter of fact is adverted to, when the character of christians is described, as 'the salt of the earth,' and 'the light of the world,' the 'righteous' and the 'good : ' there, we may fairly suppose, distinction is intended, of more, and less, excellent ; for things are described as

they are. But, when a model of devotion is provided, by an infinitely perfect and wise Being, there, I conceive, nothing could obtain admission, but what is most excellent ; for things are expressed as they ought to be. But how then, you will ask, are petitions of the most excellent nature, adapted to weak and imperfect christians? My answer is, that, in order to arrive at the excellence, it is necessary to dive far below the surface ; whilst a superficial meaning presents itself at the first glance, which abundantly serves the purpose of ordinary minds. Thus, I do believe, the justification man, forms to himself an inadequate, though doubtless, on the whole, a salutary notion, of all the petitions in the Lord's prayer ; whilst the enlightened aspirant after sanctification and perfection, goes to the depth of the subject ; and both perceives, and relishes, in every part, the deepest spirituality, and the most enlarged christian philosophy. Having said thus much, I readily concede, that the petitions, which you have marked out, as belonging to, and especially characterizing the righteous, as contradistinguished from the good, appear to be the most susceptible of a narrow and forensic construction.

The verisimilitude of your metrical arrangement, so far as the eye is concerned, and as regu-

larity of distribution is in question, depends upon this circumstance, that the prayer is, on your hypothesis, made to consist of three long lines, with two short couplets interposed, at the intervals between them. But there is every reason to believe, that your last line, the doxology, constitutes no proper part, either of the original prayer, or of St. Matthew's Gospel. In the first place, it is omitted by St. Luke; an omission, in the highest degree improbable, on the supposition that our Lord really delivered this clause, along with the preceding. Of the five most ancient MSS. of St. Matthew, two are defective in that part, which contains the Lord's prayer. In the other three, viz. the Codex Vaticanus, the Codex Bezae, and Barret's newly-discovered MS., the doxology is wanting; as it is, also, in six other MSS. of considerable authority and importance. It is wanting in the Arabic, Persic, Coptic, and Latin versions. It is found in none of the fathers of the first three centuries, though Tertullian, Cyprian, and Origen, have written professed expositions of the Lord's prayer. And it is omitted by all the Latin fathers. The most probable account seems to be, that it originated with the liturgies used in the Byzantine, or Constantinopolitan church, in which doxologies were common; that, thence, it found its way into the

lectionaries, or collections of portions of Scripture, appointed to be read in the public service; and that, thence, it was finally introduced into the text of the Byzantine edition of the New Testament itself. Wetstein has remarked, and I think not unfairly, that the conclusion is tautological, and therefore cannot, with propriety, be attributed to our Lord; it being inconceivable, that, in so very short a composition, he would have repeated the very same ideas, that occur in the introduction. To this, may I be permitted to add, that I do not see, in the doxology, any thing like a susceptibility of a similar metrical arrangement, to that which obtains in the prayer itself. And, now, it is full time that I should subjoin, what appears to me the natural order of the prayer; subject, however, to your revision, animadversion, and, if it appears deserved, your castigation.

- | | | | |
|-----|---|---|---|
| I. | ΠΑΤΕΡ ἡμῶν ὁ ἐν τοῖς οὐρανοῖς, | } | } |
| | Ἀγιασθῆτω τὸ ὄνομα σου, | | |
| | Ἐλθῆτω ἡ βασιλεία σου, | | |
| | Γενηθῆτω τὸ θέλημα σου, | | |
| | Ὡς ἐν οὐρανῷ, καὶ ἐπὶ τῆς γῆς. | | |
| II. | Τὸν ἄρτον ἡμῶν τὸν ἐπιούσιον, | } | } |
| | Δός ἡμῖν σημερον | | |
| | Καὶ ἀφες ἡμῖν τὰ ὀφειλήματα τὰ ἡμῶν, | } | |
| | Ὡς καὶ ἡμεῖς ἀφιεμεν τοῖς ὀφειλεταῖς ἡμῶν | | |
| | Καὶ μὴ εἰσενεγκῆς ἡμᾶς εἰς τὸν πειρασμόν, | } | |
| | Ἀλλὰ ῥύσαι ἡμᾶς ἀπὸ τοῦ πονηροῦ. Ἀμήν. | | |

Here, you will observe, that there is an evident parallelism, between the first and fifth lines ; whether we regard the identity of the subject-matter, *ἐν τοῖς οὐρανοῖς . . ὡς ἐν οὐρανῷ*, or the equality of length, there being, in each line, precisely ten syllables. The three intermediate lines, form a very beautiful parallel triplet ; and I think you will hardly fail to admit, that, according to the common construction of language, and, especially, of Hebrew poetry, each line of the triplet equally refers to the *ὡς ἐν οὐρανῷ*. So that this first, and grandest part of the prayer, has, for its great object, the millennial state of the church ; when God's name, shall be as purely hallowed, his kingdom, as thoroughly established, and his will, as perfectly performed, on earth, as in heaven. The couplet which relates to remission, is, perhaps, in its true and adequate import, no less deeply spiritual, than any other part of the prayer. I know it is commonly considered as merely forensic ; but the question is, whether real scriptural remission of sin, be of this forensic nature. I humbly conceive it is not. And, happily, our church seems to entertain the same opinion, when, in the baptismal service, she implores, for infants, 'the remission of their sins, by spiritual regeneration.' I have yet one more observation, which, perhaps, is too trifling

to be hazarded; and yet there may be, possibly, something in it. In the arrangement that I have offered above, the parallel lines uniformly terminate with the same letter; a technical nicety, which our Lord might have seen it wise to descend to, both for the aid of memory, and to secure the integrity of the prayer, from subsequent mutilation, or addition. Many poems of the Old Testament are acrostics, the lines beginning with the letters of the alphabet in regular succession. Why, then, might not a contrivance less palpable, but somewhat similar, be resorted to, in the New Testament? That I may not be misunderstood, I shall add what, perhaps, is needless: the first and fifth lines end with the letter Σ ; the second, third, and fourth with Υ ; the sixth to the eleventh with N.

* * * * *

Believe me,

Most cordially yours,

JOHN JEBB.

LETTER XXXI.

To the Rev. Dr. Nash.

Cashel, October 31. 1808.

MY DEAR NASH,

WHEN I look back to the date of your very kind and interesting letter, I feel truly ashamed ; but I know your good-nature too well, not to rest satisfied that you will impute my silence to its real cause, the infirmities of a person, whose state of health has peculiarly disqualified him for any thing like regular correspondence. Indeed, in the present case, I was prevented by a further difficulty ; you suggested some topics of inquiry, on the subject of the Trinity. Circumstances imperiously directed my studies another way ; and I was unwilling to write, till I could, in some measure at least, comply with your kind wish to have my sentiments, on perhaps the most vitally important truth of our religion. I am aware that I have been myself the sufferer ; for, had I written, you gave me reason to hope that I should be gratified with the continuance of your correspondence. I still look forward to prove myself not wholly unworthy of it ; though

it might, at present, look like absolute impudence, to express, what I feel, a real desire to hear from you. My correspondents are not many; and I can say, with truth, that you would be a most acceptable addition to the number.

From the cause above mentioned, I do not feel equal to give any thing more than a very slight, and cursory remark, on the ante-Nicene faith. But I am ready to acquit Justin Martyr of any Arian tendency. Many passages are, in my opinion, decidedly orthodox; and if, occasionally, he use language that may appear dubious, we are to consider, that the subject was not, in his day, matter of controversy; and that, of course, preciseness of phraseology is not fairly to be expected. 'Till Arianism had made it a matter of great sharpness, and subtlety of wit, to be a sound believing Christian, men were not curious what syllables, or particles of speech, they used.' So says the judicious Hooker. And here, by the way, is possibly the final cause of Arianism; as it is, surely, whatever Hooker might think, a great advantage to the christian church, that the doctrine of our Lord's full divinity, has been clearly defined, by creeds, and councils, and the voice of the whole catholic church.

You will find that the great body of fathers,

both ante and post Nicene, are strong for a subordination in the nature of Christ; and, indeed, I conceive that, without admitting this, we cannot explain, consistently, many passages of the New Testament, and some sayings of our Lord himself. The great point is, at the same time, to maintain a strict unity of essence. I conceive the Athanasian creed itself, is by no means adverse to this mode of thinking; and, indeed, what stronger argument can be adduced in its favour, than that, in the Nicene creed, the second person is stiled $\Theta\epsilon\omicron\varsigma \epsilon\kappa \Theta\epsilon\omicron\upsilon$, .. whilst the Father is manifestly $\text{Αυτο}\theta\epsilon\omicron\varsigma$. The subordination, I can imagine to arise out of the relations of paternity and filiality; whatever, in the divine person, they may strictly mean. On this subject, you will not fail to meet much interesting matter in Bishop Bull's *Defensio Fidei Nicenæ*, as well as in his *Judicium Ecclesiæ Catholicæ*; also in Nelson's *Life of Bishop Bull*, sect. LVIII., &c.

I feel, deeply, with you, the blighting tendency of the Arian system; and I wish I could see it put, practically, in its just point of view. This, however, I rather wish, than hope; at least in our day. The world must be somewhat acquainted with the interior movements of our moral and spiritual nature, before it can either apprehend, or relish, arguments, on this highest

branch of the controversy ; . . a branch, indeed, which has not yet been navigated or explored. The good people of the present day require something more palpable. You and I can observe the phenomenon, that Arianism has a lowering effect on Christian practice ; and, possibly, we can, to our own satisfaction, account for the cause of this effect. But I much question, whether many people could be brought even to perceive the phenomenon itself ; for must it not be spiritually discerned ? How much less, then, can they be supposed capable of apprehending a chain of reasoning, on the rationale of the matter ? All this, however, is very crude ; it is written *currente calamo*, without time for deliberation ; and merely to shew, that, however negligent I may have, I may say, must have appeared, there is no real indisposition to cultivate your valuable correspondence.

I have no right to hope for a speedy answer ; but, indeed, I do sincerely feel a wish to hear from you ; and I hope I may be enabled to act up to my hearty desire of being, at least, a punctual correspondent.

Believe me, my dear Nash,

Yours very faithfully and sincerely,

JOHN JEBB.

LETTER XXXII.

To the Rev. Dr. Nash.

Cashel, Nov. 17. 1808.

MY DEAR NASH,

I THANK you most cordially for the kind interest, which, on my account, you are disposed to take in young * * * * * ; and I trust he may not prove undeserving of it, on his own account. I do not know him personally, but am anxious, for his father's sake, and for the sake of his profession. Both motives will weigh with you ; for the father is a worthy man, and you love the church. It is, in truth, to this your professional zeal, and not to any representation of mine, that you are indebted (*qualcunque debitum*), for the Arch-deacon's good opinion. He had heard, from some young men who had profited by your instructions, of your extra-official lectures to divinity students, in your own chambers ; and hence, as well as from the general reputation, &c. &c. (I spare your modesty the recital), arose his anxiety that his son should be under your direction.

This naturally leads me to say, that, though

you may be frequently, and perhaps disagreeably, interrupted in your favourite studies and pursuits, you are providentially placed in a sphere of great usefulness. You may be the instrument of impressing many young clergymen, both with the arduous responsibility which they are about to incur, and with the deep internal character of christianity itself. Whatever less pleasing labours may be unavoidably annexed to your situation, I view as a sort of tax which you must pay, for the privilege of acting as divinity lecturer, . . . not to speak of the noble field which you have at the Asylum. I well know the reply which might occur to some, but which never could occur to you. 'All this is mighty fine talk, from an idle gentleman, who enjoys his visions of platonic quietism, at Cashel; and, at all times, may follow the literary vagaries of his own imagination.' But the truth is, that much as you are interrupted by college business, I am still more interrupted by incapacitating malady. Moderately speaking, three fourths of my waking hours, have, for the last year, been absolutely unprofitable to all appearance. I say, to all appearance, for I wish not to speak despondingly; and I humbly trust, that many days and weeks of total inability for thought, or study, have been providentially ordered, and will ultimately pro-

duce in me some good effect. We must only wait quietly for better days ; and, should they arrive, we shall then feel double cause to rejoice and be glad in them.

I most entirely approve of your thought, ‘ that none of the Evangelists intended to pay much attention to chronological order.’ I, too, had been amazed by the perplexities, and revolted by the inelegant dislocations, of harmonists. I took refuge from them all, in this very persuasion ; but I cannot say that I ever investigated the subject, at all in proportion to its interest and importance. I wish much for your promised communication on the point ; and to entitle me, in some measure, to this favour, shall offer you a few remarks.

There is ‘ A Vindication of St. Matthew’s Gospel, against William Whiston,’ annexed to the last volume of ‘ Jones on the Canon,’ which contains much to your purpose, especially in the fourth chapter.

Jones strongly maintains, ‘ that all the Evangelists disregarded the order of time.’ And this he shows to have been the practice, also, of the Old Testament writers, and of the best profane historians. He adds four causes, why the Evangelists thus neglect chronological accuracy.

1. They relate facts together, which happened

at different times, because they happened in the same place.

2. They relate facts together, which happened at different times, because they relate to the same person, whose history they wish at once to dispatch.

3. They used a different order from each other, (by the appointment of divine wisdom) that there might be no appearance of collusion, &c.

Spanheim's words are forcible : . .

' Voluit vero Spiritus Sanctus, diverso ordine, multa ab Evangelistis narrari, . . ne vel ex compacto, vel collatis capitibus, scripsisse, vel sua a se invicem descripsisse viderentur, &c.'

4. Order not observed, for the exercise of ingenuity, sagacity, piety, faith, &c. in after ages.

These causes, undoubtedly, are not of equal value ; but, I think, you will find much to interest you in this whole chapter. I can well conceive, that another, a deeper, and a far more interesting set of causes, might be assigned. Then, Jones's are of the most palpable nature ; but you well know, that what is most palpable, is not always most important. Let me, then, suggest the following queries :

1. Is not chronological order, sometimes post-

poned, to the juxta-position, and mutual elucidation, of moral truths related to each other?

2. Is not chronological order, frequently postponed, to the consideration of giving prominence to striking features of individual character?

3. May it not, in general terms, be asserted, that, by neglecting strict chronological order, the Evangelists have happily avoided the methodical dryness of a diary; and been enabled to delight us, with the easy, natural flow of continuous narration?

4. May it not be said, that, if any one of the Evangelists had strictly adhered to the order of time, his narration would have very strikingly differed from the rest, in style and manner?

5. May it not be said, that, (all the facts, and instructions remaining what they are) if strict chronological order had been adhered to, there must have been, at least, a very considerable want of that nice congruity of parts, . . . that happy, and almost imperceptible transition, from subject to subject (like colours in the rainbow) which, in the present distribution, fail not to attract every reader of taste? In fact, if the present

order of any one evangelist be nearly that of exact chronology, must we not be reduced to the extreme supposition, that a needless miracle was resorted to, . . . namely, an ordering the sequence of events, so as to give a consecutive chronological history, all the grace and fitness of easy, elegant, skilfully composed narrative?

I am aware that the best of these queries, but re-echo hints contained in your letter; and the rest are but very hasty thoughts. I hazard them, however, to draw you out; if they have this effect, I shall be satisfied; and, at all events, they may serve to shew, that I am not altogether uninterested by the subject you have started. As to your lectures, I have not been able sufficiently to turn your general hints in my mind, to offer any thing like a decided opinion. I conceive, however, that the outline of last Lent course, should not be palpably deviated from in the ensuing. It is worth considering, perhaps, whether there might not be somewhat of condensation, and, if possible, of convergence towards some special object. This suggestion I throw out with much diffidence, because I have, in truth, nothing specific to propose; it merely occurs to me, that the interest of the whole business might be heightened, by thus giving it

unity, and a progressive tendency to some one great end. Not that I would have this end formally announced; it should rather be kept in your own mind; and it should gradually disclose itself, or rather, if I may so speak, permit itself to be discovered by your audience. The subject of the baptisms, may, doubtless, be made very interesting. I should think it would suffer by being protracted into two discourses. So far as the three baptisms afford light to each other, either in the way of coincidence, or contrast, it is surely desirable, that they should be considered in the same lecture; and besides, this subject does not occupy a sufficient space of the gospel narrative, to be dwelt upon at any very considerable length, in a course of lectures like yours. But I fear I may be talking at random, about a matter which I have not, by any means, sufficiently weighed. I can only say, that, when you have fixed upon your plan, I hope to derive both pleasure and profit, from discussing it with you.

I am glad you are engaging in the study of hebrew, and, especially, without points. I hope to follow you. Pray what is the grammar you have taken up? And could you procure one of them for me? Having so much amused myself in thinking of the nature and structure of hebrew poetry, I feel bound to study the language, at

least in a slight degree; those teasing little points always revolted me.

My pursuits have, of late, been much impeded, by a sprain in my back. This, in the first instance, and for several days, was productive of intense pain; and has since been succeeded by weakness, relaxation, and unfitness for any serious study. I hope soon to look up, and to be occupied. This day I have pleasantly beguiled some time in talking to you; and, if I am not alarmingly punctual, pray give me provocation, and subject-matter, soon to talk to you again; for I am one of those beings, who cannot strike, unless they are wound up.

Believe me, dear Nash,

Yours most cordially,

JOHN JEBB.

LETTER XXXIII.

To Mrs. Heyland.

Cashel, Nov. 28. 1808.

If you wish for a very high literary treat, send to Martin Keene's, for the life and remains of

Henry Kirke White, .. and to Watson's for the fragments and life of Miss Smith. These were absolutely two prodigies, both of talents, learning, and piety. They both effected more, in a few years, than it falls to the lot of millions to do, in a long life: and, when they had manifested an unquestioned ripeness for heaven, they were taken away from the evil to come. Such dispensations have, doubtless, something in them seemingly mysterious; but to me, I own, they are full of mercy and wisdom. I am now reading the life of White. It is a beautiful thing; and I know not when I was more interested. As to Miss Smith, she was an honour to your sex, and to human nature.

LETTER XXXIV.

To the Rev. Jos. M^c Cormick.

Cashel, Dec. 24. 1808.

A LONG letter to you, lies, at this moment, sealed and ready for the post, upon my table; but your very pleasant and welcome letter, just received, leads me to suppress what I have written, in

hopes, that, though I may not be able to substitute any thing better in its room, I may, at least, give some kind of reply to your queries. How can you think of apologizing to *me*, for laziness in correspondence? I was not within reach of a looking-glass; but I know that what you say, on that score, should have brought the blood into my face.

You judged rightly that I wished to hear about your whole fire-side; and your cheerful family picture has delighted me. What would I not give to be one amongst you to-morrow, and for many to-morrows after! In the morning, I would take your reading-desk, or pulpit; and, in the evening, we would enjoy our cheerful conversation, and we would amuse ourselves with the youngsters, and we would do due honour to your good lady's Christmas pies, in spite of your neighbours the presbyterians, who are bound to abominate all manner of superstitious meats and drinks. But these are speculations, or rather visions, too pleasing, to be safely indulged by a solitary recluse. I must, therefore, have done with them. Your estimate of our several occupations, I must beg leave to protest against. I soberly think, that you are most usefully filling, a valuable department in the community, whilst I am often disposed to question, to what department do I

belong? Among the truly learned, my shallowness of knowledge would soon be discovered. I am turning out a most infrequent composer of sermons; I have no parochial labours; and he must be a very candid, or a very friendly judge, who would not feel an inclination to ask me, 'I say, my good sir, what are you doing?' Still, however, I do not despond. In my own small way, I am striving to treasure up, '*quæ mox depromere possim*;' and, in the interim, I feel that I am of some use to my brother-clergymen, who are willing, now and then, to take hints from me; and to carry into effect in the world, those things, which are but the private speculations of my '*scrinium secretum*.' (You doubtless recollect poor Tom Marshall's '*secret pen-case*.') Providence has thrown us into different spheres; and yours, as the father of a family, and as an active parish minister, is truly an important one. That very attention to worldly matters, which you speak of, is no less your duty, than it, perhaps, may be mine to hunt through the worm-eaten folios of the Cashel library; whilst it is also our common duty to look to it, that neither our farms, nor our books, be suffered to occupy our hearts, which assuredly were made for something better than either the one, or the other.

All that you say of my sister is deeply gratifying, and I trust matters will continue at least as favourable. It is pleasant, too, that you have so good an account to give of my dear little young friends. As to Richard, I would not feel discouraged by his retrograde movements, in the very necessary art of reading; for I know, that, in all grammar schools, that is not made a primary matter. He will be more benefited in this department, by what he can learn at home, in vacations. I believe that a taste for English literature, and a religious disposition, are, most commonly, acquired under a parent's eye. And this, I consider one great advantage to be derived from vacations.

¶ You will be glad to hear, that ecclesiastical matters, throughout this province, are every day wearing a more favourable aspect; and, if the monstrous price of foreign timber, did not imply an absolute prohibition, there can be no doubt that multitudes of new churches, and glebe houses, would spring up, under the encouragement of the late act. Even as it is, the applications to the Board of First-Fruits are very numerous. I look far more to the gradual results of a wise liberality, than to any compulsory acts of Parliament, for an efficiently resident clergy. Provide comfortable accommodation, at

a small expence to the incumbent, and you will soon have the clergy at their posts. Here and there, there may, and will be, instances of neglect; but the general consequence will, I conceive, be most efficient residence. It is the genius of our establishment, rather to be won by kindness, than driven by terror.

What an awful scene of events lies just now before us. It baffles all ordinary modes of political calculation; and yet, unknowing as I am in the science of politics, I cannot help forming my own private conjectures, that the *final* causes of all we are witnessing, are principally two. 1. The destruction of the whole worn-out system of continental Europe, preparatory to the future establishment of a new, and better order. 2. The civilization of the New World, by the erection of supreme governments, in territories which have been hitherto colonial. This latter, I am disposed to conjecture, will ultimately take place, and that, too, at no distant period; even though the Brazils, and Spanish South America, should, for a time, fall within the gripe of Bonaparte. Migration, I would willingly hope, may be the providential means of civilizing the other hemisphere. Is there spirit enough in Spain to attempt this? I must, however, cease with conjectures, which I am ill qualified to make. Fare-

well, then, and believe me, with every wish for
the best happiness of you and yours,

Your truly affectionate

JOHN JEBB.

LETTER XXXV.

To the Rev. Dr. Nash.

Cashel, January 7. 1809.

MY DEAR NASH,
THIS is the sixth day, since I began an answer to
your most acceptable letter, on paper that might
very well pass for the manufacture of Brobdignag,
in a hand which would not shock the delicate
optics of a Liliputian lady; but, after having
filled a page and a half, I feel myself obliged to
contract my plan, and confine myself within
more modest limits. It is easier to feel, than to
express, what is due, for your most friendly re-
monstrances; but, believe me, your friendship
has greatly over-rated the danger. It is true,
that, for a long time, I have neither been strong,
nor robust; and that, frequently, I have been
subject to depressing malady. But, then, I so-
berly think, and in this opinion I am by no

means singular, that my health has, on the whole, been better during the last year, than in that which went before it. Meanwhile, I am by no means, either indifferent about my health, or negligent of it. I am very rarely for a whole day together, within doors ; and am ready, whenever it is needful, to take gentle exercise. But mind enters much into my complaints ; and I know from experience, that the ordinary routine of daily rides or drives, would have a worse effect on my spirits, than could be compensated by the advantages of stated bodily exertion. The gig, I shall certainly have in view, but not immediately ; meanwhile, I will not neglect exercise and relaxation ; rather, indeed, I should say, recreation ; for to relax, implies previous tension, and, whatever you, my kind friend, may think, I am decidedly hostile to every thing intense. You need not, then, be alarmed on the score of ‘ intense study ;’ and ‘ laborious inquiries ;’ the truth is, if you knew me, as well as I know myself, you would think me a very idle fellow. It is with shame and regret, that I review the unprofitable tenor of my last year. I have written almost nothing ; and my studies have been only the amusements of, I fear, an ill-arranged leisure. It is my excuse, and therefore becomes my consolation, that the vibrating state of my health

wholly unfitted me for continuous exertion. But there has been more than enough of the obtrusive little pronoun ; yet, I must be permitted to add, that, should it please God to give me better health, whilst I trust I would endeavour to employ it to some good purpose, I would also feel it a duty not to endanger it, by any intemperance of study.

Your difficulty about St. Luke, xi. 37, &c. for some time a little perplexed me. But, since, I have been quite reconciled to his narrative. It struck me, that if, under such circumstances, our Lord really did use such expressions, a departure so unique from his exquisite observance of decorum, must have had some very peculiar cause. And such a cause, I think, does appear, on close examination. Observe the strong expressions, in verses 53. and 54., *δεινως ενεχειν . . αποστοματιζειν περι πλειονων . . ενεδρευοντες αυτον . . θηρευσαι τι . . ινα κατηγορησωσιν αυτου*. Surely, these words imply much more, than a sudden ebullition of resentment ; there is, evidently, a rooted malignity of heart ; and, I conceive, there are, also, marks of deliberate, and preconcerted treachery. They do not wait to hear him out ; they begin *λεγοντος αυτου* . . while he is yet speaking. Now, does not all this point to the supposition, that the Pharisee invited him, for the very

purpose of intrapping, of accusing, of delivering him up to death? The invitation, we are told, was given . . . ἐν τῷ λαλῆσαι . . . (v. 37.) whilst Jesus was speaking. Now just consider the discourse he was delivering (v. 29 . . . 36.) and ask yourself, was it very well calculated to conciliate a zealous Jew, and to excite him to hospitality? or rather, was it not eminently fitted to stimulate a thorough-paced Pharisee, to revenge, a designing villain, to malignant treachery? If then things be so, then, all that follows, is strictly decorous and consistent. Our Lord detected the vile intention, which lurked under the mask of smooth civility; he was aware, that, where no hospitality was designed, no breach of what was due to hospitality, could be committed. May we not add, that, when the sacred rites of hospitality were abused so flagrantly, it well became our Lord to shew the hypocrite that he stood unveiled, in all his native deformity? Was it not, also, most dignified, to take no notice of the design against himself, and yet to intimate, (as, I conceive, he does, v. 47 . . . 51.) that, to him, the dark design was no secret? On this supposition, what daggers does he speak, by that single particle ΝΥΝ? (v. 39.) Is it *now* that you make clean, &c.? *Now*, when your heart is full of treachery; *now*, when you are deliberately violating the sanctuary

of your own table; *now*, when you are meditating murder! well might he say . . . το δε εσωθεν υμων γεμει αρπαγης και πονηριας. This may, possibly, appear fanciful. To me, at present, it is, however, satisfactory; and, it seems to be strengthened by a critical observation of Rappellus, who neither felt the difficulty, nor had any notion of treachery in the host. 'TO NYN,' says he, 'admiracionem, vel potius indignationem quandam, declarat hoc loco.' But, if the particle be emphatic, with what emphasis of just indignation is it employed, on the above hypothesis, and how is its use to be accounted for, on any other? St. Mark, vii. 1, &c. is, I conceive, the record of another conversation, rising out of a similar occurrence, but having no topic in common with this narrative of St. Luke. And it is observable, that, even the harmonists, treat the parallel passages in St. Matthew, St. Mark, and St. Luke, as records of similar, but distinct transactions.

I greatly like what you tell me of the new lecture. You will have some difficulties to encounter, from the meagreness, and flatness, of Nichols and Wheatley, and from the prolixity of Comber. But you can enliven the subject by your own observations; and the very novelty of the pursuit, will hardly fail to carry the young

men through the first year, with interest and alacrity; the first year, I say, because I am sure every succeeding one will be fraught with most pleasant information. You see I quite enter into your feeling, that the prælections, should be postponed for a year. You will, by that time, have collected abundant materials, and will be master of your subject. The truth is, that, as I hope to see a very useful publication grow out of this undertaking, I am more anxious for thorough digestion, than for speed. I promise myself much pleasure and information from your discoveries, as you proceed; and, I need not say how much gratification it will afford me, if I can ever throw out a hint for you to improve upon, or point to a path, which you may think it worth while to explore. The subject peculiarly interests me; who soberly believe, that, from our liturgy, may be deduced the noblest body of divinity, that man has ever yet extracted from the Sacred Volume. For your first prælection, you will meet valuable hints in Archbishop King's little work, which I already mentioned. You are doubtless well acquainted with Secker's sensible, but not profound, discourses on the subject. Pray turn to 'Baxter's Life and Times,' part ii. p. 307., and you will there read a curious admission of the inconveniences

which must arise, from leaving the prayers at the mercy of officiating ministers. And, if you wish for a specimen of about the most plausible things that can be said against Forms, you will do well to consult 'Orton's Letters to Dissenting Ministers,' Lond. 1806. Vol. I. p. 16, &c. This little work is peculiarly worth having, as it shews the interior of English dissenterism, during a period of 30 very important years (1752 . . 1782); very important, because, in that interval, heterodoxy was gaining rapid ground, in the dissenting body. As to extemporaneous prayer, has the following objection occurred to you? The use of extemporaneous prayer implies, that candidates for the ministry must be previously trained to it; but must not this course of training, greatly endanger the simplicity of their addresses to Almighty God? Must not many inevitably be led to speak and pray, beyond their feelings? Is it not to be feared, that some must, in the nature of things, be drilled into hypocrisy of the worst kind? This, I have good reason to know, has been feelingly lamented, by wise, and pious dissenters.

On looking to your letter of December 3d, I find that I have yet another arrear to pay off. You then propose the subjects of 6 Lent lectures. 1. Baptism. 2. The Temptation. 3. Doctrines.

4. Morality. 5. Manner of teaching . . parables.
6. Miracles. I have no doubt that, on these topics, you would produce very interesting lectures ; and yet the prospectus does not quite satisfy me. In the first two lectures, you would (as last Lent) strictly follow the order of the evangelists ; and, in the last four, you would become selective. Is this consistent with unity of design ? But there is a deeper objection. Is it right to consider doctrines, apart from morality ? or morality, apart from its only source and origin ? May it not, also, be worth examining, whether the greater part of what are called doctrines, do not resolve themselves into facts. I mean, something very different from what are dwelt upon by Messrs. Wakefield, Fellows, and all the rationalizing school. I merely wish to secure, that nothing purely dogmatic, shall be put forward as the vital part of Christianity ; but that Christ himself, both God and man, may be uniformly kept in view, as the living, and ever-communicative source of whatever can tranquillize and purify, can elevate, and, at the same time, keep humble, the heart of man. I fear that needless words becloud my meaning : you will, however, decypher me with ease, and interpret me with candour. And I am surely about to put your candour to the test,

by throwing out a very rude and hasty sketch, . . not for your adoption, . . but, in order that, provoking you to something better, ‘vice fungar cotis.’ 1. Baptism, viewed as the initiatory rite of Christianity. 2. The Lord’s Supper, viewed as the perfective rite of Christianity. 3. The Sermon on the Mount, viewed as an initiatory system of spiritual instruction. 4. St. John, xiv. xv. xvi., viewed as a perfective system of spiritual instruction ; referring, also, to our Lord’s final prayer in chap. xvii. 5. Our Lord’s character, viewed as a perfect exemplification of holy tempers, and heavenly habits, flowing from right internal principles. 6. The use we are to make of all that our Lord did in the flesh ; that is, in other words, . . how we are to live upon Christ by faith ; and, especially, how, under every trial and temptation, we are from him to derive strength, support, and comfort ; and finally to become more than conquerors, through the influential efficacy of his divine example. It might be urged against this little scheme, that it gives no place to the great peculiarities of the Gospel ; but, in truth, I feel as if they ought to be so blended with every lecture, as to give it life and spirit, and to shed a certain beautiful ‘*purpureum lumen*’ over the whole. And, to speak my whole wishes, it would give me

deep gratification, if your entire course, were an expansion of this single passage, 'God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God, in the face of Jesus Christ.'

I am deeply sensible that my suggestions are very imperfect. I rely, however, on your receiving with good-natured allowance, the crude thoughts of a recluse. He that lives alone, must, perhaps necessarily, talk crudely. I am glad that you have * * * * * to plead for your charity, because he will not fail to plead most successfully. He is, beyond all question, the most beautiful preacher of modern times ; graceful, elegant, persuasive ; if not always producing conviction by solid argument, seldom failing to hurry his hearers along, with that 'flumen verborum,' that 'volubilitas,' that 'orationis celeritas,' &c. so well described by Cicero. I view his great popularity with full complacency ; for it will, I trust, be serviceable to the best of causes ; not so much, however, as if his fine talents were aided by juster views, than I fear he is likely to adopt. But, even as it is, * * * * *, in the pulpit is a credit to Christianity. His very look is a sermon. I have often applied to him, in my own mind, what Numenius says of the philosopher

Arcesilaus, Τοις ακουουσιν ηρεκεσεν, ουμου τη ακροασει ευπροσωπον οντα θεωμενοις· ην ουν ακουομενος και βλεπομενος ηδιστος, επει τοι προσειθισθησαν αποδεχεσθαι αυτου τους λογους ιοντας απο καλου προσωπου τε και στοματος, ουκ ανευ της εν τοις ομμασι φιλοφροσυνης. * * * *

Yours, most cordially,

JOHN JEBB.

Jan. 9.

LETTER XXXVI.

To Mrs. Heyland.

9. Buckingham-Street, Strand,
August 5. 1809.

I NEED not say, that it was to me a very great disappointment, not to meet you on my passage through Dublin; for, as I flatter myself that you were also disappointed, you can judge from your own feelings. Long since I ought to have given you some account of my movements; but, though our procedures have been very leisurely, yet we have had so much both to see and do, as left little or no time, or thought, disposable. That we moved leisurely, you may judge, when I tell you, that we were twelve days on the road, from

Holyhead to London. Of these, we passed one and a half at Capel Cerrig, sunday being with us, of course, no travelling day; two full days, at Shrewsbury; and two and a half, at Oxford.

At Capel Cerrig, we were entertained, in a very unexpected, novel, and singularly interesting style. Having learnt that there was no divine service, except in Welsh, at nine o'clock in the morning, we were obliged to dispose of our forenoon just as we could: about twelve o'clock we strolled out, to admire the wild romantic scenery about us; and had proceeded a short way, when we were surprized by the sound of voices, singing some wood-notes wild, with a character evidently resembling sacred music. On advancing, we perceived that the performers were three young women; and there was an audience of men, women, and children, apparently much interested in what was going forward; the group was placed on the bank of a little stream; we stood on the bridge above, and were greatly gratified to perceive that the choristers were not in the least embarrassed, but rather proceeded with increased spirit, though with great simplicity. The tunes, had a native wildness, though with a very pleasing melody, partaking much of the character of the Welsh song. On inquiry, we learned, that they were

the composition of a singing master at Llanwrst, who was to come that very day, to teach the young people in the adjoining church. On asking for the church, our attention was directed to a small thatched house, which we had taken for a cottage with a high chimney. You may suppose that our curiosity was awakened, by the singularity of a Welsh singing-school; we determined to be present, and we were amply repaid.

After the master arrived, more than sixty persons adjourned to the church; and, when they had sung for about half an hour, a person with a fine intelligent countenance, read a chapter from the Welsh Bible; and read, with such accurate attention to the pauses, that we were able to accompany him throughout, in an English one, which they handed to us. Then, the same person proceeded to catechize, I suppose, at least, thirty persons, young men and women, as well as children, who appeared to answer, not merely by rote, but partly extempore; and the youngest among them, without the slightest embarrassment or hesitation. The young women, in particular, gave their answers with great modesty; and the uncouthness of the sounds, was fully atoned for, by the sweetness of their accent. The reader, or catechizer, then gave an extempore prayer; and the whole terminated with

singing, as it had begun. For at least three hours, were these simple people thus engaged; and we could not perceive a single symptom of weariness, or lassitude, among them. In truth, their hearts seemed fully in the business; and we could not but rejoice, that they should have been led to provide for themselves so innocent a mode of passing their Sunday. Mr. Knox got from the singing-master one of his airs, and the rest he is to be provided with as we return.

At Shrewsbury, we partook of the hospitality of Mr. Stedman, the vicar of St. Chad's in that town: a most amiable and worthy clergyman, in whose society we enjoyed ourselves greatly. He has made it a point, with such earnestness as we felt to be quite irresistible, that we should pass a week at his house, on our return. Oxford, of course, was to us very interesting; and, though the long vacation put it out of our power to converse with any members of the University, we did not regret that we saw it at so deserted a season, as we were the more at liberty to range about the colleges, unmolested by observation; and a little silver opened all the doors, which we wished to have opened to us. Here we are, now, in most comfortable lodgings, and quite at home. We have already met some of the religious world, at the house of a Mr. Pearson, where we were most

hospitably entertained. Among the company were Mr. and Mrs. Henry Thornton. You may have heard that he is a great friend of Mr. Wilberforce's, and one of the party in the house, whom they call 'the Saints.' We also had Dr. Buchanan, from India, who has interested himself so deeply about the conversion of the Indians to christianity. I believe we are to have a visit from Lord Teignmouth; and we are pressed to dine with Mr. H. Thornton, next week. We shall therefore, during our stay, have abundant opportunities of making our observations, on the state of the religious world hereabouts; which, in the present strange times, is a matter of no small interest. I had almost forgot to say, that we dined one day with Lord and Lady B*****; and a most pleasant and gratifying day it was. We shall probably remain here five weeks longer; then, on our way, pass a week at Clifton, and see H. More; then, a week at Shrewsbury, and so home. Believe me, my dear Maria,

Ever your truly affectionate brother,

JOHN JEBB.

LETTER XXXVII.

To the Rev. J. M^c Cormick.

London, 9. Buckingham Street, Strand,
August 19. 1809.

A RAMBLING, migratory life, is not friendly to punctual correspondence. I cannot, however, remain longer in peace, without giving my friends, and you among the first, some account of my movements. Our route to London has been a little circuitous; and we dwelt more on several places, than travellers are usually in the habit of doing. This prolonged our journey from Holyhead a fortnight; but it effectually took off the air of a journey, and converted it into a party of pleasure. On our way, we were not without a specimen of English hospitality; being received in the kindest manner, by the very worthy, and no less agreeable minister of St. Chad's, Shrewsbury, Mr. Stedman, with whom we are also to pass some days on our return. But, here, we have found ourselves quite domesticated, with some of the best, and I do verily believe, the most agreeable people in England. At the house of a Mr. Pearson, an eminent surgeon, in the west end of the town, we met Mr. H. Thornton, and at his villa, we have already paid two visits

(the last, for two days,) where we had the happiness of meeting Mr. Wilberforce, not only one of the worthiest and ablest, but the pleasantest of men. There is something to me peculiarly delightful, in the almost boyish playfulness of a great and good mind ; and this I never saw more fully exhibited, than in Mr. Wilberforce ; he absolutely overflows with vivacity ; and the easy current of his most fluent conversation, every now and then, is diversified by flashes of eloquence, or by classical allusions, or poetical imagery ; and the whole is so clearly the emanation of a guileless, and benevolent heart, that not to be charmed with him, I, at least, conceive to be impossible ; or, if possible, I should have an ill opinion of that person, who would be proof against so many rich attractions.

The good people, the Saints as they are nicknamed, I am well convinced, are the best individuals in the country. With all their views and sentiments, theological and political, I certainly cannot accord ; but, after every drawback, I find, in them, most solid and substantial goodness, united, in several instances, with real talents, and very respectable information. They are very candid, sober, and rational, in all their talk ; and by no means so wedded to their own opinions, as not complacently to tolerate differ-

ences of sentiment. About Ireland, they are particularly zealous ; and I trust we have had it in our power to give them some information respecting our country, that may not be useless in the next, and succeeding session. Mr. Knox had, yesterday (and I was present), a four hours' conversation with Mr. Wilberforce. The subject was theologico-political, and embraced a wide range. Tithes were not omitted. The exact amount of the impression made, I cannot answer for ; but Mr. W. was, in spite of his vivacity, fixed and absorbed in attention. The great object is, to impress him, and his friends, with the danger of forming benevolent, but not wise theories, for our improvement.

I passed a day with Lord and Lady B*****, and another with Albert Forster ; his children are very nice little ones, and he seems quite comfortable and happy. I am longing much to hear from you, and about my dear sister, and all your happy little household. I hope to see Richard, at Cheltenham, on my way back. We think, too, of visiting Mrs. Hannah More. Give my best love to all with you. Farewell, and believe me,

Your ever affectionate,

JOHN JEBB.

LETTER XXXVIII.

To Mrs. Beatty.

Abington Glebe, Dec. 21. 1810.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I THANK you most cordially for your kind and affectionate letter : it could not fail to bring along with it many recollections of past hours ; of kindnesses most unselfishly conferred ; of good and amiable dispositions, uniformly, and steadily, exercised in my favour ; and, let me add, recollections of those, also, whom it has pleased the Great Disposer to remove from this uncertain world. Circumstances have, indeed, contributed to make our intercourse more infrequent ; but, surely, they cannot diminish a solid and well-founded esteem. It does, therefore, afford me sincere gratification to find, that I still hold a place in your remembrance ; and to think, that you have derived any advantage from our intercourse, is pleasant, not only in the retrospect, but in the prospect that such advantage may not terminate here. For if, at any time, one good principle has been communicated, the results of

that principle, may be not only progressive, but eternal.

* * * * *

The book which I am just now engaged in reading, may, indeed, be called a collection of books. It is 'Wordsworth's Ecclesiastical Biography,' . . a valuable publication, either of lives not now easily to be met with, or of hitherto unpublished manuscripts from the Lambeth Library. As a collection of national history, it is most valuable ; but, as a body of practical instruction, it is beyond all price : it having ever appeared to me, that, next to the sacred Scriptures, the lives of great and good men are by far the most profitable books we can read. For this reason, we may presume, it pleased the Almighty to order, that so much of the Scriptures themselves, should be given in a biographical form.

With every good wish suggested by the approaching season,

Your attached and cordial friend,

JOHN JEBB.

LETTER XXXIX.

To Mrs. Heyland.

1812.

I do, indeed, conceive, that very high attainments in piety and goodness, are, in this life, indispensable prerequisites, to the complete happiness and salvation, which Christianity, in its fullest influence and power, is fitted to accomplish. But it would be altogether unreasonable to imagine, that, because the highest bliss is not attained, therefore, no other alternative is left but misery. In this world, mental and moral gradations are necessary, no less than a gradation of ranks in society, to the well-being of the whole system ; and I feel perfectly assured, that similar gradations must obtain, till the end of all things ; till time itself shall be lost, in the fullness of eternity. For us that remain, we ought to press forward to the highest crown ; and, if we do this with sincerity of effort, however we may fall short of the completion of our wishes, the higher our aim, and the more undeviating our exertion, the higher and the richer will be our ultimate attainment of happiness and joy.

LETTER XL.

To Mrs. Heyland.

Abington Glebe, Feb. 19. 1813.

You are probably much alone. I would recommend, as far as you can apply it, an adoption of my remedy; cultivate your mind by reading. Take up, occasionally, something solid. You will be likely often, at the outset, to feel your attention flag; but resist, and persevere, and you will find your interest heighten, and you will reap entertainment, when, perhaps, you least expected it. At a time of languor, when I could do no better, I amused myself lately, by extracting several of the quotations from various authors, made by Johnson, in his large dictionary, to illustrate the meaning and use of words. This would, to most people, seem dull and dry work; and I own it has some unpromising features. Yet it entertained, and I hope improved me. The extracts appeared to me, to throw new light on the complexion of Johnson's mind; and, with that view, I have sent them for insertion to an English periodical journal. My days pass in unbroken retirement. But, if I have not much

to exhilarate, it is a blessing that I have little to disturb or annoy me. At times, indeed, illness prevents me from applying my mind steadily to any subject ; . . but I trust even these periods of languor have their use ; and I am, every now and then, further indemnified, by the power of adding some little to my small capital of information ; but very rarely of employing that capital, either through the means of my tongue, or my pen. I feel trepidation about a charity sermon, for which I am pledged to the Asylum, on the second sunday in April. But, after a storm, a calm ; and, as the weather improves, I trust my intellect may become less cloudy, than it is at this present writing. I am a barometer ; . . at least in point of sinking in the bad weather ; may I not then hope to rise with good ?

LETTER XLI.

To Mrs. Heyland.

Abington Glebe, Feb. 28. 1813.

IN this life, who is there that does not require some drawbacks, as a gracious and providential

discipline, not only to teach us the lesson of dependence, and submission to the Great Disposer; but absolutely to put us on the alert, both in finding, and improving, means and opportunities of increasing our own happiness.

If we were given to possess all the good things of this life, all the blessings of full health, of numerous and attached friends, of cheerful society, of varied amusements, . . might not all this lead us to take up our rest here? And, above all, might it not betray us into an enjoyment of the mere animal life, without any serious attention *to*, or at least without any internal relish *for*, the spiritual, or even the intellectual life? The spiritual life, consisting in the supreme love, and earnest imitation of God, and of our blessed Lord; the intellectual, in the cultivation and improvement of our rational powers. I am aware, indeed, that truly honest and worthy persons, may, from habit, from circumstances, and from not being led to see any higher way, be more predominantly animal, than they are intellectual, or spiritual: by animal, I do not mean sensual, but carried away and governed, chiefly, by the merely sensitive part of our nature. But I am convinced, that few circumstances tend more to perpetuate the animal life, and to check all nobler aspirings, than the

feeling, that we are 'rich, and increased with goods, and have need of nothing.' This it was which, in one of our Lord's parables, led the rich man to think of nothing but his purple, his fine linen, and his daily sumptuous fare ; and, in another parable, led another rich man to say, 'Soul, take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry.' Here is a just description of the animal life : the word translated *soul*, is, in the greek, *psyche* ; and the word, by which the sacred writers describe the animal life, by our translators improperly called sensual, *psychicos* ; that is, 'of, or belonging to, the soul,' or, in one word, *animal*. And I am equally convinced, that every drawback from those gratifications, which external sources, of whatever kind, may afford us, should be deemed a special call, to the cultivation of those inward, and perennial comforts, which spring up into everlasting life ; which no man can take away from us ; which death cannot deprive us of ; which sickness cannot dry up ; which, when we have fully imbibed, and made our own, we shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more. This being sunday, I have suffered my pen to follow the impulse of my mind ; rapidly, but I trust not carelessly ; for the thoughts are my long established convictions. Would that I myself more

deeply, and continually, felt their infinite importance.

In writing thus, I have been also writing to and for my own heart and mind.

LETTER XLII.

To his Grace the Archbishop of Cashel.

Abington Glebe, Dec. 1. 1813.

MY DEAR LORD,

ACCORDING to my promise, and in compliance with your Grace's desire, I shall try to give, in a few words, the result of my best consideration on the subject of parochial schools, especially as connected with the parochial clergy. Many topics that I shall touch are doubtless most familiar to your Grace's mind, in all their bearings; yet, for method and consistency's sake, they cannot be omitted: some of my notions, too, may perhaps not approve themselves to your better judgment; but it often happens that an erroneous suggestion may promote the discovery of truth.

You are well aware how many difficulties

embarrass every plan hitherto devised, for increasing the efficiency of parish schools. Of those difficulties, it is by no means the least embarrassing, to discover a method of, at once, justly and safely, providing adequate pecuniary resources. Two expedients have been especially suggested, by the union of which a third plan has been compounded.

1. A parochial assessment by act of vestry.
2. A yearly per centage on the incomes of the clergy.
3. Both a parochial assessment, and a per centage on the clergy.

The third scheme does not require distinct consideration. It affords no *data*, not contained in the two former ; except, indeed, that it implies the inconvenience of attempting to blend materials, if not altogether incommiscible, at least very uncongenial. I shall, therefore, confine myself to the distinct plans, of parochial assessment, and clerical per centage.

At the first view, a parochial assessment, by act of vestry, would appear, at once, the most equitable, and the most effectual means, of establishing, and maintaining parish schools : for what more equitable, than that they, who reap the benefit, should, in proportion to their interest in the soil, contribute the expense ? and whence

could an adequate and effectual supply be more naturally expected, than from a people confessedly most anxious to educate their children ; who endure daily privations, that they may send those children to bad schools ; and who might thus, at a diminished expense, afford them the advantage of good ones ? But, on closer consideration, the plan will probably be found, at once, inadequate, unsuitable to the circumstances of Ireland, and fraught with actual danger to the established religion. Irish parishes are extensive : each parish, to supply its present, but particularly to supply its increasing demands, would require many schools : but to support many, or, in most instances, more than one school, in each parish, by assessment, would, in addition to church-rates, be a heavy burthen. Whilst it is obvious, that a single school can be useful, only within a limited district ; and no less obvious, that it would be inequitable to tax parishioners, remote from that district, for an establishment of which they cannot reap the benefit.

But the constitution of our parish schools affords another, and a stronger argument, against their maintenance by act of vestry. It is the avowed purpose of such schools, as now constituted, to support the established religion of the country ; to afford, at least, one seminary in

each parish, where the children of Church-of-Ireland parents, may imbibe the first principles of the Church-of-Ireland faith. These institutions, therefore, are placed under the exclusive guardianship and control of the established bishops and clergy. The schoolmasters of these institutions belong, or ought to belong, without exception, to the Church of Ireland. As members of that church, alone, can they procure licences from the bishops of their respective dioceses; and though it be the principle, and the habit, of our clergy, to avoid any, the least interference, with the religious faith of those belonging to another persuasion, who may chuse to attend their schools, still, in those schools, the church catechism is, and must be, taught to children of our establishment; and, on all such seminaries, the Church-of-Ireland character is strongly impressed, by the superintendence and control of the established clergy. Under such circumstances, even though it were perfectly fair, would it be wise, or politic, to maintain our parochial schools, by a parochial impost? The great mass of our population is Roman catholic; and can it be questioned, that Roman catholics would grievously complain of being forced, by protestant assessments, to pay for schools, which, in very many instances, they would not permit

their children to frequent; and which, in all cases, they must inevitably regard with more or less of jealous feeling? If parish schools were thus to be supported, but one expedient, that I know of, would remain, for extinguishing Roman catholic jealousy; an expedient, however, that would sap the foundations of our establishment, and make our schools themselves, the means of alienating our Church-of-Ireland peasantry from the faith of their fathers. This expedient (and I trust we may never witness its adoption) would be, the *unrestricted* admission of Roman catholics to sit and vote at vestries; accompanied by such a modification of our parish schools, as would give the Roman catholic priesthood a control over their interior management, equal, or rather superior to that, now possessed by the established clergy: a superior control, indeed, we may say without hesitation, for who, that knows the principles of the church of Rome, can reasonably doubt, in what manner the priesthood of that church are bound, as a matter of conscience, to exercise any control entrusted to their power? On this point more need not be said.

The plan of maintaining parish schools, on an extensive scale, by a yearly per centage on the incomes of the clergy, certainly comes forward under the recommendation of most respectable

authorities ; not only of enlightened individuals, who have devoted much time and thought to the subject of national education, but of the commissioners, also, of the Board of Education, in their fourteenth Report. What has been thus powerfully recommended, deserves and demands a more extended examination.

From the act of 28 Henry VIII. c. 15. entitled ‘ An Act for the English order, habit, and language,’ it has been understood, and maintained, that ‘ every beneficed clergyman in Ireland, is under a legal obligation, enforced by oath, to keep a parochial school himself, or to cause it to be kept, *at his own expense.*’ And from this doctrine, thus derived, it has been considered only as the reduction to practice of an existing legal enactment, and as the enforcement of a most solemn oath, now taken by the clergy, to impose, by act of Parliament, an annual tax on the incomes of that body, for the maintenance of schools, within their respective parishes. In order to ascertain the justice of this reasoning, it may be well to examine briefly the clause of the above act, on which it is founded, and the oath, by which it is further maintained.

The clause of the act runs as follows : . . ‘ that every beneficed clergyman in Ireland, shall keepe, or cause to be kept, within the place, territorie,

or paroch where he shall have rule, benefice, or promotion, a schoole for to learn English, if any of the children of his paroch come to him to learne the same ; *taking, for the keeping of the same schoole, such convenient stipend, or salarie, as, in the said land, is accustomably used to be taken.*'

The object of this enactment was, manifestly, and exclusively, to make the English, rather than the Irish tongue, the common language of the country. The clergyman of each parish was naturally selected, by the legislature, as the most likely and capable instrument for effecting this purpose. But the slightest intimation is not dropt, that the clergymen are to effect it *at their own expense*. The measure was to become, not a privation, but a source of clerical revenue. The clergy were, indeed, to teach, or cause to be taught, the English tongue ; but, as a remuneration for so doing, they were to receive a competent stipend, or salary, from the parents of their pupils.

A subsequent act, 7 Will. III. c. 4., so far as it respects parochial schools, simply recognizes, and re-enacts, the statute of 28 Hen. VIII. Nothing whatsoever is there said, from whence it can be implied, that the clergy were, in the whole, or in part, to be chargeable with the ex-

pense of parish education ; and, indeed, it seems perfectly reasonable, that no such implication should be made, or attempted to be made, from these statutes. The extirpation of the Irish, and the substitution of 'the English order, habit, and language,' was not an ecclesiastical, but a civil, not a religious, but a political object ; connected, indeed, with the promotion of loyalty, good morals, and good faith, and, therefore, such as the clergy might fairly be invited, and expected to promote ; but still an object desireable, or advantageous to the clergy, only in common with the rest of the civilized community ; and therefore not to be equitably promoted, or attained, at their sole pains, and exclusive expense. After what has been said, the oath taken by every clergyman, on his induction to a benefice, needs little examination : the bare recital of it will prove, beyond the possibility of question, that it extends no further than the statutes of Henry and William. It forms no manner of pecuniary engagement ; it binds no clergyman, *in foro conscientiae*, to advance a single shilling from his pocket. The obligation is fully discharged by an incumbent, if he keeps an English school himself, and charges a reasonable stipend for the instruction of his scholars ; or if, by any means, he induces any protestant of fair character, to

teach the English language in his parish. The oath is as follows: . . . ' I, A. B., do solemnly swear, that I will teach, or cause to be taught, an English school, within the said vicarage, or rectory of * * * * *, *as the law in that case requires.*'

It must, indeed, be admitted, that a custom has universally prevailed, in virtue of which, incumbents of parishes allow their parochial schoolmasters an annual gratuity, or stipend, of forty shillings; that the Commissioners of Education, in their eleventh Report, declare themselves unable to trace the commencement of this usage. The truth is, that no authority, legal or ecclesiastical, is to be found, even for this small charge on the clergy. Its payment may, in any case, be withheld; and it probably took its rise in the voluntary benevolence of the clergy.

Nor should it be accounted strange, that no salary was ordered, by the legislature, to be paid by the clergyman. For, independently of the equity of the case (which shall be hereafter considered) it is manifest, that the acts of Henry and William were equally obligatory, on clergy, and people. The clergyman was to teach English, or cause it to be taught; the people were to learn it. The clergyman was to receive a salary, if he kept school himself; the people were to pay that

salary ; and, if the clergyman provided a schoolmaster, it was manifestly the intention of the legislature, that the people should pay that master, as they were to have paid the clergyman himself, 'such convenient stipend, or salarie, as, in their respective lands, was accustomably used to be taken.' The plan was, in no part of it, eleemosynary ; it was altogether a political measure ; and modern misconceptions on the subject seem to have originated, in want of due attention to the scope and purpose of the old 'Act for the English order, habit, and languages.'

From this statement, brief and imperfect as it is, we may venture to pronounce, that the precedents altogether fail, which are usually resorted to, for the purpose of justifying the establishment of parish schools, at the cost of the clergy. From precedents, we shall now proceed to principles.

An extraordinary burden, imposed by the state on a distinct class of the community, is obviously unconstitutional. In every instance of taxation, the imposers should tax themselves, equally with the rest of the community. Were it not for this great constitutional principle, the few might, in every case of urgency, transfer the burden to the many ; and exempt themselves from all participation in national distress.

If there be any one class, respecting whom it is especially obligatory not to abandon this constitutional axiom, that class is *the clergy*. Their rights and immunities, not only in person but in property, were solemnly guaranteed by Magna Charta; have since been repeatedly recognized by parliament; and have been secured, in perpetuity, by the coronation oath. But, if possible, a stronger motive should operate for the protection of church property. The clergy, once the exclusive, and we must add, liberal arbiters of their own constitutions, relinquished this privilege, on the public faith and honour. In accepting the surrender, the faith and honour of parliament, have been distinctly pledged: and to employ the power, thus obtained, in the infliction of any arbitrary, and partial imposition, would be a procedure, which every lover of justice must deprecate, and every true votary of the British constitution must deplore.

But an exclusive education-tax upon the clergy, would not be less impolitic, than unjust.

The property of the church was originally conferred, and has been inalienably confirmed, with a view to the performance of high duties, and the communication of important public benefits; those duties have been performed, and those benefits communicated, by the clerical members of

the Irish church, with a fidelity and zeal, at once, most laudable, and most extraordinary, when it is fairly considered how many difficulties they have had to surmount, and how much opposition to encounter. Within the last twenty years, many of those difficulties were removed, and much of this opposition was subdued, not more by manly firmness, than by mild conciliation. Still, however, one impediment was severely felt: I mean, the want of convenient, or indeed of any, clerical residences, within a large proportion of the country parishes. The clergy had effected much, and were effecting more, by the cheerful allocation of two years' income, for the erection of glebe houses within their benefices. This sacrifice, any thing similar to which, has neither been witnessed, nor expected, in any other profession, was made by men, with moderate incomes, ill paid, and vexatiously collected; who, for the most part, were obliged to raise the necessary supply on their personal credit, and to replace it by the strictest economical retrenchment. But the effort was made with alacrity, because residence was felt to be the foundation of all professional usefulness and respectability. Parliament felt, both the importance, and the exigency of the case. Large sums were granted, in trust, to the Board of First-Fruits, not only

for the erection of churches, but for the purchase of glebes, and the erection of glebe houses; and no sooner was this judicious and seasonable act of bounty generally known, than the clergy came forward with a rapidity and ardour, which the Board of First-Fruits found it by no means easy to meet and satisfy. The sums granted by the Board were promptly expended; and are now in a course of regular repayment, by annual instalments, again to be re-issued to claimants, who apply at every meeting of the Board.

By your Grace's kindness, I have had an opportunity of examining the accounts of money granted by the Board of First-Fruits, under the provisions of the late Acts of Parliament, for the purchase of glebes, and the erection of glebe houses. A few results, derived from those accounts, will afford pretty satisfactory evidence that our church is not idle.

Since the Union, 107 new glebes have been purchased, for 72 of which, fines have been already paid by the Board of First-Fruits. Several glebes have also been taken at the full value, the estates from whence they were allocated being under settlement. Of these latter, the Board of First-Fruits have no record, as they made no payment. It is to be observed, that many, both of the bishops and clergy, are anxious to

procure glebes from the landed proprietors, on whose part, the disposition to grant them is daily gaining ground.

Since the same period of the union, 166 glebe houses have been finished, and the last payment issued for them by the Board of First-Fruits. Of these, grants were made for 160, since the Union, and for 143, since January, 1805 : that is, since the operation of the new Act. About 90 more glebe houses are in a course of building ; a considerable number, also, are granted by the Board, but not yet commenced.

From the beneficial operation of these, and other causes, the residence of the Irish clergy, highly respectable for a long course of years, is, at present, exemplary. Two thirds of the beneficed clergy, are either actually resident within their parishes, or, (where parochial residence is unattainable) within a distance so convenient, that they can perform all their professional duties, to their own satisfaction, and that of their parishioners. From the remaining third are to be deducted, exemptions, faculties, cases of sickness and old age, together with parishes so small, that they can afford, neither means of residence, nor scope for exertion. Of these last, the parishioners usually attend some neighbouring church ; and the occasional duties are performed

by the adjoining clergyman, who receives a small stipend from the incumbent.

Such, from the liberality of parliament, is the state of our church ; a state, which, but for the intervention of parliament, it could not have attained ; and which, with the continuance of parliamentary aid, we may fairly pronounce it has every prospect of surpassing. And is it then to be supposed, that the legislature will pull down with one hand, the edifice which she is so happily erecting with the other ? or can it reasonably be imagined, that she will oblige a body of men to build houses for schoolmasters, who have been unable to build houses for themselves ? Were such a system pursued, the dilapidation of our Establishment would necessarily follow. Houses might, indeed, be raised for schoolmasters, by a forced contribution ; but the glebe houses of the clergy would moulder and decay. The strong box of the Board of First-Fruits, would soon experience the defalcation of instalments, now regularly paid ; but it could endure the deficiency ; for who, under the load of newly imposed, and partial taxation, and under the continual apprehension that such taxation may be indefinitely extended, would venture to claim a loan, which he could not be certain of repaying, to build a

house, which he could not insure the ability of maintaining?

This language may appear strong: but is it not amply justified by the reason of the case? The smallest per centage that could be thought of, would be severely felt by the poorer incumbents; whilst, as one of many claims and charges, it would be an unreasonable drain on the incomes of those more largely beneficed. But there is an objection far more weighty, than any present diminution of income, or embarrassment of circumstances; namely, that, if ancient precedents were thus overlooked, and constitutional principles thus overborne, the clergy would lose all that is now pledged, of national faith and honour, for the preservation of their property. The principle once ceded, encroachments would inevitably multiply; a personal property, assuredly not less sacred than any other possession, of any other class in the community, would be accounted the property of the state; present ministers, and present parliaments, might, indeed, respect an order, which respects them as they deserve. But, where would be our safeguard against future, perhaps not remote, enactments? and who could venture to affirm, that the fixed estate of the church, might not one day be converted into a pension from the state; or

that our clergy might not be reduced to support a degraded existence, upon the unsteady, and precarious contributions of individual caprice?

But, without the fore-casting of uncertain, and I hope, of very distant evils, the impolicy of any measure that would materially trench upon the incomes of the clergy, may be shown from other, and I own more immediate grounds.

The character of our parochial clergy, is, in many important respects, different from that of their English brethren, in none more remarkably than this, that they fill a place, and discharge a function, comparatively unknown in England: I mean, that of enlightening, civilizing, and (if the expression may be used) of moralizing the country. With us, in very many districts, from the predominance of absentee proprietors, the parochial rector, though not over-burdened with wealth, is incomparably the first gentleman of his neighbourhood; and where his comparative rank and consequence may not be so great, his education, and enlargement of mind, often enable him, with the best effects, to give the tone to society. In England, where the country gentleman has, for the most part, habits somewhat refined by good society, and a mind more or less cultivated by good literature, this influence of the clergy is by no means equally needful.

That matters are differently ordered here, I cannot help regarding as one of those providential adaptations, by which the course of this world is divinely regulated ; and I think your Grace will cordially unite with me in deprecating any change, by which this goodly order might be interrupted, or endangered. No man, who knows Ireland, can deny, that the country gentry much need to be moulded by the influence of the clergy ; which influence, again, must depend, not only on their piety and learning, but on their comparative station in society :

‘ Haud facile emergunt, quorum virtutibus obstat
Res angusta domi.’

This influential character of our parochial clergy, as acting upon the upper orders of society, I do consider an invaluable privilege of our Irish church. For assuredly it is with the higher classes, that any solid, permanent, and unsophisticated improvement, can be rationally expected to commence. It is among those classes, that, at this day, we must look for the few specimens of christian excellence, which are perhaps, under Providence, the stay and safeguard, no less than the grace and ornament, of our country ; which are, not improbably, *improved editions* of those kindred excellencies, that shed a lustre over the days of early christianity ; and

which may be regarded as a sort of anticipatory exemplification, of what, in future and happier ages of the church, will predominantly, if not universally, obtain.

But it is not only, or chiefly, among the higher classes, that the beneficial influence of our clergy is exerted. It would argue a gross ignorance of human nature, to maintain, that a civilized and cultivated clergyman is disqualified, by his habits and attainments, to speak, with feeling and efficacy, to the humblest peasant. The fact, in Ireland, is directly the reverse: his rank in society conciliates the respect of a populace, above all others, aristocratic, even in its worst excesses: his suavity and condescension engage the affections of a people, more sensible to the manner, than the matter of kindness. Nor is it hazardous to say, that they who are best acquainted with the interior of the Irish church, will be most ready to bear witness, that the most zealous and efficient of our parish ministers, are drawn from the more elevated walks of life. But, as I have already hinted, our best clergy, though frequently well born, are very seldom rich; and further to impoverish their pockets, would be materially to abridge their usefulness. This usefulness is, perhaps, not sufficiently appreciated. The clergy are far above the mean-

ness of self-predication ; and their best services are often performed, in the most remote, and unfrequented districts : for, in very many instances, it is not their desire to be seen of men. But, if the poor were asked, ‘ who are your most liberal, unwearied benefactors ? ’ They would assuredly answer, and with few dissentient voices, ‘ the clergy of the established church.’ This is not proclaimed as a merit, but stated as a fact. It grows out of the circumstances of the country. We have many non-resident landlords. Those who do reside, are frequently absent, and for long intervals. Of this I do not complain ; their duty often requires it ; their convenience often justifies it : but the clergyman is permanently on the spot ; his avocations make him familiar with distress ; and can he see distress, without attempting to relieve it ? He cannot do so. One case in point, at this moment, presses on my mind. The builder of this house *, a man unpopular indeed with some, from his exertions in the cause of justice, but of good report, with multitudes in this parish, from his unaffected benevolence, has actually denied himself the use of wine, that he might bestow it on the poor, in a sickly season. Such privations, for such a pur-

* The late Rev. William Galwey, afterwards Archdeacon of Cashel.

pose, are more common than perhaps might be readily imagined.

One branch of clerical liberality, demands a few words. Throughout the greater part of Ireland, the clergy, instead of a *tenth*, rarely receive a *thirtieth* part of the produce of the soil. They make ample allowance for every deficiency, in a crop, or harvest; and receive little or no accession, from a plentiful crop, or an abundant harvest. The rate of all articles of consumption has been enormously progressive; the rate of tithes, alone, continues stationary: and nearly, if not altogether stationary, it must continue, during the present high rent of lands. Nor should it be omitted, that, from exorbitant rents, perhaps, too, from unthriftiness, or sickness, or old age, many of the smaller occupants are actual paupers. Their rent, however, must be paid; and the clergyman, in common humanity, cannot but forgive the tithes. It were easy to dilate on the drawbacks, and the claims, which, in every direction, tend to impoverish the clergy. With such drawbacks, and with such claims upon them, it is surely most deserving of equitable forethought, whether they should be further harassed by a novel, partial, and perhaps interminable, system of taxation; and it is for enlightened statesmen and philanthropists

to determine, how far the pittance, heretofore allotted to the relief of misery, shall be diverted to the purposes of modern theory and experiment. Before such theories are reduced to practice, and such experiments instituted on an extensive scale, it may be well to consider the actual state of parish education; whether it has been so deplorably on the decline, as to make legislative interference an imperious duty; and whether all other sources of provision for parochial schools, are so completely exhausted, as to compel the recurrence of Parliament to the ecclesiastical revenues.

Let us then, in the first place, appeal to the testimony of Mr. Edgeworth, in his able and judicious letter to the Lord Primate. ‘Within half a century, a prodigious improvement, in the manners and habits of this country, has taken place; and it seems evident, that this improvement has arisen from the better education of every class of its people. There are more schools; there are better books; and the private advantage of some degree of literature, is more generally understood than formerly. For one person that could read, or write, twenty years ago, there are now twenty; and the same advancement, in every species of knowledge, may be perceived, in every city, and every village in Ireland.’

A stronger testimony than this, especially when the competence of the witness is considered, has never been borne to the improved, and improving state of Irish education. But, however respectable the authority, I need not rest the fact of this improvement on general assertion. It fortunately happens, that we have irrefragable evidence of the progress of parochial schools.

In the year 1788, parochial returns were made, to the commissioners of inquiry, from 838 benefices; in which, it appears, there were 201 parish school-houses, and 361 effective parish schools, affording instruction to 11,000 children: the average number of scholars being about 30 to each school.

In the year 1808, parochial returns were made, to the Board of Education, from 736 benefices; in which, it appears, there were 233 parish school-houses, and 549 effective parish schools, affording instruction to 23,000 children: the average number of scholars being above 42 to each school.

Hence it follows, that, within the space of 20 years, an addition of above one third has been made to the average number of attending scholars, in each parochial school; and that such

schools have increased in a much larger proportion.

In 1788, there were but 10 effective schools, to every 23 benefices. In 1808, there were 10 effective schools to every 13 benefices: . . . thus far respecting schools under the immediate controul of the established clergy. In schools of another description, more congenial to the Roman catholic population, the increase has been still more rapid. By the returns of 1808, it appears, that, in 17 dioceses, there were, at that time, 3736 schools, educating 162,567 children of the lower orders: that is, an average of 43 scholars per school.

The above returns, it must be observed, were made in the depth of winter; a period, when many schools are closed, and when few have their full proportion of attending scholars.

From the above short, but encouraging statement, it would appear, that, without any extraordinary aid, or any forced exertions, the spontaneous energies of the country, and the voluntary efforts of our parochial clergy, have largely increased the quantity of Irish education. The quality, it must, in candour, be admitted, is susceptible of improvement: that improvement, however, must be the gradual, but sure results of improved habits, in our resident gentry; and

those improved habits have been already shown to depend, in a great measure, on the influence and respectability of the resident clergy.

On the whole, I would most earnestly deprecate any general, and sudden alteration, in the system of parochial schools. Within twenty years, they have become far more than doubly efficient: within the next twenty years, what may not be expected from the increased, and increasing residence of the clergy? 'I would not,' says Mr. Edgeworth, 'for the chance of making it better, destroy any good that actually exists.' This is a golden canon; I wish it were more generally respected. In one clause, however, of the 14th Education Report, it has been judiciously applied. The commissioners of education 'strongly recommend, that the institutions, which now exist, should remain under their present managers; and that the spirit of improvement, already manifested among them, should be left to operate undisturbed.' *Si sic omnia dixissent!*

But where, it may be asked, would be the violent change, and where the danger of injury to our parochial schools, in advancing, by parliamentary enactment, the salaries already paid to schoolmasters by the parochial clergy? I would answer, that such enactment has been proved

unjust ; and that, sooner or later, injustice must prove injurious : that, from the equitable course of providential government, a system of education, founded on wrong, and supported by oppression, could not be expected to flourish.

But it can be distinctly shown, in what manner this innovation, would be nugatory in some cases, and dangerous in many more : threatening, either the being, or the well-being, of our parochial schools. The original object of those institutions has long passed away. The English language has been long the language of the country. It is taught in every hedge-school ; and, as Mr. Edgeworth well observes, ‘it should be considered, for the honour of the docility of the Irish, that they have, within this few years, made a greater progress in learning English, than the Welsh have made, since the time of Edward I., in learning that language.’

What, then, is the present object of our parish schools ? Manifestly, as I stated towards the commencement of this letter, to support the established religion of the country. The lower class of that religion are looked to, as the natural pupils of those schools ; and though the attendance of Roman catholics is very far from discouraged, by our clergy, . . in many districts, especially of the south and west, it is absolutely

forbidden, by clergy of the church of Rome. The consequence is, that, in several parishes, the established clergyman is altogether unable to fulfil his obligation of keeping a school; he may, indeed, and often does, from conscientious scruple, pay a nominal schoolmaster; but it is obvious that, where there are no children of our church, and where children of the only other church in the parish, are forbidden to attend, there, no school can be kept. In such circumstances, to charge a per centage on the incomes of the clergy, for the maintenance of a schoolmaster, would surely be a strange procedure. Its injustice would be equalled only by its absurdity.

And what would be the effect, on those parochial schools, which are now freely attended by Roman catholics? It can hardly be questioned, that a simultaneous movement of the established clergy, would excite the alarm and jealousy of their Roman catholic brethren. In proportion as extorted expenditures were made, by one description of clergy, prohibitions, and anathemas, would be fulminated by the other; and the Irish populace would consider such schools, rather as snares to entrap them, than as institutions to improve. In many parishes of Ireland, the temperate dis-

cretion of parish ministers, is quietly, but progressively, conciliating those of an opposite persuasion. Let them not be called forth, to what, in the eyes of prejudice and misconception, might appear a protestant crusade.

But if, at all events, our church-in-Ireland schools, are to be enlarged, and extended, in parishes predominantly Roman catholic, this can be effected, only by the surrender of their appropriate character. Either the Roman catholic priesthood must be invested with an overwhelming control; or, in conformity to the spirit of latitudinarianism, but too fashionable in the present day, our parish schools must be made the instruments, not of specifical, but of general, instruction.

If the former expedient would be fraught with danger to our faith, the latter would be fraught with tenfold danger; our established religion, weak in every visible support, except its own intrinsic excellence, and the patronage of the state, and surrounded on all sides by enemies, as expert as they are indefatigable, could ill spare those humble, but important seminaries; her sole means of attaching the offspring of her few adherents among the peasantry of Ireland. Let parish schools be popularized, on the modern latitudinarian system, and there will be no place

for church-in-Ireland education ; and all vestiges of the established faith will be lost in

..... ' another shape,
If shape it may be called, that shape has none
Distinguishable in member, joint, or limb :'

A non-descript monster, far better qualified to promote the cause of democracy and infidelity, than either to afford popular satisfaction, or advance national civilization : a phantom, indeed, but of such portentous aspect, as might well alarm every definite religion under heaven, that has aught of truth to communicate, or of virtue to defend.

But it may be objected, is parochial education, then, to remain precisely in its present state ? Are we to have the same bad school-houses, and many parishes without school-houses at all ? Are we to have the same ill-educated masters, and many parishes without an instructor, even of this miserable race ? Are no improvements to take place, no useful books to be provided, no one of the technical contrivances of Bell, or Lancaster, to be introduced ? Are the minds and morals of our peasantry, to continue exposed to the deleterious influence of bad books, bad guides, and bad companions, without any effort to prevent their scanty education, from becoming

the avenue of vice, rather than the path to virtue? And are the parochial clergy, selfishly, and supinely, and short-sightedly, (with a view even to their secular interests) to sleep away the short interval which remains, between us, and national disturbance, the sure effect of national depravity? To such declamatory queries, I would simply answer, that we mean no such thing. Improvements have already taken place. Progressive improvement may be hopefully anticipated. The established clergy have contributed their full quota of what has been effected; and they will cheerfully co-operate in labours yet to come. But let them not, from voluntary agents, be converted into forced contributors; from faithful soldiers, in the best of causes, to spiritless conscripts, in the ranks of latitudinarian coldness. By every constitutional principle, and every religious feeling, the legislature is bound to maintain those parochial establishments, which maintain the church-in-Ireland faith. Let the legislature do so; and, in the clergy, she will find the most zealous co-operation, and, to the extent of their powers, the most liberal support.

General education, is a general concern; and cannot, therefore, be equitably forwarded, at individual expense. Education in the principles of the national faith, is a national object; and,

therefore, claims national support. Plans have been submitted of *generalized* education ; with these, the clergy have manifestly nothing to do ; of such plans, the fate is to be decided by parliamentary wisdom and discretion : but specific church-in-Ireland education, is a subject in which the clergy feel the deepest concern ; and feeling this concern, they naturally wish that it should, at once, engage the attention, and elicit the bounty, of parliament.

No sudden alteration, however, no elaborate system, no exorbitant expenditure, would be deemed expedient, by those of our bishops and clergy who have thought most deeply on the subject. To aid the natural progress of things, to watch the gradual developement of circumstances, to seize every favourable opportunity, to follow nature, rather than to force it : these have been the universal means of promoting, whatever has hitherto increased, the comforts, the civilities, the charities, or the intellectual endowments, of life ; and to these means, also, we must especially look, for the improvement of Irish education.

With such principles distinctly in my view, I conceive, that a plan may be suggested, for gradually, equitably, and securely increasing the efficiency of parochial schools ; a plan, which,

with a moderate expense to the country, might be expected to engage the landed proprietors in the cause ; which, not trenching on the incomes of the clergy, would leave them the power of exercising their own liberality, in their own way ; and which, not the fruit of untried theory, has already been found effectual, on a small scale indeed, but, still, a scale sufficiently extensive for an experimental process.

Several years since, the association incorporated for discountenancing vice, and promoting the knowledge and practice of the Christian religion, desirous to promote the establishment of schools throughout Ireland, published a plan, and conditions, upon which, on proper application, they were ready to give aid, both in the building of school-houses, and the payment of salaries to schoolmasters. For a considerable time, the plan thus published, was acted upon with the best effect ; and it still continues in operation, with respect to schools founded before the appointment of the Board of Education ; at which period, parliamentary grants, for the further extension of the plan, were withheld, in contemplation of a more general system being formed by the labours of that Board.

The plan was simply this, . . ‘ A third part of the expense of building any school-house, pro-

vided the said third did not exceed the sum of 50*l.* for each school, was paid by the association, as soon as a lease, or grant, of one acre of ground, in perpetuity, for the purpose, was granted and registered ; and satisfactory proof laid before the association, that the house was roofed in with new foreign timber, and slated, and built of lime and stone, or brick. The association also granted an annual salary of 10*l.* to a master, or mistress, with a gratuity of 5*l.*, at the expiration of each year, on a certificate of good conduct being granted.'

The utility of this plan needs little comment. With perfect simplicity, it called into united, and cordial operation, distinct classes of society ; and the blended influence could hardly fail to have the best, and most conciliatory effects, . . such an effect, as, if generally extended, would go far to the civilization of Ireland. The landed proprietor, by his donation of ground ; other gentry and the more substantial farmers, by subscriptions to the building ; the clergy, by their gifts, their councils, and their active superintendence ; and the association by its continued bounty, and its catechetical premiums, all contributed to raise the tone of education ; whilst no interference was, in any shape, attempted, with that control, both of the clergy and bishops,

so essential to the constitution, and management, of all parochial schools. These advantages were duly appreciated : numerous applications were received ; after proper, and discreet investigation, the most deserving of those applications were granted. The scheme was most favourably progressive : but parliamentary aid was withdrawn ; and many most earnest and respectable applications have since been, reluctantly, but inevitably, rejected.

One practical evidence is too striking, and too satisfactory, to be omitted ; especially, as it seems not hitherto to have attracted observation. By returns from thirty-six association schools, it appears, that they are attended by 2707 scholars, affording an average of seventy-five to each school ; a number exceeding the latest, and the largest average attendance, at ordinary parish schools, by no less than thirty-three scholars.

Your Grace has now before you the heads of the plan, which I conceive might form a useful ground-work of a more extended system. It might, perhaps, without impropriety, be submitted to Government, that Parliament should, from time to time, vest sufficient sums in the Board of First-Fruits, to enable that Board, as proper applications shall be made, to grant the

same species of aid for building schools, and to pay similar salaries to schoolmasters, on the same conditions, which have proved so eminently successful under the auspices of the association. Improvements in the detail might very probably suggest themselves; but, in substance, the proposal appears not liable to any important objections. Some of its apparent advantages, I shall very briefly mention. It is a plan of *gradual* operation. No school would be founded, or enlarged, where there was not an evident demand for it. It would ensure the active, and zealous co-operation of the gentry. It would avoid all occasion of jealousy, to our Roman catholic brethren, by the share which the landed proprietors, the natural patrons of the soil, would take in it; whilst the paramount control of the clergy, and the Board of First-Fruits, would amply secure the established church. It would guard against the multiplication of extended parochial schools, before an adequate supply could be raised of efficient, and respectable schoolmasters. It would equalize, or equitably apportion, as the case might be, the salaries of masters: whereas, if schools were to be maintained by a per centage on the incomes of the clergy, in many cases, especially in the south of Ireland, the greatest salaries would be paid, where there were the

fewest scholars ; and in many parts, especially of the north, the smallest salaries would be paid, where there were most scholars.

It would leave the clergy a pecuniary ability of aiding their parochial schools, in the most effectual, and the most appropriate manner, by presents of useful books, and by rewards to the most deserving children.

It would call forth a spirit of emulation, both in the clergy and gentry of neighbouring parishes ; a rivalry without envy, and productive of none but the most pure, and peaceable fruits. But, on this point, however pleasant it may be to panegyrize a favourite project, I shall dilate no longer.

The feasibility of the plan is evident.

By the act of 1810, landed proprietors, under whatever settlements, are empowered to grant half an acre of ground, within the liberties of corporate towns, and two acres elsewhere, for the site of school-houses : by the 8th Geo. I., bishops and archbishops may grant two acres of land, . . all other clerical persons, one acre of glebe, for the same purpose. The greatest alacrity has been already manifested, and under less favourable circumstances, in the offer of such grants ; and it cannot be questioned, that, under the special encouragement of the legislature, this

zeal would rapidly diffuse itself. Subscriptions for building the school-houses have always been easily procured, . . the Irish may be peculiarly relied upon for a spontaneous, and temporary effort. But the permanent provision will be more secure in the hands of parliament, and under the distribution of a grave and dignified board.

The financial department, does not seem to present much difficulty. There are, at present, about 1122 benefices in Ireland. Suppose, then, the plan in complete operation, . . 50*l.* allowed, towards the erection of a school-house, in each benefice, would be an expenditure of 56,100*l.*, and 15*l.* annually to a school-master, in each benefice, would be 16,830*l.* a year. From 3000*l.* to 5000*l.* a year additional, might be usefully expended in books ; and perhaps about 1000*l.* per annum might be necessary, to supply the Board of First-Fruits with additional clerks, &c. It is, however, to be considered, that, from the gradual nature of the plan (which I esteem not its least recommendation), the expenditure, also, would be gradual, and therefore comparatively easy.

The salary, it is presumed, in addition to the 40*s.* now paid by the clergyman, with a comfortable house, and an acre or two of ground, together with the profits of the school, would be

ample payment for the master ; he might also, with advantage, hold the office of parish clerk ; this latter arrangement, would connect the school still more firmly with the established church.

I must beg your Grace's excuse for saying, that, what I most relish in the plan thus roughly and rapidly sketched, is the part I have ventured to allot to the Board of First-Fruits. Their execution of another, a more important, and a more arduous trust, leaves no room to question their peculiar fitness for the management of this undertaking. Under their auspices, we might look to our parish schools, as bulwarks of our establishment. In their joint capacity, sitting in Dublin, they would regulate the whole. In their individual character, presiding over their respective dioceses, they would inspect every branch of the system. A combination so fortunate, rarely occurs, and hence the most frequent failures of public business. In the present instance, the life-blood of the heart would circulate through all its members.

I am, my dear Lord,
with every feeling of duty and respect,
your Grace's most obliged and
faithful servant,

JOHN JEBB.

LETTER XLIII.

To Mrs. Heyland.

Abington Glebe, April 19. 1814.

EVER since I heard, from Albert Forster, the illness of your little boy, I have been waiting in silent, but anxious expectation of better news; you should have heard from me, but that I feared to increase, rather than alleviate, your distress, at such a time. A letter, yesterday, received from Albert, has much relieved my mind; and I am now strong in hopes, that it will please Providence to spare your child. I well know the meekness and submission with which you bow to those visitations, which it pleases God to send for our good; but, still, afflictions are afflictions, and nature must have her tears; and, assuredly, not an affliction is permitted to come nigh our dwelling, and not a tear is drawn from our eyes, which, if it be not our own fault, will not tend to our greatest and everlasting welfare. In the present case, I still hope that your boy may be spared, to be the future blessing and comfort of your lives; but, should it please God to remove him, it is a most delightful and consolatory assurance, that he will, infallibly, be removed to God himself.

This is a world, not only of suffering and sorrow, but of trial and of danger ; and the exemption from such danger, is surely, to the object of it, a blessing. It is, in this matter, my first wish and prayer, that your little son may be spared, to become a good man, and a good christian, and, then, he will be raised to a higher state of future happiness and enjoyment ; but, if that should be the will of God, which we now would most deprecate, it is surely no common blessing, that the innocence of infancy is secure, for all eternity, beyond the possibility of doubt, or change.

I have often been delighted with a beautiful, and simple epitaph, which, perhaps, you may yourself recollect.

Beneath this tomb an infant lies
To earth whose body lent,
Hereafter shall more glorious rise,
But not more innocent.
When the Archangel's trump shall blow,
And souls to bodies join,
What crowds shall wish their lives below
Had been as short as thine !

I shall not now add more on this subject ; and I forbear, just now, from entering on any other, though most desirous to speak my hopes and wishes to you and yours, that your long-looked for visit to my retirement, may take place this summer ; but of that I hope soon to

say more, and soon to have the deep gratification of a favourable answer. Farewell, my dear Maria. God bless you and yours!

Ever most affectionately yours,

JOHN JEBB.

LETTER XLIV.

To Mrs. Heyland.

Abington Glebe, December 28. 1814.

Do you wonder, why I have suffered to remain so long unanswered your valuable letter? The truth is, I have not been altogether well; and any lucid moments have been claimed by my literary labours. I am still in arrear; and almost fear, that my plan will not be completed before I reach town. Even now, though my wish would be to write a long and comfortable letter, my power is not equal to my wishes.

All that know you well, must have expected much from you, on the late melancholy and trying occasion*; and to me, it is a source of

* The death of Mrs. Heyland's brother-in-law, Richard Heyland, Esq.

real satisfaction, that you have not disappointed expectation. You watched, while watching could avail; and when all was over, you contributed to support the minds of those, who had need to be supported. Go on thus, my dear Maria, and, when you most want it, support will be given to yourself.* The power which rules all things for the best, is pleased to act, almost entirely, by the instrumentality of others. And, next to immediate and happy intercourse with that power, it is, perhaps, the most genuine comfort upon this earth, to think and feel, that we have been called to act as instruments, and have neither disobeyed the call, nor shrunk from the performance. Duties, in themselves, the most painful, thus become a source of homefelt satisfaction; and it is an additional blessing, that in contributing to the well-being of our friends, we advance the well-being of ourselves.

I cannot now add more, but that I hope early next week to see you. My love to Rowley, and my best remembrances to Miss Heyland. God bless you and yours. Ever my dear Maria,

Most affectionately yours,

JOHN JEBB.

* During her last illness, which was trying and protracted, the support here promised, after an interval of above twenty years, was most remarkably experienced.

LETTER XLV.

To a Friend.

Brampton Park, Sunday, June 25. 1815.

MY DEAR MADAM,

EVEN on this day, I cannot bring myself to defer returning you, though but in few words, my sincerest thanks, for your most kind and acceptable letter* of the 23d inst. Your goodness, in

* ‘ I have read some of your sermons with great delight. The tendency of them is so constantly to wean the heart from its attachment to earthly vanities, and to induce it to grasp that golden chain, which is to draw us up from earth to heaven; that they may be truly called, angels’ food. But whether these consolations are not too great, too remote, to be frequently regarded with safety, is a question which I have often and ardently wished to hear argued by you, and some judicious pious men of our school. In my present depressed state, I firmly believe all such contemplations, are not only safe but salutary. Torn and wounded as I have been; and still in danger of being wrecked, by anxiety for my numerous children, . . nothing is more likely to protect me from the incursion of those bad thoughts, which would lead me to distrust the mercy and the love of my gracious heavenly Father, than that subdued and purified state of mind, which you so beautifully describe, and promise to those who really pray for it. Perhaps, in the bright hours of my earthly prosperity, I should have turned from these exhortations, as incompatible with my present enjoyments. Perhaps, had I been a determined violater of the holy laws of God, I might have required a more loud and awful denunciation of the anger of God, and a more full declaration of the Saviour’s willingness to purify and pardon me, through his death and intercession; but, being as I am, nothing, I think, can be better calculated to pour balm into my sad spirit, and to lead me on in those paths, which

accepting my little volume, affords me real satisfaction ; and the satisfaction is enhanced a thousand fold, by the hope afforded, that the sermons may, occasionally, be useful and comfortable to you. It was, perhaps, for minds like yours, that I chiefly wrote ; and I am willing to indulge a trust, from your testimony, that I have not wholly written in vain. Your very friendly, and very delicate suggestions, of deficiency in some respects, and redundancy in others, I feel to be a serious obligation. For such, I have not been unprepared ; and, most probably, I shall meet them in other quarters, unaccompanied with that indulgence and gentleness, with which you tolerate a manner, I hope, after all, but circumstantially different, from that to which you have been accustomed. It is abundantly possible, that, in both particulars, I may be somewhat erroneous ; but I have certainly not written without thought and care, and application for that assistance, without which we can do nothing. Argument on the subject, I would seriously deprecate. My opinions are, as I believe, decidedly made up. And, as they have not been

shall conduct me, at length, to the peace of God which passeth all understanding.' *Bishop JEBB's Correspondence with A. KNOX, Esq. Vol. II. Letter cXLII.*

argumentatively imbibed, I am apt to think that they could not be argumentatively dislodged. On the other hand, I am neither sufficiently presumptuous to imagine, nor sufficiently sanguine to desire, that I could make proselytes from the 'English school.' Different departments must be differently filled. And I hope and trust, that, each in our several ways, we may be divinely enabled, to pursue for ourselves, and to recommend to the pursuit of others, *the one thing needful*.

To you, my dear Madam, in your present frame and disposition of mind, what can such a person as I am offer, either in the way of establishment, or consolation? You have sought, and, as I hopefully believe, attained, establishment in the best principles, and the best feelings, from the best source. You have, also, been blessed with consolations, which nothing earthly can give, and nothing earthly can take away. It only remains, that, through Divine assistance, you proceed as you have commenced; and the result can be none other than the most glorious and delightful. A few short years . . . and all will have vanished as a dream, which busy mortals are in quest of here below. But not so the wishes, the efforts, and the prayers, of a religious being, seeking to do the will, and

to attain the peace of God. These are immortal. Even here, they will produce both fruit and foliage; but they shall for ever flourish in the courts of heaven, fed by the streams of 'that river, which maketh glad the city of God.'

The general promises of Scripture, that God will be the husband of the widow, and the father of the fatherless, are full of heavenly consolation. But his special care of the children of the righteous, so repeatedly announced, and with such affectionate tenderness, is a source of peculiar and unspeakable comfort. In your case, there is room for the most hopeful reliance. For where, in his day, was more sterling excellence to be found, than in him whom it hath pleased God to take to himself?

* * * * *

That your efforts may be aided, and your prayers accepted, and that you and yours may all hereafter meet, 'a family in heaven,' is the earnest wish and prayer, of, my dear Madam,

Your most obliged and affectionate friend,

JOHN JEBB.

LETTER XLVI.

To Mrs. M^c Cormick.

June, 1815.

IT will be a comfort to you to hear, that Mrs. W. Reilly's alarming letter to Louisa, did not arrive, till after that to Maria. It is a blessing that medical aid has so greatly alleviated the suffering; and, under God, I trust it will continue to do so. That you may continue to derive strength, and support, from their only true and unfailing source, is my fervent prayer. And I have a strong, though humble hope, that the same fatherly kindness, which has hitherto raised you above yourself, will still visit you, and be your comforter. Meantime, do endeavour, at times, to compose yourself to rest; this is due, not only to yourself, your friends, and your children, but, also, to the beloved sufferer, whom you will thus have greater ability to serve, and to cheer. Your judgment, as to its being now ineligible for * * * * * to join you, has my entire concurrence. It is needless to say, that, whenever you may be so situated as to wish for her,

she will fly to you. I shall, also, be in readiness to join you at a moment's warning.

Whatever may be the will of God, I know and feel that you, my dearest sister, will put your trust in him; and, be assured, that, in time and in eternity, he has blessings in store for all, who so place their trust, . . above all that we can ask or think. May it be his good pleasure to have you and your dear husband, and all your little ones, in his most holy keeping! This is the earnest supplication of your very affectionate brother,

JOHN JEBB.

LETTER XLVII.

To J. H. Butterworth, Esq.

Abington Glebe, Oct. 20. 1815.

MY DEAR SIR,
WHEN I look around me, through the almost unexampled solitude of this deep retirement, in which, from sunday to sunday, I rarely see a face beyond my own household, the happy days of last May and June, appear to me almost as a dream. A more entire contrast, can, perhaps, be with difficulty imagined. Still, however, I am,

or at least wish to be, far from repining. The lot, which good Providence has cast for me, has many, many blessings, far above my desert ; and the very trials implied, in a destitution of all congenial society, without removal to inconvenient, and generally impracticable distances, . . these very trials, I am sure, are full of mercy ; and, if rightly employed, may doubtless have, as they are assuredly designed to have, a favourable influence, both upon the mind and heart. Meantime, I am among my books ; and, though in a proclaimed country, and in a diocese, whose clergy, as the papers have told you, are grievously persecuted by our poor infatuated people, their incomes withheld, themselves insulted, in some instances driven from their houses, and their agents murdered, . . though in such a country, . . I have hitherto been suffered to enjoy great tranquillity ; and have no other inconvenience to lament, personally, than the almost entire cessation of any payments from my parishioners. I am, however, not in present dread of a gaol, and hope to weather the storm. My books are a great resource : you will be glad to hear that my English importation, as well as my Dublin purchases, have safely reached my book-shelves ; and bad as the times are, I do not regret my bibliomaniacal extravagance, though, indeed, one would

hope the matters purchased are too substantial, to place one in the list of legitimate bibliomaniacs.

* * * * *

Deeply should I rejoice to find myself again under your most truly hospitable roof. Indeed, the kindly and affectionate attention of you and Mrs. B. has bound me to you, in a manner and degree which, I trust, nothing, here or hereafter, ever will dissolve. But I fear for many, many days and months, I cannot hope again to reach you at your home. Could I hope that you and Mrs. B. would visit our savage regions next summer, it would be a most solid matter of satisfaction. My most cordial and affectionate regards to her, and my warmest wishes, also, for your little one. May he grow up, after the manner, and through the power of Him, who became a child, that he might make us as little children.

Ever your most obliged

and affectionate friend,

JOHN JEBB.

LETTER XLVIII.

To a Friend.

Abington Glebe, Nov. 13. 1815.

MY DEAR SIR,

BEFORE the receipt of your most kind, most interesting, and most edifying letter, I had been taught (one can hardly say) to fear, that our invaluable friend might no longer be an inhabitant of this lower world. Your communication has, indeed, amply confirmed, what I had fully anticipated, . . . that her last hours would be, not merely tranquil, but triumphant, . . . the triumph of a meek and lowly spirit, about to enter into the joy of her Lord; that the change from a life of holiness to a life of glory, would not merely be divested of all terror, but irradiated with that peace at the last, the portion of those, who have habitually sought that peace, and ensued it.

It must be to you, my dear Sir, a source of permanent gratitude, that you reached that holy, and happy scene, before the close. The remembrance of it, in all its particulars, must be an inestimable treasure; . . . through the divine blessing, it may and will administer strength, in

moments of weakness, and consolation, in the sinkings of nature. To have a lively picture before us, of a dear and pious friend, walking through the valley of the shadow of death, and fearing no evil, because the good Shepherd is present, and smiles upon his little flock, . . this, surely, must contribute, beyond expression, to smooth our way through life, and cheer us in the path, which leads to so glorious a termination. To me, it appears a most beautiful, and beneficial arrangement, that, through the divine influence of Christianity, that event, which, beyond all others, is naturally clothed with terror, should become the most elevating and triumphant, which we are given to behold upon this earth. It is not, merely, that death is deprived of its sting, the grave robbed of its victory, . . but there is a loveliness diffused around the death of the righteous ; and the grave itself, discloses the realms of everlasting joy. In this we are blessed, above the holy patriarchs and prophets, . . the steps, which we are to tread, have been trodden before us, by the hallowed footsteps of our God and Saviour. What a privilege, to have him for a pattern, in the hour of death, who shall be the rewarder of his faithful imitators, in the day of judgment !

At any time that you have a leisure half-hour,

and a disposition to favour me with a line, it will be received with equal gratitude and pleasure. Your kind communication of the 21st Oct., I must ever account an act of very special friendship. Written so soon, and relating such particulars, it could not fail to cause real and deep gratification, by giving me to see that I was regarded as the friend of those, whom to know is no trifling privilege.

I beg my kindest regards to * * * * * and * * * * *, and am, my dear Sir,

Your obliged and very faithful friend,

JOHN JEBB.

LETTER XLIX.

To a Friend.

Abington Glebe, Dec. 12.

MY DEAR MADAM,

I DELAYED answering your most deeply gratifying letter, trusting, that the hope there held out might be soon fulfilled, . . . that I might soon have the happiness of hearing from my invaluable friend, the tidings of his own recovery. I own that my anxieties are again at work, lest he

should have suffered any relapse ; and a few lines would be, on that account, most acceptable.

I cannot express the comfort it affords me, that you, and your good husband, are so deeply rooted and grounded, in what I cannot but think the true religion of our blessed Lord and his apostles, and the cloud of succeeding witnesses. This system is better tried by afflictive visitations, than by intellectual reasonings : the latter, indeed, it is far from shunning ; for, in them, too, it will prove triumphant : but the great triumph is, the calm which it breathes around, enabling those, who humbly and fervently walk with God in their closets, to possess their souls in patience, with calmness, with good sense, with propriety, and with that completeness, which never revolts those who see, and those who hear. Other systems, in virtue of having vital and substantial godliness, may and do bestow patience, and even holy joy : but somehow, they never attain that finish, and if I may so speak, that divine rationality, which should be our aim, because it never, in his greatest trials, forsook Him, who is our great pattern.

I must own, that, often, in reading accounts of very sincere, and pious people, I have felt the blush mantling on my cheek, at something outré, or exaggerated, in the very expressions of their

piety ; something at war with good taste, or good sense : something, moreover, which appeared too extreme to last : something, which, growing out of temporary excitement, it must be more than suspected, would evaporate, when that excitement was removed. It is a great blessing, that God has provided various means, of affecting various minds : that he has been no less gracious, in furnishing nurseries for tender plants, and hot-beds for exotics, than in promoting the vigorous and healthy vegetation of those trees of the forest, which are peculiarly the planting of the Lord.*

It would appear, that you, and your excellent husband have been providentially called to the higher walk. That you may be enabled, more and more, to advance at and in spiritual feeling, and spiritual wisdom, is the fervent wish of,

My dear Madam,

Your obliged and faithful friend and servant,

JOHN JEBB.

* Psalm civ. 16. Isaiah, lxi. 3. . . Ed.

LETTER L.

To the Rev. Dr. Nash.

Abington Glebe, Feb. 4. 1816.

MY DEAR NASH,

FROM the border and junction of two proclaimed counties, with very little money, no society, and many terrific rumours, you will be glad to hear, that your friend has been suffered to enjoy much personal security, and tolerable mental tranquillity: his health, indeed, has been middling, and his spirits often low: from all the less pleasing of the features above enumerated, you may suppose, that he has done next to nothing in the literary way, since his return home; but, within these last two or three days, having been able to look somewhat up, and to resume his pen, that pen, having been in some measure set at liberty, cannot but feel itself bound to make inquiries after *you*. How, then, my good friend, is your health? How did your English trip agree with you? What did you see, what did you hear? My brother told me of your meeting at Oxford, and that you had broken yourself by the purchase of fathers. Have you been able, in your evenings, to read them? Have they opened any

new discoveries to you? And do you keep yourself as buoyant above the waves and turmoil of the bursarship, as I witnessed your doing, last winter, and last spring? Here is a large field of inquiry; not one of the questions but to me is interesting, and to you not difficult to answer; but, in this field, I leave you to your own choice; answer, or leave unanswered, which of the inquiries you please. I shall be satisfied and thankful, if you reply soon, and give me some good account of yourself.

As for myself, since my return, my history seems a mere blank. You have had it in the first paragraph. It were happy, if, while nothing has been done without, something had been done within; but, even here, I cannot discover any ground of self-congratulation. Still, however, if there were but the one consolatory remnant, so beautifully depicted by old Hesiod, that one were in itself an host: . . .

μουννὴ δ' αὐτοθὶ ἐλπίς ἐν ἀρρήκτοις δομοῖσιν
ἐνδον ἐμὶ μνε.

Now that I find myself, unawares, on classical ground, will you permit me to ask a classical favour of you? In your collection, Æschylus, I know, is to be found; I do not possess the original; but, for a special purpose, I have occa-

sion for the original of passages, in the Seven Chiefs against Thebes. In some of your leisure moments, you will, perhaps, have the goodness to transcribe them for me: they are not long, or I should not willingly impose the task; though, even so, your good-nature would cheerfully undertake, what my impudence, or modesty, would blush to ask. The reason for which I want the passages is this; that, whilst reading the above-named tragedy, in Potter's translation, as there given, the passages promised as if the original might add some illustration, to my small collections for an essay on the hebraical distribution of the New Testament, a pursuit, which, Magee still urging it, I still look forward to continuing. I shall now put down Potter's words, as a clue to guide you to those of *Æschylus*. The first passage, is in the last speech of the soldier, who brings the account of the battle.

It has, indeed, destroyed the unhappy race.
Here, then, is cause for lamentation, cause
For joy: joy, that the city stands secure;
But lamentation, that the chiefs are fallen.

What I am desirous here to ascertain, is, whether the epanodos is so strongly marked in the original. I presume it must, for it is a great beauty. To have omitted the joyful circum-

stance of the city's safety, would have ill become a citizen of Thebes. To have dwelt upon that joy, would have been still more indecorous, amidst the lamentable catastrophe just befallen the unhappy brothers. So far as I may judge from the translation, *Æschylus* most skilfully eludes the difficulty, by a fine epanodos . . cause of lamentation . . cause of joy . . joy for the city . . lamentation for the brothers. The joy being thus parenthetically enclosed, the messenger is enabled, as he began, so to conclude his speech, with tragic lamentation. A similar use of the same figure, I take it, is often to be found in Scripture.

The other passage, on inspection, is a little longer than I had thought; my recollection failed me. My object here, is to see, whether the original so much resembles the hebrew parallelism, as the translation seems to do. It is very near the close of the tragedy. It begins, in *Potter*, . .

ANTIG. Wounded, thou gavest the fatal wound.

ISMEN. Dying, thy hand its vengeance found.

ANTIG. By the spear, 't was thine to kill.

ISMEN. And the spear's, thy blood to spill.

&c. &c. &c.

Here, you would much oblige me, by transcribing, as far as the speeches of the two sisters

respond, in the manner of parallelisms. I suspect it may reach through 35 or 40 lines: when I began to write, I had not recollected it was more than 5 or 6. And finding my calculation so much exceeded by the reality, I must beg, that you will leave this commission unexecuted altogether, unless, some evening, you may find yourself at leisure, and feel that the task amuses you.

I beg my kindest remembrances to Mrs. Nash.
And am,

My dear Nash,

With sincerest regard,

Your very faithful friend,

JOHN JEBB.

LETTER LI.

To Miss Jebb.

Abington Glebe, February 15. 1816.

It rejoices me, that, on the subject of correspondence, we now understand each other; I may now, when able, write a long letter; and when otherwise, (as is just now the case) write a

short one, under the conviction, that, long or short, they will be received, as they are written, with cordiality and affection. This will be accompanied by six copies of the Hymns, of which you will have the goodness to dispose at your own discretion; some more copies I shall take with me to Dublin, and can, thence, send a further supply, if they would be acceptable to any of the young people at the Green, for themselves, or their friends.

It disappoints me to find that it is not my poor old friend * * * * *, who has been advanced; perhaps, however, he himself may prefer the advancement of his son. His testimony to my volume is pleasant; because I believe it is sincere; and his preaching one, or all of the sermons, I cannot object to: they are now public property, and may be honestly used as such. I myself, to my own congregation, think it not only fair, but useful, to read instructive matter, from the works of other men: and it is curious that, in so doing, I have the sanction of no less a personage than John Wesley; who declared, that he had seldom found any method of instruction so profitable, *as that* of reading to his people, from a printed volume.

Of * * * * *'s very curious, learned, and fanciful lucubrations, I know little more than what

may have been gleaned by me from reviews, and occasional notices in other books of the day ; I know enough, however, to repress any curiosity after more. He is a writer of that class, which, with very honest intentions, and perverse ingenuity, is fond of prying into matters altogether above mortal ken : a mode of speculation, which, while it sometimes leads to an useful discovery, (as chemistry has been advanced, by visionary projections in quest of the philosopher's stone,) far more frequently serves only to bewilder and perplex, if not absolutely to destroy, a sound, and sober way of thinking. It surely matters little to us, whether the good are to be happy hereafter, in the sun, or in Saturn : the main point is, to seek and realize that piety and charity, which constitute a heaven within us ; and without which, the sublimest, and most curious speculations, can profit us no more, than balancing straws, or blowing bubbles from a tobacco stopple. * * * * *, I have no manner of doubt, was a very worthy man ; some doubt, however, I must honestly own, whether he had studied, to good purpose, the sentiments, which our great poet derived, from the highest sources of wisdom, sacred and profane ; from the Scriptures, and from Homer : . . .

* * * * * ' Be lowly wise :
 Think only what concerns thee and thy being ;
 Dream not of other worlds. * * *

But apt the mind and fancy is to rove
 Unchecked, and of her roving, is no end :
 Till warned, or by experience taught, she learn,
 That, not to know at large of things remote
 From use, obscure, and subtle ; but to know
 That which before us lies, in daily life,
 Is the prime wisdom. What is more, is fume,
 Or emptiness, or fond impertinence :
 And renders us, in things that most concern,
 Unpractised, unprepared, and still to seek.
 Therefore, from this high pitch, let us descend
 A lower flight, and speak of things at hand,
 Useful.

By the by, having quoted so large a segment of Milton, I cannot but express my regret, that our great poets are comparatively little read, or known, in this flimsy generation. What multitudes of our rising youth, both male and female, are able to quote Lord Byron, Scott, the Rejected Addresses, &c. &c., by the page, who can, with difficulty, recollect a line of Milton, or of Pope? This is no goodly symptom.

I must now release you from this preachment ; leaving you, on the whole, to collect, that I no more relish * * * * *'s extravagancies, than you relish them yourself. The notion of a second trial, as maintained by him, I do not recollect to have

met with. If it mean, a trial in an intermediate state, which may alter our final allotment at the day of judgment, I do not scruple to say, it is point-blank in opposition to the express language of Scripture; and that the reception of such a notion, would be deeply injurious to good morals; more injurious even than the popish purgatory, the object of which, is, by a purificatory process of punishment and pain, to do away the defilement of *venial* sin, and thus prepare the spirit for its final happy abode; but by no means to alter the final allotment of the wicked; these, even according to the papists, going at once to the place of irreversible misery. Purgatory is an unscriptural doctrine; and, when grossly understood, unfavourable to strict moral watchfulness in this life. A second state of trial is not only unscriptural, and capable of abuse; but, any how explained, it would seem to me to sap the principles of good moral conduct upon earth. Only observe, how it would, at once, do away all uneasiness, respecting the uncertainty of life, the urgent necessity of repentance, &c. &c.: admit but this doctrine, and the most awful warnings of our Saviour and his apostles would become a dead letter: I must now repeat, it would be more fatal than the worst errors of popery. My time is now out: therefore I can but desire my

most affectionate regards to all the dear family at the Green.

Ever, my dear sister,
Most affectionately yours,

JOHN JEBB.

LETTER LII.

To the Rev. Dr. Nash.

Abington Glebe, March 29. 1816.

MY DEAR NASH,

It is not without self-displicity, and self-accusation, that I look upon your long, kind, and valuable letter, written so many weeks since, amidst so many, and so weighty claims, both upon your time and thoughts. But, though silent, I have not been unmindful of you; and, before this letter is done, I hope to mention an intermediate employment of mine, which, if it fail to excuse, will at least palliate my fault, in the eyes of friendship and indulgence.

I do greatly admire your well-saved, and well-directed application. Well-saved, for you must, in your heavy weight of duty, have learned, in

a peculiar degree, the art of redeeming the time, of buying up the opportunity ; and well-directed, for, let neoterics say what they may, the ancient ecclesiastical writers, are a great treasury of spiritual wisdom. That you are laying up for yourself, that which can never be taken from you, whether in life or death, I entertain no manner of doubt ; and I trust that health may be spared you, also, to benefit others largely ; at all events, proceed with your collections ; an effort never is lost ; and the day may come, when both you and others will rejoice, that your studies have taken this good and happy turn.

You ask my candid opinion of a regular commentary on the Scriptures, exclusively from the fathers. I own, my disconnected, and, perhaps, almost desultory habits of study, (which, if they ever attain unity and consistency, it is in virtue of a mind rather predisposed towards arrangement, and towards the systematizing of scattered materials,) do not well qualify, or entitle me, to venture an opinion ; at the same time, I would say, that, perhaps, if the comment were regular (a perpetual commentary I believe they call it), it should not be exclusively from the fathers : or if exclusive, it should not be regular. My reason is, that the fathers seem to excel more, in the general soundness of their views, in

their general adherence to the analogy of faith, than in the exposition of particular texts: that they were, probably, better divines than critics; that, frequently, they, admirably and justly, state a scriptural principle, or bring home a moral truth, in the very place where they may chance to give a wrong exposition of the passage on which they are commenting; an exposition, not, indeed, in the least, inconsistent with all catholic verities, but inconsistent, possibly, with the principles of sound and sober interpretation. This so often obtains, that I own my fears of a comment on *all* Scripture, from the fathers *alone*: a mixed comment, on other, and obvious grounds, I should not like. It would be a mongrel birth; neither retaining the venerable air of unaltered antiquity, nor embracing sufficiently the critical improvements of later times. It would resemble one of those altered edifices, which has neither the solemnity and grandeur of the feudal castle, nor the comfort and convenience of the modern house. Still, there remains a middle term. And I should rejoice to see a judiciously formed commentary, on select passages of Scripture, taken from the fathers, . . . and from the fathers alone. That they afford ample materials, I have no doubt: the labour of selecting such materials would be less, than that of providing for a per-

petual comment; while the exercise afforded to discriminative judgment, and eclectic taste, would be manifestly of a pleasanter nature. But, as I already said, I am ill qualified to offer any opinion on the point. My very habits may, also, unconsciously prejudice me against the one mode, and in favour of the other.

Many thanks for your kindness, in transcribing so many lines of greek; and many more, for your still greater kindness, in offering further assistance in such a department. Before this is done, I shall, on that score, trespass on your friendship; conscious, indeed, that friendship alone would excuse the glaring impropriety of such an one as I am, so employing *you*. Nor must I omit saying, that I shall prize most dearly *your* Æschylus; endeavouring to profit by it the more, both as coming from your hands, and as coming, also, recommended by your judgment; and, now, it is time that I should unfold the chief cause of my silence: I have, then, for some time, while my hand could hold a pen, been employed in preparing, with a view to publication, my remarks on the style of the New Testament; and was so occupied with one train of thought, that I feared encountering another. Perhaps three fifths of the work may be now finished; matter has grown on me; but the whole will

not probably exceed a thin 8vo. vol. I am very glad to find that your researches go to confirm the sameness of manner, in both Testaments. If you should have chanced to meet any striking parallelisms in the N. T., which seem to elucidate the sense, or aid in the selection of various readings, you would confer an obligation, and do a real service, by communicating them. As to the classic illustration, it was merely *ex παρέρῳ*. Abp. Newcombe brought a few such, in one of his prefaces: I thought I might add one or two more. Those of *Æschylus*, I fear, will confer nothing towards the purpose: but, I have reason to believe, some may be found in *Jul. Cæs. Scaliger, de re poetica, lib. iii. c. 41, 42, 43*. Could you, when you can make half an hour of perfect leisure, examine, and let me know?

Your approbation of my volume of sermons, &c. is a source of real gratification. I humbly trust they have already done some good: and I am not made uneasy, either by the misconceptions, or the misrepresentations, of those, who cannot, or who will not, take ken of what I conscientiously believe, and affectionately love, as the true Church principles. You might do me real service, by mentioning, without reserve, what, in the way of disapprobation, you have heard. This I throw out, . . . because, if enabled to finish

the work now in hand, I may, perhaps, find and feel it needful, to publish a separate work, on the same subject as my appendix touches.

Farewell, my dear Nash. May it please God to keep you in all your ways, and in all good things to bless you and yours!

Ever your affectionate friend,

JOHN JEBB.

LETTER LIII.

To the Rev. Dr. Nash.

Abington Glebe, May 2. 1816.

MY DEAR NASH,

ON looking at the date of your last most acceptable letter, I can hardly bring myself to think, that such a letter has remained so long unanswered. My silence, however, has not even been involuntary; it has been not only without my will, but against it; and the same cause, which prevented me from writing to my friend, unfitted me for any kind of mental exertion whatever: all my little pursuits in literature have been suspended; and it is with difficulty that I have even made my way through a volume of Dr. Miller's

lectures. By the way, what is your opinion of that work? I have, in some measure, formed mine; and I shall like to see how far we may happen to agree.

What you say on the subject of various readings, especially so far as Griesbach is concerned, I have no doubt is very valuable and important; and, I trust, it will be kept in view, through the course of my future studies. In my remarks, however, on the style of the New Testament, I cannot expect to throw much, rather indeed I almost despair of throwing any new light, upon that subject. Besides, you will, perhaps, agree with me, that the first announcement of a prevalent hebraic versicular structure, altogether unnoticed by former writers, should be confined, as closely as may be, to a simple establishment of the fact, by a sufficient number of pertinent examples, with explanatory and illustrative observations. The fact once established, something, perhaps, may result, of consequence in the department of sacred criticism. But, in the first instance, a premature attempt to build, might prevent people from taking full ken of the solidity of the foundation; it might, also, prejudice those, who are abundantly disposed to prejudice, against the whole plan, as devised and calculated to serve a purpose.

Having read three letters, in three numbers of the Anti-jacobin Review, with the signature of S. N., I there met all the objections to the appendix, which you mention, urged with considerable subtlety and ingenuity. The writer of those letters, has evidently conversed with you at large upon the subject. His views have, perhaps, undergone some alteration, since he committed himself; and I suspect, if the matter could be recalled, it would be recalled. However this may be, it so happens, that the Anti-jacobin is little read, and, therefore, little mischief can arise to any party: but, were it more popular, I should still fear little for the cause, which Mr. Knox and I have jointly espoused, in the aforesaid appendix; for, I humbly trust, it is perfectly defensible.

One thing to me is very clear, that S. N. suspected me, or rather suspected Mr. Knox, (for to him, exclusively, and erroneously, he attributed the whole appendix) of meaning more than was expressed; and of expressing just enough, stealthily to insinuate that deleterious meaning, into unprepared, unguarded, unsuspecting minds. To you, it is needless to say, that nothing could be more remote than this suspicion, from the simple fact. Every thing that was meant, was said, with as much clearness and explicitness,

as the writers could command; and, to the candid and attentive reader, it must be evident, that unqualified submission to any human authority, was as far from our thoughts, as from the thoughts of the most vehement protestant in existence. The truth is, that we would guard against the abuse of human authority, more cautiously, than the advocates of private judgment. With them, we reject the domination of the Pope; but we do not, with them, erect 50,000 Popes in his room; and the voice of *antiquity*, *universality*, and *consent*, to which we listen, we take not to be the voice of man, but the voice of God; speaking that, by his providential and gracious guidance of the minds of men in all ages, which no private individual, nor any contemporary body of witnesses, could, of their own wisdom, be competent to pronounce, or to discover. Our principle, in truth, is no more than has been maintained by the best and ablest sons of our Church; and it has been well condensed by Beveridge, when he says,—‘*Quemadmodum enim, omni in re, consensus omnium vox naturæ est, ut ait Cicero, . . sic etiam, in hujusmodi rebus, consensus omnium Christianorum vox evangelii merito habeatur.*’ And again, ‘*De Patribus, non singulis seorsim, sed omnibus conjunctim loquimur.*’

You, I dare say, have no doubt, that, when we speak of the Church of England, as deriving *all obligatory matter of faith, all that is to be believed for necessity of salvation, FROM THE SCRIPTURE ALONE*; and of the UNRIVALLED AUTHORITY, ascribed by that Church, to THE WRITTEN WORD, both Mr. Knox and I, speak *bonâ fide*, and with our whole hearts. And you have scarcely failed to remark, that, if we have omitted to dwell on this part of the subject, the omission was natural, inasmuch as the fact is uncontroverted, and incontrovertible; and that, if we have given ourselves almost exclusively to the other branch of the subject, . . . namely, the *subordinate reverence of our Church for pious antiquity*, we have done so, from the crying necessity of the present times, in which, to our apprehension, the true catholic principles of the Church of England, are almost forgotten; and a power *quidlibet audendi*, is freely ceded, to every theological adventurer. These, then, being our principles and motives, it is but fair that we should, as honest men, be permitted the privilege of having our words understood in their obvious meaning; and that our explicit assertion of the unrivalled pre-eminence of Scripture, should be taken as explanatory of any subse-

quent expression, which, at the first view, might seem suspicious, to jealous, or to captious eyes.

As to the Act of 1 Elizabeth, I still think our construction of it, the right one; and, having read attentively all that S. N. says upon it, not omitting his reference to the twenty-first of our articles, I do not see, how, on his principles, the first four councils could, without absurdity and irrelevancy, have been introduced into that Act, as distinguished from 'any other general council.' My view of the matter is somewhat as follows; and I presume, Mr. Knox would not materially, perhaps not at all, dissent from it. Our reformers, following the current of the whole Catholic church, peculiarly revered the first four councils, as establishing *the truth of Scripture*, in the GRAND CATHOLIC VERITIES, without mixture of *human opinion*: they were disposed, and ready to say, in the language of Justinian's Novels, . . . τα δογματα, καθαπερ τας θειας γραφας δεχομεθα, και τους κανοντας ως νομους φυλαττομεν. . . not, indeed, placing these four councils on a level with the Scriptures; but receiving them, as indubitably, and unmixedly conveying the sense of Scripture. With respect to other councils, our reformers were not equally

confident: they held, and very justly, that councils, 'general councils, may err, and sometimes have erred, even in things pertaining unto God.' They required, therefore, that the evidence, on which later councils determined heresy, should be taken from *the express and plain words of Scripture*. They were *sure*, that the first four councils had not erred: therefore, they admitted the canons of those councils, as sufficient evidence: they were *not sure*, but that other councils might have erred; therefore, they required, that, in matters of faith, the decisions of such other councils should be supported, not only by the general sense of Scripture, but by its *plain express words*. And, in this course, it seems to me, that they were most judicious; for it is probable, that, after the year 451 (the period of the fourth general council), a time cannot be found, in which adscititious error, more or less important, was not, in some shape, *authoritatively* sanctioned; whilst, before that period, whatever errors existed in the church, were the errors, not of the whole body, not even of any general council, but the errors, merely, of individuals, which are easily and safely to be corrected, from the sense of the whole; that is, by the *Quod ubique, quod semper, quod ab omnibus*. But you candidly express your doubts, respecting the

applicability of this celebrated rule. At such doubts, I do not wonder: I once felt them myself; and, therefore, am not dissatisfied to find others giving evidence, that my past scepticism, though, as I now think, without just foundation, was not unreasonable. In such matters, I do not generally like to rest much upon authority; and the *argumentum ad verecundiam*, is one, which I would never press, especially in dealing with a truly modest fellow-traveller. But you will feel, with me, that it is something in favour of Vincen-tius' rule, that it has been *received, extolled, and acted upon*, by such men, as Ridley, Jewel, Gro-tius, Overal, Hammond, Beveridge, Bull, Hickes, Bramhall, Grabe, Cave, and our own Archbishop King; that it has been admitted expressly, even by CHILLINGWORTH; and that it has been unre-servedly acknowledged, as a just, and true guide, by BISHOP TAYLOR, in one of his latest works, his visitation sermon at Connor; a tribute, this last, the more remarkable, because, in his '*Liberty of Propheying*,' and in his '*Ductor dubi-tantium*,' he had spoken less respectfully of the principle; and his remarkable change of lan-guage can be accounted for, only by his having undergone a correspondent change of sentiment. He had seen, felt, and weighed every difficulty; the result of all was, a deliberate persuasion, that

Vincentius was right, and that he himself had been wrong. But, to say no more of mere authorities, however strong, I own, I cannot at present feel any difficulty in applying Vincentius' rule. If a doctrine is propounded to me, as vitally essential, that is, to speak technically, as matter of faith, before I can receive it as such, I must go to the catholic succession, and ascertain, whether that doctrine has been held *semper, ubique, ab omnibus*: convinced, that, if it has not been so held, my assent is not due to it *as matter of faith*. If, again, a doctrine which I hold, is impugned as heretical, next to the Scripture, and as interpretative of Scripture, I must go to the catholic succession; and, if I find this doctrine universally asserted, I cannot believe that it is any other, than the sincere truth of the Gospel. The universality here mentioned, is not, of course, a *mathematical*, but a *moral* universality; the universality, to use Vincentius' own words, of those, 'Qui, in fide et communione catholica, sancte, sapienter, et constanter viventes, vel mori in Christo fideliter, vel occidi pro Christo feliciter meruerint.' And, here, I may observe, that Vincentius himself has anticipated your great objection; a very fair one, no doubt, and which requires, and deserves an answer; . . . namely, 'that true christianity,

far from being diffused *ubique*, or received *ab omnibus*, was sometimes confined to a very narrow channel: when the great majority of bishops were Arians, what becomes of the rule?" Let Vincentius answer. 'Quid si novella aliqua contagio, non jam portiunculam tantum, sed totam pariter Ecclesiam commaculare conetur? Tunc item providebit ut *Antiquitati inhæreat*.' Nor be it thought, that, by this means, the *quod ubique*, and *quod ab omnibus*, are idly absorbed in the *quod semper*: they are, as above hinted, to be taken, not mathematically, but morally; and, so taken, they are an effectual guard to the *quod semper*. From the beginning, or, at least, from very remote antiquity, worthy individuals have frequently held, some one, or more, unsound opinions; and, looking to individuals merely, the *quod semper* might be alleged, as it has been alleged, in favour of every opinion: it is to be rectified, however, by looking to *universality* and *consent*: not *universality without exception* . . for such is not to be found: but *the concurrent, and consistent sentiments, of the most, and greatest, doctors, in the whole body of the Church; not at any given period, but throughout the whole succession*. Nor will such a research be so laborious, as might be imagined: for, in the first place, the catholic verities, those to be believed

for necessity of salvation, are but few ; and, in the next place, the concurrent sense of catholic christians, on those few, but important points, has been amply elicited by controversy ; insomuch that, from the works of Bishop Bull, and a very few more, any candid and intelligent student, might obtain competent and intelligent satisfaction, respecting the sense of the universal Church, on any and every of the catholic verities ; as to all other verities, and as to the interpretation of particular texts of Scripture, they are left at large ; provided always that no catholic truth be impugned, and that the analogy of the faith be maintained inviolable.

I know not whether I am intelligible ; and whether I have said any thing to the purpose : but I shall rejoice to hear from you, and rejoice also to answer, whenever I am able, to the very best of my power.

Ever, my dear Nash,
Your most faithful and affectionate friend,
JOHN JEBB.

P. S. I should be glad if you would take an early opportunity of showing this letter to Mr. Knox, and discussing the subject of it with him : where I may have failed, he will not fail, to give you full satisfaction.

LETTER LIV.

To Mrs. Heyland.

Abington Glebe, May 22. 1816.

THE escape I have had, has been, indeed, most strictly, and eminently providential: only conceive, that, ever since I came to this house, we have been exposed in two points, to the danger of fire, which might have broken out at any moment. The rafters, which support the flights of stairs, at two landing places, had been so let into the wall, as to approach within about half an inch of the kitchen chimney flue: the consequence naturally was, that they were perpetually liable to take fire; and, on inspection yesterday, it appeared, that they had actually taken fire more than once, and, perhaps, even months, and years ago; though, for want of air, the fire had gone out. On sunday last, however, the burning had come nearly in contact with the open air, and thus the danger was happily discovered; and, here, one cannot help, with deep gratitude, remarking the interference of a good Providence. Matters were so ordered, that, without my seeking, and at a time when the state of my finances

would have prevented me from seeking it, I had company with me for some days: Major and Mrs. * * * * *, Mr. * * * * *, Mr. * * * * *, and their servants. This occasioned larger fires, and of course a greater heat, than would have been, in ordinary times; and thus brought on the crisis at a more favourable time, than human thought could have devised: for, the same appearance of smoke at the surbase, which alarmed the strangers, would not have alarmed my own servants, as they had been accustomed to that appearance before. Mr. * * * * * called the attention of Mrs. * * * * *'s maid to the smoke, and told her to mark whether it increased: she marked its increase, while we were at dinner, and gave the alarm to my servants; who tore away the surbase, and, immediately, the smothered flame burst forth: had not this observation been thus made, probably the fire would have smouldered on, unperceived, till night, when it would have broken out, and with great rapidity spread over the staircase; thus cutting off all retreat, except by the upper windows, .. perhaps, destroying us in our beds; but, at least, destroying the house, furniture, and books. Had the company not been with me, the catastrophe would have been protracted; but the danger would not have been diminished: and, as the

hottest fires would be burning about midday, . . . whenever the rafters should have taken fire, it is probable the flame would not have made its way to the outer air till night. I cannot, therefore, but view my safety, and that of the family, as growing out of my having unlooked-for company ; and of that company having observed just at the critical moment, what my own people would probably have failed to observe. Thus does Providence watch over us, in a moment that we never could have foreseen, and for which we can never be sufficiently thankful.

I ought to have mentioned, that, in two or three hours, I had, with very little trouble, and at a slight expense, completely secured the house, against the recurrence of a similar accident to that of sunday : the builder, who sent his foreman, has not yet finished his bill ; but it will, probably, be so small, as to prevent my making any application to the insurance company. My best love to Rowley.

Ever my dearest Maria,

Most affectionately yours,

JOHN JEBB.

LETTER LV.

To a Friend.

Abington Glebe, May 31. 1816.

MY DEAR FRIEND,
ACCORDING to my engagement, I am about to offer a few remarks, on the two discourses which you have entrusted me with ; and first, on that which has for its subject the widow of Nain : in the very commencement, however, I must own my apprehension, that I can say little to the purpose ; but you will accept the will for the deed : and should I appear to deal in hypercriticism, you will, I know, attribute the excess to the right cause, . . a wish to be honest, and useful.

My first doubt is, whether the subject itself, be a good subject to preach upon. When we wish to expand a Scripture narrative properly, and with full effect, we should chuse a narrative rich in topics ; and, at once, communicating, and receiving illustration, to, and from, other passages of holy writ. By fertility of topic, we may be enabled distinctly, and definitely, to put forward the philosophy of religion : by reference to cognate passages of Scripture, whether affording

felicities of coincidence, or nice shades of difference, we may have it in our power truly to open the Scriptures, and gradually to fit our hearers, for that intelligent, and discriminative study of God's holy word, without which they can neither be solidly grounded, nor hopefully progressive, in religion. On the other hand, however striking a narrative may be, in itself, however affecting, in its grand features, if it afford not width, and scope, and associations, either of sacred history, or of christian theology, that narrative will, almost inevitably, seduce us (and that in proportion to its very interest and pathos) into sentimental generalities ; which may be felt and admired, by our hearers, for the moment, but which, assuredly, will leave behind them no solid, definite, and permanent impressions ; nothing which can be treasured up, as a new and valuable acquisition of divine truth. A good sermon, on a scripture narrative, should be such as to throw light upon that narrative ; and to associate with it vital and important principles, in such a manner, that, for ever after, the reading, or hearing, of that narrative, would awaken, in every serious member of one's congregation, the discourse which was preached upon it. Now, I own, my doubts are strong, whether the story of the widow

of Nain and her son, could, easily and naturally, be so treated, in a discourse from the pulpit.

The event, it must be cheerfully and thankfully admitted, is most important, and most edifying ; the simple, unostentatious manner, too, of the Evangelist's narrative, is irresistibly pathetic : still, however, the event is one and indivisible ; a dead son, miraculously restored to his widowed mother ; and the more one thinks upon such a subject, the more one feels, that to expand it, were to weaken its effect. Let the brief, touching recital of St. Luke, be read, or heard, by any person of sensibility, and I defy him to prevent a gush, and flow of feeling : but, were such a person, when thus affected by the first hearing, or reading, to be asked, whether he would like to have what he feels anatomized, and pursued through all its veins, and capillary tubes, I am sure he would answer strongly in the negative ; he would desire to be left to his own reflection ; and, in proportion to his mental and moral powers, through the efficacy of reflection, tumultuous, and perhaps undefined feeling, would subside into sober practical conviction. Were the event, indeed, more complicated, the appeal to the heart less obvious and overwhelming, the practical inferences more numerous, and less easily elicited, . . then, indeed, expan-

sion would be not only allowable, but advantageous, and, perhaps, indispensable. But, in the present case, I would deprecate expansion, pretty much from the same motive, that would lead me to protest against an attempt to define a simple idea ; or, if I may borrow Johnson's exquisite illustration, to dissect a sunbeam with a prism, instead of rejoicing in the wide effulgence of a summer noon.

I shall close this preliminary, and general remark, by saying, that, perhaps, the raising of Lazarus, would afford a happier subject. It is recorded at greater length ; it is attended with various accompaniments, with causes, and consequences ; with previous, and subsequent events, with the doubts, fears, regrets, and complicated emotions, of several known characters ; with our Lord's voluntary suspension of his assistance, till, in all human appearance, that assistance was too late ; with the after-influence of the miracle, in hastening the grand catastrophe of our Lord's own death ; with the pregnant, instructive, and most comfortable fact, that Jesus wept ; with our Lord's œconomical performance of this greatest miracle, employing human agency, to do, what human agency could, . . to roll away the stone ; with the transcendantly impressive doctrines introduced and inculcated by our Lord,

on this occasion ; relating both to the spiritual resurrection, from sin, and to the general resurrection, at the last day. These accompaniments, I have huddled together without order ; you well know them all ; and you could readily add many more. But enough, I would hope, has been suggested, for the illustration of my notion, what kind of scripture narrative is best suited for expansion, in the way of lecture ; a narrative embracing, at once, great variety, and complete, or, at least, competent unity : keeping the preacher, by its very nature, from the two extremes ; extremes, however, not seldom united, of unconcatenated divergiment, and of sentimental sameness.

I now proceed to submit a few remarks, on your discourse. After citing, at length, the narrative (St. Luke vii. 11. . 16.) you state, that ‘ the object of the sacred writers, in recording these instances of our Saviour’s tender mercy, was manifestly this ; . . to place before our eyes, in all the sympathies, in all the endearing familiarities, of common life, the living pattern of divine perfection ; to win the heart to whatsoever things are pure, and virtuous, and good, and lovely, by the manifestation of God’s blessed nature, in the face of Jesus Christ, &c. &c. &c. The purpose, &c. being this, it is

our part, to study every circumstance which they have related of him ; to meditate upon Christ, as revealed in Scripture ; to follow him in pious contemplation, through all the stages, and all the minuter steps, of his most holy life.'

Nothing can be more just than this statement ; with a back reference, however, to what I have before hazarded, I may venture to observe, that many circumstances most proper, for our individual study, in our closets, for secret meditation, and for devotional contemplation, may want sufficient producible, and tangible matter, for a pulpit discourse ; such circumstances, when treated at all in public, will commonly produce most effect, in the way of brief felicitous allusion ; a felicity, this, however, which must not be sought ; for, if it comes not of itself, however imposing at the first glance, on closer inspection, it will be found to be forced and unnatural. With an exception, then, of such allusive, illustrative, and occasional reference, I would not bring forward, in the pulpit, simple, uncompounded events ; that is, I would never make such events, the subject-matter of a discourse. For reasons already stated, I take the resurrection of the widow's son, to be among events of this character ; and because it is of this cha-

racter, I am apt to think your sermon labours under faults not to be corrected.

For example, after you have stated, that we are 'to meditate upon Christ, as revealed in Scripture, to follow him in pious contemplation,' I truly cannot perceive, that he is very prominently, or at all distinctively, brought forward, in your discourse. You have followed, indeed, the minutiae of the narrative; but so, that each head of it, for the time being, constitutes a sort of independent subject; without convergement to any common object; without any great inference to be drawn, without any striking moral lesson to be derived, as the one grand result of the whole. Mere human feelings, and feelings of a nature sufficiently obvious, are brought into view, and dismissed to make room for other feelings, by no means *ejusdem generis*; while, at the end of each clause, our Lord is introduced, rather as an attendant, than as the great centre-piece of the whole movement; and the doctrine of his divinity is arbitrarily asserted, in a manner which, I fear, would rather be likely to call into activity the cavils, than to silence the opposition, of a thorough-paced socinian. These objections, I throw out strongly, and without reserve; convinced that it is the best way, not 'to hint a fault, and hesitate dislike;'

and I do it the more readily, because it seems to me, that the choice of a pregnant subject would go far to remedy the mischief. On the event which you selected, something must be said to make out a discourse of sufficient length ; and as it presented no great whole, consisting of many, but harmonious parts, want of unity, and want of variety, seem to have been scarcely avoidable : you have sinned against unity, by making each incident an independent topic ; you have failed of variety, by perpetual recurrence to the one vein of sentiment, suggested by this simple, uncompounded exercise of a Redeemer's mercy.

The first topic on which you enlarge, is deduced from these words, ' Now, when he came nigh to the gate of the city.' The ideas excited by the view of a great city, the feelings with which men approach it, and, especially, the secular and sensual views with which they crowd into it, you describe graphically enough. But, in the first instance, I have strong doubts, whether the reality of the case fairly admits the introduction of this train of thought. Was Nain a city? a scene of aggrandizement and display, a sphere for ambition and voluptuousness? This it would be difficult to prove. Of Nain, we know little more, than that it was situated on the boundaries

of the hill of Issachar, near Mount Tabor, not far from Capernaum, and about two leagues from Nazareth. Its insignificance may be inferred from the fact, that it is mentioned but once in the New Testament ; not at all in the Old ; and, both by Josephus and Eusebius, it is termed *χωμη*, the force of which word is best given, by our English term, village : assuming, then, as we are probably authorized to do, that Nain was no more than a petty market-town, or an obscure village, all your observations respecting a city would fall to the ground. But, supposing it were a city, is it judicious to common-place upon the general notion of a city ? In this, there is nothing appropriate, or peculiar ; nothing legitimately connected with the special occurrence. The emphasis, besides, would not rest on the word city, at large, but on the individual city of Nain ; and, if you could have produced any interesting historical association, which, by coincidence, or contrast, made Nain a peculiarly proper place, for such a transaction as the restoration of the widow's son, it would have been well : nay, could you have brought any thing out of its being in the immediate vicinity of our Lord's early abode, and in the neighbourhood where all his mightiest works had been performed, this would have been something : though such allu-

sions are to be touched with a delicate hand, with great reserve, and never without an obvious, natural, and forcible connection with one's main subject. But, I will own, my objections do not end here: for, admitting, though contrary to manifest probability, the scene to be ever so 'brilliant, busy, and overwhelming,' . . the feelings with which you suppose it approached, by many, or by most, are of a mingled nature; some allowable, others the reverse. Those who enter a city, that they may buy, and sell, and get gain, provided their hearts be not set upon riches, are surely employed honestly, laudably, and in the manner, both intended, and approved, by divine Providence: it is the absorption of the man, in those earthly things, which should have been alone condemned: but such worldly-minded, and grovelling absorption, and such other feelings as you describe; the fluttering heart, the agitated mind, the pride, the vanity, the folly, the thirst after dissipation, these, surely, are not worthy to be contrasted, with the calm, and sinless peace of our divine Redeemer: there is not here the *dignus vindice nodus*: we need not resort to incarnate Godhead, for a suitable antithesis; in all ages, it is to be hoped, and in all dispensations, not merely among christians, but among jews and gentiles, many, many have been found, who were raised far above

such mean, low-thoughted cares, and such trifling, and effeminate emotions ; many, who, at the entrance of a city, no less than in the solitude of a desert, could have sufficiently commanded their thoughts and feelings, as to be alive to all surrounding objects, and to respond to every present call of humanity. When I hear our Lord panegyricized by such a contrast, I own myself to feel somewhat of uneasiness ; somewhat of an impression, that the panegyric is a degradation ; that it is anthropomorphism, not wholly to be redeemed by the strongest, and sincerest assertion of his divinity.

The force of *moral* contrast, indeed, and especially when heightened by local association, I most heartily approve. Take, for example, our Lord's triumphant entry into Jerusalem, when about to celebrate his last passover : his recorded expressions, and that train of thought and feeling, indicated by those expressions, might be well illustrated, by contrast with the probable train of thought and feeling, in some zealous, pious, well-instructed native of Judea, going up, at the same time, to the same festival. In such a Jew, there would probably predominate a sense of the signal, and peculiar mercies, vouchsafed to his favoured nation ; their deliverance from the land of Egypt, which he was about to celebrate ;

the heaven-appointed rites, and significant emblems, employed in that celebration; the subsequent, and similar deliverances of the Jews, from the hands of their enemies, from the Canaanitish nations, from the Babylonish captivity, from the tyranny of the Antiochi, &c. &c.: with such views, would be united, the sacred splendour of the temple, the dignity of the priesthood, the mysteriousness of sacrifice, and, illuminated by the cheering ray of prophecy, the prospect of a future, and final deliverance, from all temporal, spiritual, and moral degradation; when Jerusalem should become the praise of the whole earth; and when the great things, predicted of her and her sons, should be brought to pass, by the everlasting counsels of divine wisdom, and the unconquerable arm of almighty power.

Such were, probably, the feelings of many a zealous, pious Jew, as he approached the sacred city, at this season of solemnity: what were, then, the views and feelings of our blessed Lord? We are instructed what they were, by St. Luke xix. 41..44. Far from thinking of its ancient splendour, and its future glory, when *He* was come near, 'he beheld the city, and wept over it:' Why? We are answered by his own pathetic exclamation: 'If thou hadst known,' &c. &c.; and this train of thought and

feeling is further evolved and elucidated, in those still more pathetic addresses, recorded in St. Luke xiii. 34, 35., and St. Matthew xxiii. 37..39. All the associations, all the recollections, all the anticipations, here, are mournful: does he look to the page of sacred history? It is a history of stubbornness, rebellion, and murder of God's chosen prophets. Does he turn to the volume of prophetic writ? It is a prophecy of impending, and inevitable desolation. But, how is all heightened, by the consideration of the Person, thus weeping over Jerusalem! It is the patriarchal God, .. it is the Theocrat, .. deploring the fate of his own people. 'How often would I have gathered thy children together, as a hen her brood under her wings, and ye would not!' Here, compare the self-drawn picture of the Almighty, cherishing infant Israel, Deuteronomy xxxii. 9..12. 'For the Lord's portion is his people; Jacob is the lot of his inheritance: he found him in a desert land; in the waste howling wilderness: he led him about, he instructed him; he kept him as the apple of his eye: as an eagle stirreth up her nest; fluttereth over her young; spreadeth abroad her wings, taketh them; beareth them on her wings; so the Lord, alone, did lead him:' .. All this, and more, Christ had been ready, in his divine

capacity, to do for Jerusalem ; had been often ready, . . ‘ and she would not ;’ and, now, when he was about to see the travail of his soul, he felt the bitter pang, that, through their own voluntary wickedness and apostasy, that travail would be unavailable for the safety and redemption, of his peculiar city, and his chosen people. Here, the contrast might be again briefly retouched. Jerusalem, and its people, full of joy and triumph at the approaching solemnities : . . Jesus, exceeding sorrowful, not merely at the prospect of his impending sufferings, but, from the consciousness, that Jerusalem had sealed her doom ; had placed it beyond the power of Omnipotence to save her.

In these hasty thoughts, I am deeply conscious, there is much imperfection ; you will, however, in spite of innumerable blemishes, make out my meaning ; and, perhaps, will conceive more clearly, than if I had confined myself to the abstract, what kind of local emotions I think legitimate ; and in what manner, I conceive, the Divinity of the Almighty Theanthrope, may be naturally introduced, and engrafted on a subject. That expression, ‘ how often would I,’ &c., coupled with the passage in Deuteronomy, seems to prove the Godhead of our Lord ; whilst the fact of his Godhead, so

proved, unspeakably heightens the pathos of his tender exclamation.

Your next topic, is a funeral ; which, however, you but lightly touch, and that judiciously : it is a mere common-place, and should not be enlarged upon. What you say, respecting the loss of a grown-up child, is true ; and, to parents, must be affecting ; but there is too much of truism, and too much use of *unopened* Scripture : to have clothed the sentiments in your own language, would have disclosed to you, that the thoughts are too common. Throughout your entire treatment of this topic, the objection forcibly presents itself, that the topic is independent ; unconnected with what went before ; unfollowed by any leading moral lesson ; and not, in any degree, associated with our Lord, except by the simple circumstance, that he is a spectator of the scene ; and that he must be kept waiting, in silence and inaction, till a disquisition has been finished, upon what all know, and most people feel, that the loss of an only son, in the prime of his life and usefulness, is a desolating calamity to his widowed mother. How this, on your plan, could be mended, I do not see : the fault is resolvable into the nature of the subject : St. Luke's narrative, to my apprehension, affords room for little expansion ; it

might give subject for a brief historical introduction ; but, in order to avoid disconnected common-place, that introduction should have been followed up by some heads, either of doctrine, or practice, deduced from the narrative, and made the syllabus of a regular sermon. The expansion of ' weep not,' is better ; for our Lord now becomes an actor in the scene : but, to me, the simple words themselves speak volumes ; and every attempt to expand them, were a St. Chrysostom, or a St. Paul, the artist, would do something the reverse of affecting my feelings. In this way of thinking, I know very many would not agree : but I also know, that I am not singular in it.

' He came, and touched the bier ; and they that bare him stood still.' On this passage, you remark as follows. ' Yes, my brethren, blessed be God, that person who spoke thus tenderly, thus familiarly, thus like an equal and a brother, to a widow, now friendless on the earth ; this person, was the Lord of life and death ; he touched the bier, and both the living and the dead felt, ' that virtue had come out of him ' ; were struck by some energy, which proceeded from the present God. They that bare the corpse stood still,' &c. &c. It would seem to me, that a greater insight into our Lord's nature,

is here attributed to the attendants on the funeral, than is borne out by the reason of the case, or by the very context. Our Lord pronounced, with mingled sympathy and authority, the consolatory address to the bereaved widow, 'weep not;' he, then, significantly touched the bier: both words and action naturally induced the bearers to stand still: from our Lord's following, it must have been clear that he was a teacher, and that of no ordinary celebrity; and the respect in which the Jews held their teachers, is notorious and proverbial; but, further, it cannot be questioned, that, so near the vicinity of Capernaum, the scene of our Lord's chief miracles, he was personally known; the pausing, therefore, of the bearers, and the stoppage of the procession, may be accounted for, independently of any other impression existing, at the moment, than this, that the person speaking, and touching the bier, was Jesus of Nazareth, the great prophet. That this was the actual impression, may be argued from the context, as we shall hereafter see: meantime, I would submit, whether it be advisable, ever to make any elaborate, or detailed, or emphatic assertion, of our Lord's divinity, without bringing forward strong proof, or illustration of it, at the same time; a passing reference, in-

deed, to his divinity, a casual and natural mention of it, as an acknowledged fact, is another thing : but, when any thing is bottomed upon the assertion, or when attention is strongly called to it, I am inclined to think some proof should be afforded. I don't mean argumentative, agonistic proof ; but something sufficient to bear out the assertion. There is no proof that a prophet, commissioned by God, might not be divinely enabled even to raise the dead : there seems, on the contrary, proof, that prophets might be, and were, enabled so to do. I would be shy, therefore, of seeming to use a medium of proof, which no socinian would admit ; and for rejecting which, in common fairness, a socinian could not be greatly blamed.

The question, ' whether the recal of a departed spirit, to its earthly tenement, be, or be not, a benefit,' however interesting, is, perhaps, somewhat out of place in a pulpit discourse *ad populum* ; to agitate it, might excite doubts, which, in simple minds, would else never have arisen ; and to solve it, could, after all, be attended with little practical benefit. Such a disquisition is, strictly speaking, a digression, or an episode ; and in a sermon, of all other compositions, digressions, or episodes, are least admissible ; the reason for their introduction should be over-

whelmingly strong, and the moral and spiritual benefit undeniably great: otherwise, we may seem willing to amuse ourselves, and others, with curious and unprofitable questions. The place for such speculations would be, a philosophico-religious essay.

The feelings of the resuscitated young man, are, especially on the hypothesis laid down in the last-mentioned paragraph, very naturally described; but the description would probably be better suited to a sermon before the Humane Society, than to a discourse avowedly intended to exhibit our Lord, as revealed in Scripture: I still must repeat the objection, that, in this topic, our Lord is but the secondary character, whilst the young man is the hero of it. How far it might have been otherwise managed, it is not for me to suggest.

In this, and indeed in other parts of the sermon, I observe a mode of citing scripture, which, to me, appears objectionable: it too much resembles parody: I mean, the detachment of scriptural phraseology from its proper context, and the arbitrary use of it, when the subject is by no means cognate. For example, ‘a brother, who was dead, but alive again;’ his mother, ‘remembering no more the anguish, for joy that her only son was born again into the world:’ these two

quotations will sufficiently indicate what I mean; and I soberly think, that such an application of scripture phraseology, is not altogether respectful to that holy word, with which we should never play, or trifle. It is, moreover, the less tolerable, when it substitutes, in this sacred garb, a meagreness of sentiment, for the sound sense, and manly tone of expression, which such a thinker, and I will add such a writer, as you, by a little labour, and systematic application, could abundantly supply.

With your observation on our Lord's manner of conferring this great benefit, I most heartily coincide; only I regret that such an opportunity should be missed, of engrafting a practical application. We are bound to imitate Christ, in all his imitable qualities and actions: we cannot imitate his omniscience, we cannot imitate his miraculous power; but we may imitate him in doing good; we may imitate, also, the manner, even of his miraculous acts. Not satisfied with raising the young man from the dead, he delivered him to his mother: a graciousness in doing good, which we would do well to imitate, and which we should never lose an apt occasion of inculcating; the manner of kindness, is, to minds of delicacy and susceptibility, often of more soothing and balmy efficacy, than the matter of it: a fact of

which many really good and worthy people are, too often, either ignorant, or negligent. And, surely, if God loveth a cheerful giver, much more must he love a benefactor, who uniformly studies to heighten the benefit conferred, by attention to the feelings of the beneficiary: but, on this point, I have been needlessly diffuse; to you, a hint would have been sufficient.

And, now, I have reached your final quotation of your text: ‘they glorified God, saying, that a great prophet is risen up amongst us, and that God has visited his people.’ This, perhaps, is too abruptly introduced; at all events, especially as being the text of your sermon, it is too hastily dismissed. Were any other proof wanting, from this exclamation, it is evident, that the by-standers did not know the divinity of our Lord: they accounted him a great prophet: why? Because he performed a deed, unknown since the days of the prophets; and it can be little doubted, that they had the prophet Elisha especially in view, whose miraculous resuscitation of the Shunamite’s child, so much resembled this benevolent interference of our Lord, recalling from the dead the only child of the widow of Nain. This circumstance should not have been left unnoticed.

To your application, I have this to object, that it is not definite; it speaks of Christ displayed by

the word of God, and applied by the Spirit of God, to the spirit that is in man: but, in truth, to me it seems, that, as opened out in your sermon, the narrative of this miraculous resuscitation, neither displays specifically, nor applies practically, Christ our Saviour: there is a thinness, and a vagueness in the whole; not the fault so much of the preacher, as of his subject; and as the discourse, such must of necessity be the application: there is no very definite subject to be brought home; consequently, your parting words, though good and pious words, are thrown out at random: you call on people to choose, between Christ, and a faithless world. I do not see the foundation laid for this, in the discourse: so it might be said of the rest. Yet, you know, a peroration should enforce the great topics of the sermon; and, by a judicious management of this most important division, unity and concentration might be given to preceding portions, which have in them too much miscellaneousness and divergement.

Throughout the whole of this review, I have been unsparing of my censures; had it been my business to eulogize, I could, with sincerity, have praised, the spirit of piety, which predominates throughout; the susceptibility, which enters so warmly into the feelings of the widow and the

fatherless; and the power of composition which is indicated, in several clauses, and paragraphs; but, however severe, I am sure you will take my criticisms in good part; and even when they may appear erroneous and unfounded, you will feel that they have been framed, if by an unskilful, at least by a friendly hand; anxious that you should examine closely for yourself your own composition, and, from such examination, be led to do justice to your own powers.

May I now venture to suggest, that a good and useful discourse might, perhaps, be written, embracing a comparative view of our Lord's three resuscitative miracles; Jairus' daughter, the widow of Nain's son, and Lazarus: taken in chronological order, these will give three stages of death, each, as you well know, rising gradually above the preceding: the damsel, just dead; the widow's son, brought out on his bier; Lazarus, putrifying in the grave. The fathers, and catholic theologians, and even Dr. Jortin, are all agreed, that our Lord's cure of bodily diseases, is typical of his cure of moral and spiritual maladies. So, also, his raising of the dead, is typical of his raising from the death of sin: in this latter death, are degrees; so, also, in the former; and the raising of Jairus' daughter, may be taken as typical of the recovery from spiritual death of short

standing; that of the widow's son, of the recovery from spiritual death more confirmed; that of Lazarus, from inveterate spiritual death. Were such a subject chosen, it is clear that a comparison of the several incidents, in the several events, might be made both interesting and instructive; and our Lord's wonderful illustration, both of spiritual resurrection, and of the general resurrection at the last day, in his discourse to Lazarus' sisters, would afford subject-matter for an admirable peroration.

But I have now exhausted your patience. I have also exhausted my own powers, both of thought and penmanship; therefore I must conclude. Should you think these hasty and imperfect observations, in the least serviceable, I shall be glad to attempt some more, on your other sermon.

Farewell, my dear Friend,

Ever most affectionately yours,

JOHN JEBB.

LETTER LVI.

To Mrs. J. H. Butterworth.

Abington Glebe, June 13. 1816.

MY DEAR MADAM,

MR. BUTTERWORTH can explain what must have appeared my unaccountable, if not inexcusable, silence. In truth, he that could remain a voluntary debtor, for such a letter, as that with which your friendship favoured me, would be ill deserving of ever receiving such another; and yet, such is, either my feeling of innocence, or my hardihood of effrontery, that I hope to receive many such, from the same good heart, and profuent mind.

Your apt quotation from John Wesley, I had never met: and, though I happen to possess thirty-two vols. of his works, forty-seven of his Christian Library, and seven more of his hymns and sacred poems, that striking passage does not occur in any of them. You furnished me, therefore, not merely with an undiscovered, but to me, probably, an undiscoverable evidence, in support of that guide to the interpretation of Scripture, which, in a certain appendix, Mr. Knox and I

have ventured to point out, and recommend: and, certainly, it affords me sincere gratification, both to have such a coadjutor as John Wesley, and to know, that, in spite of all aberrations, that good and elevated spirit, was, centrally, no less catholic, than pious. Some opposition in print, though of a trivial nature, that appendix, you know, has already met: and I have reason to think it will meet with more, and abler opposition: how far Mr. Knox or I will be able, or willing, to reply, I cannot venture to predict; this I know, that whatever additional examination I have been able to bestow upon the subject, has not diminished my confidence in the cause; and I do verily believe, that, however unfashionable just now, the study and veneration of christian antiquity will, one day, predominate, with all intelligent members of the church, whose leisure may admit of such inquiries.

But, to turn to another subject. Have you read the ‘Poet’s Pilgrimage to Waterloo?’ I rather devoured, than perused it, yesterday afternoon; and with very great delight. So far as I can venture to judge, on so rapid and superficial a glance, it seems to me, that, in this last effusion, the Poet Laureat excels himself: much, perhaps, must be allowed, for one’s naturally contrasting him with Walter Scott: much, too, for his skill

and judgment, in contriving to write originally, on a thread-bare subject: but, however this may be, the delightful home-scene in the proem; the easy, fluent, lively, unaffected narrative, in the first part; and the strains, emulous of the moral and of the holy muse of Spenser, in the second part, have all, in their several ways, afforded me pleasure of no ordinary kind. He has, again and again, reminded me of some of the finest touches, both of Burns and Cowper, though not in any respect the servile copyist of either: and he shews, in this work, a richness, power, and melody of versification, which one might vainly seek in his former effusions. But how have I launched forth into the dull vagueness of general commendation, without specifying, or analyzing, a single passage. This, I am sensible, is the most barren district in the country of the muses: nor can I, at present, escape into any of their more enchanted, and enchanting territory: but I rely upon your good-natured endurance; and that him whom you have so often tolerated, stupidly talking, you will pity and pardon for the stupidity of this present writing. In one thing I am sure you will cordially sympathize, in regret that ‘the father, teacher, playmate,’ has lost ‘his only, and his studious boy.’ How keenly must such a father, feel such an irreparable loss. Yet, it is the good

pleasure of a good, and gracious Being ; and probably the poor boy is taken from the evil to come. One cannot help rejoicing, in the deep and solemn tone of no uncheerful religion, which pervades this poem.

It is now, my dear Madam, high time that I should release you from vapid common-place, to your delightful, and improving maternal pursuits. Sure I am, that a religious, wise, and intellectual female, cannot be employed in a more useful office, or in one which will more develope her highest faculties, both of mind and heart, than in assisting to unfold, and to train in a good direction, the tender, but luxuriant puttings-forth, of the infant powers. That, in this, and in all other things, you may be directed by the best guidance, and aided by the most holy influences, is the ardent wish and prayer of, my dear Madam,

Your truly obliged and affectionate friend,

JOHN JEBB.

LETTER LVII.

To the Rev. Dr. Nash.

Abington Glebe, October 13. 1816.

MY DEAR NASH,

AFTER the happy weeks, during which I partook of your hospitality, and profited by your conversation, and, let me add, was cheered by the cheerer of your own days, it has not once, nor frequently, but I may say, continually, been matter of regret, that I could not write to you. Still, I feel that I am safe, because you are indulgent. You know my infirmities; and, with your usual good nature, you permitted me to covenant, that I would write, whenever I could do so with comfort: this is literally the first day, that I have been able to place myself fairly in epistolary posture; and, though I have advanced so far, it is with fear and trembling, lest I should be prevented from advancing much further.

Since my return home, at most lucid intervals, my thoughts have moved in the direction of hebraic parallelism. One valuable hint of your's was not lost upon me: in examining certain N. T. quotations from the poetical parts of the Old,

I compared the septuagint version; and, the more I compared, the more I seemed to discover worthy of observation. Both discrepancies, and coincidences, seem likely to afford a harvest of reflection; and that reflection, I would hope, may throw some new light on 'the modes of quotation.' What, indeed, may be the possible result, I am unable to foretell. Thus much, I venture to think, will be likely to appear, that, even where they have alluded rather than cited, the evangelists and apostles were specially careful, when poetic scripture was in their view, to preserve the hebrew parallelism uninjured; more careful, I suspect, than the LXX. In more places than one, I have observed what is curious: different quotations from, or allusive imitations of, poetical parts of the Old Testament, are sometimes connected together, through a continued series of verses, in the New, by brief sentences of original composition, in the same poetical form: in these cases, it is so ordered, that, probably, the nicest judge of style, might find it difficult to detect the least shade of difference, between the manner of the cited poetry, and that of the original connective matter; the whole tissue is interwoven with such masterly skill, as to evince the closest *intentional* conformity to the hebrew poetical model. Perhaps I may not express my-

self with entire clearness on this point: your sagacity, however, will decypher my meaning, even through the twilight of thoughts as yet imperfectly formed. I am, at present, but finding my way to the light: perhaps, indeed, only striving to anticipate that, which it remains for abler persons to achieve. But, however this may be, I am resolved to engage in severer study than I had thought of: to consult many books; to read many treatises; and to postpone, at least for another year, the completion of my projected essay. Meantime, I have plucked up resolution to order, from London, a goodly parcel of books; and, if it please God to give me tolerable health and spirits, I hold in cheerful prospect a good laborious year.

I believe I mentioned to you, that, as Archbishop Newcome, in his preface to the Minor Prophets, has given, from the classics, some instances of arrangement akin to the hebrew parallelism, I would, also, willingly devote a page or two to this purpose: the Archbishop has confined himself, in such examples, to what is called the synonymous parallelism; e. g.

Trojaque nunc stares: Priamique arx alta maneres.

Apparet domus intus: et atria longa patescunt.

Venit summa dies: et ineluctabile tempus.

Vulnus alit venis: et cœco carpitur igni.

Now, I am disposed to think, that, without much difficulty, examples may be adduced, at least equally striking with any of the Archbishop's, and, at once, more various, and more continuous. Such seem to be the following :

Constructive and Antithetic Parallelisms.

Vos, quibus Rector maris atque terræ,
Jus dedit magnum necis atque vitæ;
Ponite inflatos, tumidosque vultus:

Quicquid a vobis minor extimescit,
Major hoc vobis dominus minatur;
Omne sub regno graviore regnum est:

Quem dies vidit veniens superbum,
Hunc dies vidit fugiens jacentem:

Nemo confidat nimium secundis;
Nemo desperet meliora lapsis.

SENECÆ *Thyest.* Act III. 607—616.

The synonymous, or, as I would call it, the cognate parallelism: in which, be it observed, the second member is so diversified from the first, as to rise above it.

Or. Ω γαί', ανες μοι πατερ' εποπτευσαι μαχην

El. Ω περσεφασσα, δος δε τ' ευμορφον κρατος.

Or. Μεμνησο λουτρων οίς ενοςφισθης πατερ'

El. Μεμνησο δ' αμφλιβληστρον ω σ' εκαινισαν.

Or. Πεδαις αχαλκευτοῖς ἐθηρευθῆς, πατερ·

El. Αἰσχροῦς τε βουλευτοῖσιν ἐν καλυμμασιν.

Or. Ἀρ' ἐξεγείρει τοῖσδ' οὐκιδέσιν πατερ;

El. Ἀρ' ὀρθὸν αἰρεῖς φίλτατον τὸ σὸν καρα;

ÆSCHYL. *Choeph.* 486—493.

By the way, the parallelisms, not only of manner, but of thoughts and expressions, between Æschylus and the Scriptures, are surprizing and delightful. Ernesti says, “*Multa plura vestigia hebraismi sunt in poetis gr. antiquioribus. In Homero quidem tam multa, &c.; haud pauca et in aliis, in Pindaro, in Tragicis, &c.*”

But I was perfectly astonished, this morning, to find, in Xenophon, continuous specimens of parallelism: you shall judge for yourself:

οὔτε γάρ τῳ καλῶς ἀγρὸν φυτεύσαμενῳ δὴλον, ὅστις καρπώσεται·

οὔτε τῳ καλῶς οἶκον οἰκοδομήσαμενῳ δὴλον, ὅστις οἰκήσει;

οὔτε τῳ στρατηγικῳ δὴλον, εἰ συμφέρει στρατηγεῖν·

οὔτε τῳ πολιτικῳ δὴλον, εἰ συμφέρει τῆς πόλεως προστατεῖν·

οὔτε τῳ καλὴν γῆμαντι, ἵνα εὐφραίνηται, δὴλον,

εἰ διὰ ταύτην ἀνιάσεται·

οὔτε τῳ δυνατοῦς ἐν τῇ πόλει κηδεστας λαβόντι δὴλον,

εἰ διὰ τούτους στηρησεται τῆς πόλεως.

Memorab. I. i. 8.

Again :

Οἱ μὲν γὰρ βιάσθεντες, ὥς ἀφαιρέθεντες μισοῦσιν·

Οἱ δὲ πείσθεντες, ὥς κεχαρισμένοι φιλοῦσιν.

XEN. *Mem.* I. ii. 10.

Surely these isocola, and isocommata, are cast, altogether, in the hebraic mould: and, if the opinion of Oger and Ernesti be just, that the Greeks, and, consequently, the Romans, hebraized in words and phrases, it may not be unnatural to suppose, that they hebraized, occasionally, in the structure of their sentences.

I have now to request, as a favour, that you will turn to your Schoetgenius, and at p. 1249, you will find his dissertation 'De Exergasia:' this, being short, will amply repay your perusal: in p. 1250, there is a reference to Scaliger's Poetics: this, I before begged of you to consult for me, which you kindly did: perhaps you would now indulge me, by doing this task over again; and, if you find, in the said Scaliger, any quotations of classical parallelism, transcribe, and send them to me.

A third paper, concluding the first letter of the opponent of the Appendix, has appeared in the C. O. The writer expresses his fears, that, from weighty avocations, he must conclude them; not doubting, however, that the subject will be taken up by some abler inquirer. He has gone only through the foreign churches; and, with little exception, confined himself to quotations from their confessions. The discussion he manages with great dexterity, and with

singular humanity and good feeling : my mind is so occupied with my hebraic pursuit, that I know not whether I shall write any answer in the C. O. The little paper about *μαρτυρ*, has been inserted as I sent it, only with two or three slight typographical errors : since receiving this review, I found four passages, . . three in Lucian, . . one in Epictetus, where *μαρτυς*, or *μαρτυρ*, are decidedly used for a SPECTATOR : this discovery made me throw off another slight paper, which I enclosed to Mr. Knox, to be sent, or withheld, at his discretion.

I hope and trust, that this most blessed and seasonable change of weather, has had its due effect upon your health. I hope, also, that you are, with flying colours, and with all the honours of war, making your retreat from the Bursarship. I beg my most kind and grateful remembrances to Mrs. Nash, whom, if I can ever forget, I must first forget myself. Give my good young friends a kiss apiece for me.

Farewell for the present.

Ever your truly affectionate friend,

JOHN JEBB.

LETTER LVIII.

To R. H. Inglis, Esq.

Cheltenham, August 30. 1817.

MY DEAR SIR,

WHEN I consider the date of your last kind letter, and the friendly recollection proved by the transmission of the valuable and interesting volume, for which I am doubtless indebted to your good offices, I should be altogether ashamed of this tardy acknowledgment, had I not but too true a cause to assign, . . . a continued state of ill health, which, for months past, has interrupted all my studies and pursuits, even to the article of correspondence with my friends. My ailments, about two months back, assumed a decided character; the consequence was, that my physicians ordered me to Cheltenham, where I have now been for about ten days, already deriving sensible benefit from the waters, and given to expect, by Dr. Boisragon, the approved *Æsculapius* of this place, that, with the assistance of due exercise, the said waters will make a new man of me. Towards the end of next month, I hope to make a short visit to London.

The publication of the remains of our deceased friend, Bowdler, was altogether judicious; and I trust it will prove beneficial. It presents a picture, both of moral and intellectual attainment, which might well serve as a model, to the most promising of the rising generation, and as a remembrance, to those of more advanced years. On its way to me, the work fell into the hands of my brother, a crown lawyer of some standing; and, after reading it with the deepest interest, he expressed his admiration of Mr. Bowdler, in terms, which, if I had his letter at hand, I could willingly extract. The point which struck him most, was the total victory over himself, which so young, so energetic, and so naturally ambitious a man, had been enabled to attain; insomuch that he was ready to relinquish, along with his life, the most flattering prospects, not merely with resignation but with rejoicing. This, my brother observed, was a lesson, which he could wish always to remember, as a guard against the low-thoughted, and ambitious anxieties of his profession. I cannot, indeed, recal his words; but their purport, I think, was to this amount, only still stronger. And this, I conceive to be a practical testimony, of the very nature which you would be best pleased to receive. The kindness of another friend, furnished me with a second

copy of the Remains ; and this enabled me to provide my brother with a work, which he had proved himself able to appreciate.

I beg you will have the goodness to present my kindest and most respectful compliments to Mrs. Inglis, and to the other inmates of Battersea Rise.

I am, my dear Sir,

Your much obliged and faithful servant,

JOHN JEBB.

LETTER LIX.

To R. H. Inglis, Esq.

Bisham Abbey, October 1. 1817.

MY DEAR SIR,

YOUR very kind letter of the 15th of September, followed me to the neighbourhood of Bristol ; whence I migrated, yesterday, to this venerable pile of antiquity. It rejoiced me to learn that you, and the united family of Battersea Rise, have enjoyed good health ; and I was glad to find that you had been making provision for its continuance, by a continental excursion. Many thanks

for your interesting intelligence of our friend Lady * * * * * : I wish one could justly indulge the hopes you hold out of Mr. * * * * * ; but a letter which I received from Lady * * * * *, just before she left London, speaks, as if his recovery were altogether hopeless. I never read a more affecting, or, all things considered, a more delightful testimony, of deep and unqualified resignation to the divine will. When it pleases God to call away persons in early youth, especially persons who would otherwise be called to encounter the trials of prosperity, I am always ready to discover and adore the mercifulness of the dispensation : while, therefore, I cannot help, abstractedly, wishing that it were the will of Providence to spare Lady * * * * * this great affliction, I am ready, on the other hand, to consider, how much more grievous the affliction would be, if her son were spared for the present, only to sink under the evil to come.

While in the neighbourhood of Bristol, I passed the greater part of two days with Mrs. Hannah More. She and her sister both deeply feel the bereavement which they have suffered, since I last saw them : but they, too, are most happily sustained, by the best support and consolation. In both, mind wonderfully predominates over bodily infirmity. Poor Patty, after the most agonizing

paroxysms of pain, quietly, indeed I might rather say energetically, would resume whatever subject we might have been talking about.

I beg my kindest and most grateful regards to Mrs. Inglis, Miss Thornton, &c.

And am, my dear Sir,

Your much obliged and faithful servant,

JOHN JEBB.

LETTER LX.

To the Rev. Dr. Nash.

Tunbridge Wells, Oct. 11. 1817.

MY DEAR NASH,

How tardy have I been in the acknowledgment of your kind letter! Yet I cannot, and you will be glad to know it, plead ill health for my excuse: never, for years, have I enjoyed myself, and every thing about me, so much: the tour I have taken, in all respects, has exceeded my expectations, which were high; and, in addition to the comfort and enjoyment derived from the society of such a companion, it has been delightful to me to show England *for the first time*,

under such favourable auspices, to Charles Forster. We are both deeply gratified and obliged, by your kind wish to have us at Springfield, before our return to Abington: could earnest wishes place us with you and Mrs. Nash, we should certainly be your most willing visitors: but we have already trespassed on the time originally allowed; and, to fulfil the English engagements indispensably formed, we must trespass on it yet further; and, lest my parish should go to sixes and sevens, on crossing the channel we must hasten homeward, with all possible dispatch.

At the end of three weeks from our arrival there, we were emancipated from Cheltenham (and it was a dreary imprisonment) with the full and free consent of Dr. Boisragon. From the day of our liberation, to this present day, the sun has shone upon all our movements: literally, in the finest and most cheering weather, . . . figuratively and morally, in a combination of favourable circumstances, beyond our utmost hopes, and most sanguine calculations. Friendly, and overflowing hospitality; delightful society, at once cordial and intellectual, . . . by turns, grave and playful, but always under the influence of religious taste and feeling; walks and drives, through the most varied scenery; visits to places, cele-

brated for their beauty, grandeur, and antiquity : these are a few of the leading features, which have constituted our tour a real tour of pleasure ; and which, beyond all medicine, have served to restore the tone, both of my mind and body. On reaching Bristol, which we did the day of our departure from Cheltenham, we found a letter from a friend of mine and Mr. Knox's, resident near the beautiful village of Henbury, promising to come for us next day, and convey us to his home : *his* house became ours for three weeks ; and never did I enjoy three weeks more entirely. Mr. S * * * * is one of those characters, rarely to be found, in which are united, strongly discriminative judgment, with the most ready overflowing wit, . . deep Christian seriousness, without an atom of rigidity or cant, . . strong natural, self-cultivated powers, without a shadow of the coarseness of self-sufficiency, which too commonly are the drawbacks on such qualities. His conversation was a continual, rich, and easy intellectual feast. His lady is one of the best of women. His daughter, the wife of my friend Mr. H. B * * * * , with her husband, were of the party ; they are both full of talent and goodness, both well cultivated, and well ordered ; and, with such a family, you can readily judge, that both Mr. F. and I found ourselves com-

pletely at home and happy. From Mr. S * * * * 's, we made a two-day visit to Hannah More : she has lost three sisters, since my visit to her in 1809. She and her surviving sister are both in the vale of years ; and, in the common course of nature, cannot last long : but they retain their faculties of mind in full vigour, in despite of bodily decline ; and Mrs. Martha will resume, with the greatest energy and animation, whatever has been the subject of conversation, after the most excruciating paroxysm of a dreadful nervous disorder in the head, as though she were in rude health.

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* * * * * Hannah More delighted us, during a morning drive which she took us in her carriage, with the richest variety of conversation, . . anecdote, poetry, criticism, religion, . . all interspersed and enlivened, by the aptest, and happiest quotations, from the great English authors, recited in the most admirable style. The two days flowed rapidly, and we parted with mutual regret : I was greatly affected ; and the sisters, I believe, were affected too : . . there was a mutual feeling, that we, probably, should not meet again, on this side of the grave. In spite of differences, (of which there are not a few,

even in important matters,) I am ready most unreservedly to say . . . *Sit mea anima cum illis!* Where there is, at bottom, a true love, and undeviating pursuit, of the one thing needful, how many of the *opinionum commenta* will be, in a moment, dissipated, by the light of eternity!

I must not omit, that, from Henbury, we visited, with what delight you may imagine, Tintern and Piercefield; and, during the three sundays of our stay, we were on clerical duty, in by far the most perfect country church I ever saw.

From Henbury, we proceeded, through Bath and Marlborough, to Bisham Abbey, in Berkshire, where we had a couple of happy days, with our friend Capt. Vansittart of the Navy: thence, by Windsor, Hampton Court, and Richmond, to London: the last stage, we exchanged our post-chaise for a boat, and dropped down the Thames, from Richmond to Westminster Bridge. Of course, we gave due time to Windsor Castle, Eton College, and Richmond Hill, with its rich circumference of prospect. At our hotel, we found a cordial invitation from the * * * * *, to make their house at * * * * * our head quarters: we went to them, accordingly, early the next morning, (being sunday last), and passed the day there most appropriately; . . . the conversation, the ordering of time,

the mode of dining, &c. &c. all being exactly what we could wish on SUNDAY. We met there Sir Stamford Raffles, late Governor of Java (for whom see last Quarterly Review), and his lady, most interesting people: he is the great lion of the day, sought after by something nearest to Royalty itself, . . . for he has been repeatedly the guest of the Princess Charlotte. Next week, he and his lady sail for Sumatra, of which he is appointed Governor. After passing monday with the same estimable friends, we came off to Tunbridge Wells, on a visit to Lord and Lady B * * * *, who have done every thing that friendship, kindness, and no common powers of pleasing can do, to make us happy: the greater part, by far, of every day is devoted, to shewing us one or other of the interesting and beautiful places, in this neighbourhood: already we have seen Knowle, made attractive by the terrific *Ugolino* of Sir Joshua Reynolds, and by the richest collection I ever saw, of original portraits of our English worthies; Penshurst, the birth-place of Sir Philip Sidney; the high rocks, of whose singular appearance you must have heard; and various other things and places have we seen, which time does not permit to mention.

Monday next we return to London, and we shall take up our abode at Battersea Rise;

whence, every morning, we purpose going into town, that C. F. may see the lions. Can we do any thing for you in the book way, or in any other department? If so, command us freely. I am greatly thankful for your good and kind advice about Dr. Darwin; and shall, please God, consult him, as we pass through Shrewsbury. A letter, which would be a great indulgence, will find me, if soon written, by being addressed to me at Blake's Hotel, Jermyn Street. I beg my kindest remembrances to Mrs. Nash, and my young friends at Springfield.

Ever, my dear Nash,

Your affectionate friend,

JOHN JEBB.

LETTER LXI.

To J. H. Butterworth, Esq.

Abington Glebe, Dec. 16. 1817.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

MY first employment, after finding myself again re-established, and domesticated in my own home, is to write to my kind friends in England; and

among them, to whom could I more properly address the first letter, than to you? I know, and feel, that I should have written from the other side of the channel; but you know some of my infirmities, . . and, among the rest, you are probably not unaware, that to procrastinate, is rather a prominent error; but, in the present instance, while moving and unsettled, I could not write with any comfort, and therefore, of set purpose, postponed, till I should reach my own fireside; which I did on saturday evening last, this being tuesday morning.

Our return home was sufficiently prosperous. We had three or four comfortable days, with our friends the Vansittarts at Bisham; and five very interesting days at Oxford; where, having acquaintances and friends, especially at Balliol College, we were quite domesticated, having dined four days in the hall of the said college. We had opportunities of viewing, and in some degree appreciating, the Oxford system of education. It has certainly received great improvement, of late years: to religious instruction, both in the separate colleges, and in the public university examinations, considerable attention is paid. Studious habits are the fashion; scarcely a young man is to be seen in the streets, or in the squares of the colleges, before two o'clock each day; and the

evenings of the fellows, are, for the most part, devoted to the prosecution of useful studies, and the enjoyment of innocent and improving conversation. The manners and habits of those I met, were particularly quiet and gentlemanlike. However, I am ready to believe that the English universities might derive some useful hints from us ; and I am sure that we stand greatly in need of a lesson from them. It is to be recollected, that the university of Dublin, is the university of a long depressed, and scarcely emerging people ; and that Irish barbarity is the growth of English mismanagement. I say not this to recriminate, but to excuse. The countries, I am sure, were formed by Providence, to fall or stand together ; the very evils which, from time to time, have grown out of the connection, are doubtless needful, though bitter ingredients in the process ; and I am convinced, that, one day, we shall be united, no less in religion, letters, and civilization, than we are now united in legislature. But I have crept into sad prosing, and I must relieve you and myself from its continuance.

You will be glad to hear, that we found all our friends in good health ; all having escaped the ravages of the fever. Two or three days we passed at Bellevûe. Mr. Knox was there, and

full of affectionate inquiries for you and Mrs. H. B. In addition to all other preventives of his writing letters, he is now engaged in writing, what, I believe truly, and he intends seriously, is to become a book : the object transcendently important : to settle what is the great distinguishing characteristic, what the one thing needful, of christianity. This, he proposes determining, first, on general grounds ; then, from a close and continued examination of the two great epistles, Romans and Hebrews ; several collateral, or rather subsidiary matters, will be treated of ; especially the doctrine of the sacraments. He has, already, blocked out his rough draft ; and is pursuing steadily his plan ; so that I trust he will leave a finished work, on the subjects which have made the chief study of his best years.

For myself, thank God, I am uncommonly well ; as you may judge, when I add, that I briskly rise between five and six o'clock every morning, and light my own fire. The happy days we passed in England, and the invaluable friends whom we have there, constitute large and bright tracts, both in our memory and consciousness, to which, next almost to the brighter regions of religion, we may, at all times, retreat for shel-

ter, when assailed by any of the inconveniences, or annoyances, of every-day life. Henbury, Battersea, Clapham, and why should I not add Fleet Street, are full of happy-making associations. Never were travellers more highly favoured, than we have been. 'I can conceive no greater earthly enjoyment,' said Mr. Knox, 'than just such a tour as you have taken; to be received into such an inner circle of friends, as you have been, is the best thing which this world affords.' And he said truly. But let me add, that such an inner circle, so opening itself, and so embracing strangers, is the work of christianity. People of the world, however refined, however intellectual, however good-natured, could not so domesticate one. It is the work of that heavenly system, whose proper tendency is, to make mankind one great family. In most instances, hitherto, this work has been carried forward rather uncouthly: not religion, but religionism, having been the compressing power, the inner circle of christian friends, has been, commonly, more or less sectarian; it remained, and this stage of improvement seems happily in progress, to unite the cordiality of a sect, with the freedom, refinement, and ease, of cultivated life; and this union we enjoyed, in England, to our hearts' content.

Mr. F. wrote to our dear friend Mr. Stock.

I hope soon to do the same. We are both your most attached friends. My love to Mrs. H. B.

Ever most affectionately yours,

JOHN JEBB.

LETTER LXII.

To a Friend.

Abington Glebe, Dec. 16. 1817.

MY DEAR SIR,

AT this scandalously tardy interval, I ought, perhaps, to feel ashamed of recalling two persons to your memory, who have allowed themselves time enough to be obliterated from it. Yet, still, such is the vanity, or self-complacency, shall I call it, of poor human nature, we are both willing to believe, that you will not be sorry to hear of our safe anchorage, in this quiet harbour, after a passage of four months through England, without a single adverse gale, and after a passage across the channel, rough indeed and tedious, but cheered by the remembrance of kindnesses received, and by the happy consciousness of possessing the friends, from whom such kindnesses flowed upon us.

When I think of all that we enjoyed at * * * * *, I feel myself on the verge of hurting both your delicacy and my own, by saying that, which is better, and more properly, felt than expressed. They were days which I never can forget; and which will often present themselves most cheeringly and gratefully, in a solitude, which, peopled, as a grateful imagination can now people it, is surely far preferable, to what the world calls society, but what I think Hannah More strongly and justly terms, gregarious mixture. It seems to me, to be not among the least blessings of inward religion, that it congenializes and cordializes human life; bringing into familiar, intimate, and almost domestic union, those, who feel alike on this one great concern. Minor differences, there may be, even in matters of scriptural truth; still more decided differences, in what may be called matters of religious œconomy; but these need not, and I trust the cases may become more numerous, where they will not, impede mutual charity. This, you will admit, is no unnatural train of thought for me to indulge in. I could expatiate upon it through pages; but to you it is altogether needless that I should. You found me almost a stranger, my friend entirely so; you took us to your own house, you made it ours, you made us feel as a part of your family; and

this you did, knowing that, on several points, and some of them important ones, we differed from you, and from your friends. But you were willing to give us credit, and I trust not altogether gratuitously, for some unity of spirit. Thus received, we were truly happy in your family circle, if, in all points, we did not think alike; and thus feeling, we could hold sweet converse, without a single jarring note. Of this, I am confident there will be more in the world; meantime, I cannot but be grateful to a good Providence, that I have seen and enjoyed so much of it. We are all hastening to that light of Eternity, which will dissipate innumerable clouds and shadows, of ignorance, prejudice, and misconception, which have kept, and which still keep, too many good men strangers to each others' goodness. Happy is it for those, who can, in any measure, anticipate this light; who, beginning with benevolence, can proceed with complacency, even where their companions may view some difficult and doubtful matters, with other optics than their own. This, I do not say with an atom of that indifferentism, which, in the jargon of the present day, is often nick-named catholicity. In matters vital, I could not yield, or compromise, a single jot; and, in matters subordinate, but which I count important, (and

there are many such) on fit occasions, I would not shrink from close and manly discussion. But my creed is this, . . . that, while errors, in matters vital, must destroy complacency, they should leave benevolence uninjured; and that, in matters subordinate, while both may require a frank and determined assertion of our principles, both benevolence and complacency ought to subsist in full vigour, . . . always provided, that, on both sides, there exists a deep conviction of, and cordial attachment to, the vitals of our holy religion.

I know not how my pen has brought me into a sort of dissertation, when I meant to have given but a brief and friendly note. My paper now reminds me, that it is high time to release you: not, however, till I have added, that Cheltenham, the variety of travelling, and, above all, the kindness of my friends, have sent me home restored in health, beyond the most sanguine expectations of myself and others; that my companion, though just now labouring under a cold, is also substantially well and happy; that we found all our relations and intimates happily and providentially safe, from all attacks of fever, or any other sickness; that Mr. Knox, and the Bellevûe circle, were full of the kindest and most cordial inquiries for you and * * * * *; and that,

for myself and Mr. Forster, one of the most delightful possibilities which this world can furnish, is, that we may, under Providence, again find ourselves at * * * * *. We both unite in the most grateful and cordial remembrances, together with unfeigned wishes for your happiness.

Farewell, my dear Sir,

Ever your most attached and faithful
friend and servant,

JOHN JEBB.

LETTER LXIII.

To Mrs. M^c Cormick.

Abington Glebe, Feb. 25. 1818.

YESTERDAY I saw in the paper the death of poor Tom Ross. Within a few years, how much has been taken from the sphere of our friends, intimates, or acquaintances! And, in a few years more, how many more vacancies must be made! May such things lead us to look, more and more, to that existence, which has no such vicissitudes; and for which those who are prepared, shall for ever live in a happy and unseparable union.

Your remembrance of our hours at the little window of Arno's vale, is truly grateful to me. To that time, I, also, look back sometimes with painful pleasure. If I was of any use in that trying time, it is a thing for which I cannot be sufficiently thankful; how different might have been my feelings, if I had lingered but three or four days longer in England. There is something very consolatory in the conviction, that even our ordinary movements, from place to place, are ordered by a superintending Providence; and that they will be so ordered, we cannot doubt, so long as we make it our object, if I may so speak, to get Providence on our side. This last may appear an odd expression, but I believe you will admit there is some justice in it, when you consider but one little text of Rom. viii. 28., in which we are told, that 'all things work together for good,' . . . not indiscriminately to every one, but 'to them that love God.' Thus much is plain and intelligible; the latter part of the text, indeed, has afforded room for much strange comment, from theologians of a certain cast; but, for all practical purposes, it is enough to know, that none can be called, who do not love God; and that none, who sincerely and perseveringly love God, can be outside of the number of the called. This, then, is the

branch of the text, in which we are mainly concerned. It is not needful, it is not expedient for us, to scrutinize the hidden decrees and purposes of God. Secret things belong to himself alone ; but he has clearly made known, that, if we love and serve him in christian sincerity, all will go well with us, in this world, and in the next : in this world, not always, perhaps, as we may foolishly desire, but, assuredly, as will be, on the whole, and with our endless being completely in view, most expedient for us.

I know not how, but I have got into a little sermon, and that sermon, what must be already familiar to you ; however it is written, and must stand.

Give my love to all your household.

Ever most affectionately yours,

JOHN JEBB.

LETTER LXIV.

To Mrs. J. H. Butterworth.

Abington Glebe, Mar. 16. 1818.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

It has curiously, and to me most pleasantly, happened, certainly more than once, that the very day after dispatching a letter to you, I have received, if, by Hibernian privilege, I may so call it, an anticipatory answer; how superior in value and interest, did I chuse to speak what I think, you would not readily believe me.

You are now, I calculate, enjoying the society of both your parents; could a wish transport me, I should not be far from your neighbourhood to-night, nor, perhaps, from your dinner-table to-morrow; as it is, I must content myself with an imaginary transfer of my person; my thoughts and feelings, at this present writing, need not suffer any change; and, indeed, it is not often altogether easy to dislodge them from their Clapham quarters, when they are put in requisition by duties nearer home.

I am greatly obliged, I speak technically, in a language which Mr. B. will translate, for three

sheets of Mr. * * * * *'s 'objurgation.' I saw some extracts from it, in the Eclectic Review, the spirit of which I greatly disapproved. How incalculable the mischief, which intemperate, exaggerating partizans, can do a good cause!

I long to read Bishop Watson's memoirs. The curious confessions of a passing curious man! One must wait, however, for the importation of an octavo edition. How much it costs one, and how needlessly it loads one's shelves, to be thrown outside the sphere of Hookham's, or Colburn's, or some such benevolent repository of literary small change, or literary small talk, whichever you please to call it.

'Through what varieties of untried being,' methodism, and all the other *isms*, are to pass, in the next thirty years, would be a fruitful theme of inquiry, for those who delight in vaticination. The stages, I cannot pretend to conjecture; but my fear is, that an unprecedented, and fearful sort of infidelity, well read in the vulgar theories of christianity, will be, perhaps within our own days, the inevitable, though not, I trust, the final issue.

Among the portentous signs of the times, a very remarkable one is, the accumulative apparatus, in a course of daily progress, for communicating every possible species of knowledge,

(which we know on high authority, 'puffeth up') in the most rapid, and least costly manner, to the least ballasted, and, consequently, the most self-sufficient minds. In this miscellaneous far-rago, it is unhappily notorious, that biblical lore, on the one hand, abounding with gloomy and revolting dogmatism, and on the other, fraught with curious and unedifying speculation, holds a very prominent rank, and is disseminated with perilous activity. But it is impossible not to regard, with an instinctive vigilance, various converging movements, less obviously, but not less surely, bearing, and to bear, upon the interests of our social and religious common-weal. For the lowest class of life, and earliest stage of youth, we have every where established those Lancastrian, and national schools, of which we have often talked; admirably constructed, in material discipline; but, it is to be feared, quite destitute of that discipline which is mental: for the same age, in higher walks of society, we have countless books and plans, for manufacturing infant naturalists, chemists, mineralogists, metaphysicians, political economists, and what not. For the more advanced, at once in years and in the world, we have all kinds of information theatrically infused, without reading, in the lecture-room, and superficially inhaled, by light reading

in reviews, and in circulating millions of cheap, attractive weekly numbers: again, for manufacturers and mechanics, who would be philosophers, though not philologists, we are to have, compressed within 64 half-crown pamphlets, (the prospectus now lies before me), '*A complete course of Collegiate Education, being the course and the books, followed in the Universities of Cambridge and of Oxford; and embracing the four following classes; viz. 1. The Moral Sciences; 2. Mathematics; 3. Natural Philosophy, and the System of the World; 4. Natural History.*' The greek and latin portions, be it observed, are to be done into English. And thus the universities are to be superseded; and all their advantages communicated to every body, who will read 64 pamphlets, and disburse 64 half-crowns. The lure held out, in this scheme, is, that, *every one is to become his own instructor*; and 'young men of undoubted talents,' 'a vigorous and manly understanding,' &c. &c., are given to understand, that, by assiduous self-instruction, they may hope to rival such men as 'Julius Scaliger,' 'Budæus,' and 'Erasmus;' 'Bacon, Locke, and Newton.' This, I am well aware, is, with due reverence be it spoken! a mere bookselling project; but it is a significant sort of marginal note, in the history

of to-day, which marks the spirit of the age. 'The trade' would not manufacture such wares, if they were not certain of a market; and the certainty of such a market, implies other consequential certainties, from the yet remoter consequences of which, one cannot but shrink back, as from an unknown abyss!

* * * * *

The comfort is, that all will be over-ruled for the best end; meantime, while many are thus 'going to and fro,' may we and our friends, more and more, love to remain fixed and centred AT HOME; to meditate, and above all, to feel, within that sacred little inclosure, which contains more for our use than whole libraries, the sanctuary of our own hearts!

Mr. F. is full of grateful cordiality towards you and yours, including the objects both of your connubial and filial, and not omitting those of your maternal relations. Need I add, that I am always most affectionately yours and theirs? You know that I must be so, while I am

JOHN JEBB.

LETTER LXV,

To the Rev. C. A. Ogilvie.

March 25. 1818.

MY DEAR SIR,

THE accompanying pages will show you, that, since I received your kind letter, and the very acceptable volume which accompanied it, I have not been altogether idle: whether my employment may strike you as much more profitable than idleness, is another question. Only I beg you will accept it as a token, at once, of regard for you, and of respect for Mr. Miller and his work. I shall be anxious about your opinion of my excogitations; and also desirous to know the divers judgments, at your university, of the last Bampton Lectures.

I have had no opportunity of hearing from, or conversing with, a human being on the subject, except Mr. Forster: his view of it, I may say, literally coincides with mine; yet the testimonies are the distinct testimonies of two independent thinkers.

Mr. F. joins me in sincerest regards to you,
and kindest respects to our friends at Balliol.

My hand is immensely tired.

Yours very sincerely,

JOHN JEBB.

LETTER LXVI.

To the Rev. C. A. Ogilvie.

Abington Glebe, March 18. 1818.

MY DEAR SIR,

AT this moment, the easiest, and perhaps not the least satisfactory way of putting you in possession of my *general* feeling, on the first perusal of Mr. Miller's volume, is simply to transcribe a passage from a letter but just finished, to a female friend, on your side of the water. For a more *special* consideration, I reserve myself, till I shall have completed at least a second reading of the book, in which I am already pretty far advanced. And now for my extract, which must include a small scrap of context, that only leads up to the more immediate object.

‘ Nothing but an impregnable reliance, on the

gracious influence, and providential care, which, however inscrutably, are yet incessantly employed, in the protection and advancement of the catholic church, at large, and of our own reformed branch of it, in particular, could effectually cheer me, amidst the present strife of tongues: looking back for a moment, to more rigid times, and then looking around on all conflicting parties, I cannot but feel it a great blessing, that the faggot and the stake are out of fashion: did ancient usages, in this respect, prevail, I apprehend we should have few tongues left, to wage the wordy war. But, seriously speaking, there is a subordinate cause, not merely of future comfort, but of present hope. I am informed from a quarter, whose information and judgment I cannot question, that the number of moderate, quiet, unassuming, but very able men, who keep aloof from party, and study to deepen their own interior christianity, is sensibly increasing; and I hail as a happy omen, of what such men are likely to put forth for our edification, the last Bampton Lectures; which I think were briefly mentioned, in my note of yesterday. I am much mistaken, if they will not interest you greatly: there is a freshness, an originality, a truth, a profundity, and, above all, and through all, a deep pervading seriousness, in and about them, which, in my poor judgment at

least, place them very far indeed above all our modern publications.* I dare say they will be abused by many, and neglected by more, but no matter ! Though they be not trashy enough for ephemeral popularity, they will live, when the rantings of a * * * * * shall be long extinct; and the christian philosopher will place them in the same range with Pascal, and with Butler, when the pamphlet myriads of controversial bickering, shall have long ceased to moulder in their own place.

March 19.

Having now executed so much of my purpose, as to read the lectures twice through; to read several passages a third time; and mark many more for re-perusal, . . I shall venture to proceed, with the volume before me, to give, as well as I can, a more digested opinion; candid, I trust, and impartial, but, I am sure, unbiassed by the judgment of others: for which last particular I deserve little credit, insulated as I am (with *one* invaluable exception) from all literary converse and communication. At the formality of this pre-

* This was written, in the fervour of a first impression. I should *now* materially qualify the preference. In original power, and affecting seriousness, they stand high: not equally so in matured, and safe opinions. March 23. For the *latter*, I go to the Bampton Lectures of Dr. Van Mildert.

amble, I am tempted to smile; but I willingly incur the risk of appearing slightly ridiculous in this way, when I consider how much more really absurd it would be, to rush, with flippant and heedless familiarity, into the examination of such a volume.

My first reading of the lectures was extremely rapid. Important as the subject was felt to be, I could not pause upon it; I was hurried on, by an impetuosity of interest, which can be properly compared only to the interest one feels, in reading a deep tragedy; anxiety to reach the catastrophe, as the plot unravels, making it morally impossible to weigh particular expressions, or consider why we are pleased, much less to form definite objections to the conduct of the piece. When I was able to reconsider, coolly and at leisure, what I had been reading, the impression was, that I had been grappling with a most powerful, and original mind; not *agonistically*, indeed, but simply endeavouring to keep up, and be carried along with it. His views were often such, as I had been unaccustomed to meet; his ideas, with a slight sprinkling of paradox and distortion, were quite of a different stamp from the common-places of to-day. Many of our writers of most pretension resemble, at the best, those philosophers, who built their systems on assumed hypotheses;

or those factitious poets, who borrow every thing from poets who have gone before. Not so, Mr. Miller; his philosophy, if occasionally rash, is always experimental: . . his materials are fresh from the mint of his own mind. But his intellectual attainments, though unquestionably of a high order, delight me less (as any thing merely intellectual ought to do) than his moral qualities: such reverence for sacred things; such a paramount anxiety about the one thing needful; such charitable allowance for unbelievers; such tenderness for men of humbler intellect; such circumspect alertness to seize every opportunity of uncontroversially meeting, and counteracting, the leading practical errors of the time; . . these, altogether, bespeak a spirit, and a temper, that have risen superior to all party feeling, and that stand apart, with holy magnanimity, from all low-thoughted, and worldly speculation.

In what I have to say, there must be no effort towards exact analysis of Mr. Miller's plan. This would be foreign from the simplicity of a friendly letter; and it would embarrass me, without answering any one good purpose that I know of. You will, therefore, have the goodness to excuse the want of systematic order; and to accept my remarks as they present themselves, without painful thought, or curious elaboration.

The first point on which you would naturally expect my opinion, is the recommendation of ‘*implicit faith*,’ in the first lecture. And here, though I would not engage to adopt every shade of sentiment and expression, I feel pleasure in saying, that I substantially coincide with Mr. Miller. I quite agree with him, that ‘to *insist* upon inquiry, I mean inquiry more or less sceptical, indiscriminately, . . this, be the portion of ability vouchsafed, what it may, . . is neither the way to discover truth, nor to promote unity,’ p. 13. If there ever was a time, when this weighty sentiment ought to have sunk deeply, into every reflecting mind, and christian heart, the claims of that time, in this respect, must yield to the claims of the present. And those especially, who have the management of youthful minds, cannot too early impress, or too ardently cherish, the principle of resting satisfied, where competent satisfaction has been afforded ; a principle, the neglect of which, in the boy, is often lamentably visible, in the subsequent oscillations of the man.’ Mr. M. wisely deprecates the suspicion, that he would either ‘*suppress*,’ or ‘*shun*,’ in religious matters, any right inquiry. And I, too, in my humble degree, would carefully avoid, whatever might justly incur such suspicion : whilst, therefore, I would have parents lay a foundation, which,

morally speaking, cannot, in after life, be wholly swept away, of unsuspicious and reposing confidence in holy writ, at the same time, I would warn them to beware, how they crush, or smother, the infant mind. In some children (though by far the smaller number) intellect has the decided pre-occupancy; and such require a peculiarly delicate, and skilful management; lest, on the one hand, the spirit of inquiry be so fostered, as to engender a habit of scepticism; or lest, on the other hand, it be so checked, as to prevent its natural, and healthful exercise: in the former case, the bad result is obvious and single: in the latter case, supposing much mind in the subject, one of two evils would be likely to ensue; the unfortunate being, either would, in after life, become a prey to the inward gnawings of conscious powers, never duly elicited, and taught to move in their appropriate sphere; or else, on being emancipated from rigorous controul, would experience a perilous revulsion, would luxuriate in the discussion of all questions, whether within or without the range of our present capacities, and suffer final shipwreck on the shore of that illimitable ocean, which it may not be possible even for angelic natures to navigate with safety. With such caution, I do not hesitate to say, that a wisely modified educational implicitness, may be

most necessary, to minds of the *greatest* native power. I say, educational implicitness, . . because it is in youth the habit must be formed, or it probably never will be formed at all; and because, in the present day, there is an alarming tendency, to encourage youthful minds in the most unlimited inquiry . . one would almost say, *de omnibus rebus, et de quibusdam aliis* : I say, minds of the greatest power, . . because, in such a state of things, it is pretty clear, that minds of most power will be in the greatest danger, or tempted to take the widest range.

There is a particular class of minds, upon individuals of which I have frequently looked with deep pity: . . men that are always painfully and conscientiously, and oftentimes with considerable acuteness, proving and examining the grounds of their faith, whether with respect to christianity at large, or to some of its mysterious influential truths. These persons rarely arrive at the conviction, that their faith is solidly established; much less can they know, precisely, what the object of their faith is; and least of all, can they enter the sacred enclosure, and enjoy the riches, the pleasures, and the glories it contains. They are, and they must be, ever uneasy; uneasy, too, in exact proportion, to the acuteness of their talents, and the conscientiousness of their minds:

the former, perpetually suggesting new doubts; the latter, continually enforcing the duty, of bringing those doubts to the test of inquiry. Among such, I have never known, heard, or read of, a single instance of complete recovery. Many, doubtless, have been saved, but it has been as by fire, and through much tribulation; for comfortable footing, in this life, they never find. I will not say how far it may be possible, not by dogmatic institution, but by awakening affectionate reliance, to lead such minds, in early youth, into, what may be comparatively called, the way of implicit faith. I should hope and believe the thing may be effectually done; at all events, the attempt should be made; and, even partial success, would be an incalculable blessing. For, let us suppose *some* foundation of implicit faith, at bottom, some ultimate persuasion, to which resort may be had in time of utter destitution, and then, the adventurous explorer of forbidden regions, when falling from his presumptuous flight, may come to feel, with grateful wonder, that *underneath* him, are the everlasting arms.

Let me, on the other hand, suppose a person, and such a person it is my happiness to know, who, from earliest youth, has been trained in the habit of reverential affiance in the definite, and

catholic faith of our fathers; to whom, as he was able to bear it, Scripture was communicated and opened, and piety was made familiar, both orally, and through the medium of interesting human compositions; . . to whom doubts and difficulties, as they arose, were either satisfactorily cleared up, or set aside, for a time, as not to be solved till riper years, . . or intelligibly intimated to be matters above human ken, or matters, the discovery of which, may be possibly reserved for a more advanced age of the church; . . who was thus wisely kept from feeling the cravings of unprofitable curiosity, either by having inquiry satisfied at once, or by having it shown to be, as the case might happen, either absolutely unanswerable, or not safely answerable at the time being, . . let me suppose such a person, so trained, possessing great mental powers, in all respects highly cultivated, . . and how would he probably proceed in religion? In virtue of his early training, I conceive, he would be under no painful agonistic necessity of *reading*, to settle his *belief*, whether in christianity at large, or in any one of the great catholic verities: but, as leisure admitted, (and such a man would 'make the leisure, that he did not find,') it cannot be doubted, that, both for personal edification and enjoyment, and also for the purpose of being able to render a reason-

able, and profitable answer to others, he would read and digest, and perhaps even write books, on the evidence of the christian faith, and in defence of its cardinal truths. But, I am sure, he would find his most delightful recreation, within the sanctuary itself: free from all uneasy and perplexing doubts about his footing, he would feel himself on a sure foundation; he would enjoy the goodness of the spiritual Canaan, as his own; he would know his shepherd, and be known of him; to him, the door would be, at all times, open, so that, at all times, he might go in and out, and find pasture. This is, happily, no imaginary picture. There *are* some, and I trust there *will* be many more, who, having begun with confiding affection, proceeded with cheerful, unembarrassed exercise of their minds, and advanced in the contemplation (not as matter of painful doubt, but healthful enjoyment) of the sacred Scriptures, have been rewarded by the richest discoveries on the way, and have, at length, attained that 'sober certainty of waking bliss,' which can be exchanged with advantage, only for the unclouded vision, and everlasting fruition of the life to come.

But I find that I stole imperceptibly into a lengthy digression. This you will, at all events, forgive; but especially, if, by any means, it may

serve to throw the least additional light, on the subject of Mr. Miller's first lecture. It may be enough here to add, that I rejoice in his value for educational piety, and elementary faith; that I cordially go along with his manly, and seasonable appeal (pp. 19, 20.) to a learned audience; and that I think too much praise cannot be given to his charitable effort, at rescuing average, and inferior capacities, from the perils of needless and unlimited conflict, on the infidel's own ground, and with his own weapons.

With the general views, presented in the second lecture, of the substantial agreement, and circumstantial differences, between the old and new dispensations, I nearly coincide, so far as they go. In this discussion, some things pleased me greatly; for example, the 'reciprocated position' of law and gospel, with the analogous variety observable, in Jewish and Christian apostasy: not omitting the included vindication of an erroneous, yet venerable church, from the imputation of strict idolatry; (pp. 45..47.).. the view of an intervening twilight, between the two systems, each melting, as it were, into the other (p. 48.); the admirable, and timely hint, respecting that jealousy of enthusiasm, which almost proscribes spirituality (p. 49.); and the recapitulation, fraught with a seriousness, at once,

the most calm, and the most awakening (pp.50, 51.)

The third lecture, mainly consists of four deductions, from the view taken of the Jewish and Christian dispensation. With these, also, I find myself generally agreed. I am particularly gratified by the elicitation of faith, from the testimony of experience, that we have a soul, and from the conjectural conclusion of the most powerful unassisted minds, that there is an eternal home for this immortal principle; together with the undeniable conclusion, that this immaterial traveller, must have suitable provisions and supplies, on its journey from its proper home; and that, thence, it is consequently bound, no less in expediency, than in duty, to seek its supply; that is, in plain words, to pray to God for his heavenly grace. To me, this chain of moral reasoning, thus analogically strengthened, appears equally original and just; and, coming in this beautiful form, it is fitted, not merely to convince the understanding, but to captivate the heart.

This is an exemplification, too, of that soberly-adjusted union, between religion and philosophy, recommended in p.187.; in which, the function of the latter, is happily characterized, as ‘the ministry of illustration.’ I like, too, the vindi-

cation (pp. 59, 60.) of the legitimate use of those terms, which fanaticism may be prone to abuse: the dereliction of such terms, by many divines of sounder views, and more purely evangelical piety, gives great advantage to those, who may be somewhat apt to claim a superiority in holiness, and scriptural correctness, above the rest of their brethren: while, again, the sober employment, the clear definition, and the judicious expansion of such phraseology, when, at once, truly scriptural, and in no degree offensive to correct, though unfastidious taste (what need, for example, to describe christianity, ‘as a feast of fat things?’ an obsolete, and surely, in these days, uncongenial archaism, not of scripture itself, but of our excellent translators; why, again, speak of religious doctrine being ‘savoury?’ your own recollection may suggest many less offensive shades of expression, which should be avoided as the cant of the day, however sanctioned by the usage of many good and respectable men); I say, the sober employment, the clear definition, and the judicious expansion of true and appropriate scripture phraseology, would be the means of detecting several errors, and establishing several truths; and would go far towards recommending our instructions to attention, and stamping them with authority.

The fourth lecture brings us upon very delicate ground : . . of this, Mr. Miller was abundantly aware; and a far higher than any human tribunal has already weighed, and (may we not submissively conjecture?) approved the spirit of this humble supplication, 'If it be a wrong light' (in which the sacred volume is here pointed out to contemplation) 'may He, who is the Divine Author of that holy book, mercifully forgive a mistaken apprehension!' and may the care of his watchful servants guard it from pernicious effect! p. 92. After reading, and transcribing words like these, though I esteemed the author's system erroneous, root and branch, and though I accounted it fraught with hazard to the christian commonweal, I trust I should be incapable of feeling towards *himself* otherwise, than with kindness and respect; or, 'however largely I might protest against it,' of treating even his system, with any portion of that asperity, unhappily proverbial in theological discussion. . . Now, the truth is, I am far from deeming so hardly of his scheme. Yet, still, candour obliges me to say, that I cannot view Scripture, and mankind, precisely in the same light with Mr. Miller. That there is great ability in his argument, it were idle for me to mention : such a thinker, and such a writer, needs no such testimony. That there is, also,

much of truth in his statement, I readily allow. But I cannot help thinking, that he has taken a partial, and inadequate view, both of the sacred volume, and of human nature; that he has erected his argument on a basis, at once, by far too narrow, and, to my apprehension, somewhat deformed; and that, until his work were corrected in a manner, of which, I believe, it would most advantageously admit, the very ability with which it is conducted, seems to render it the more indispensable, that 'guards' should be provided from some other quarter. In talking thus, it is quite remote from my intention obtrusively to play the critic. You have asked for my candid opinion; it is given in candour and simplicity; and, in another part of this letter, I will try to put you competently in possession of the reasons on which it is grounded. Should you see fit to communicate them to Mr. M., for his consideration, I beg that, at the same time, you will be pleased to assure him of my unfeigned respect, and, if it be not too familiar a phrase, I would add, *esteem*.

On the plan of the fifth and sixth lecture, I have little to observe here. They are, in fact, but detailed exemplifications of that general position, against which, as maintained by Mr. M., it has been already intimated, I have some objec-

tions to submit. In p. 62. I was glad to meet *that* interpretation of Romans, vii. 24., which I conceive to be the right one ; which was maintained by the whole body of the Greek fathers, and by the great majority of the Latin ; which is not merely justified, but demanded by the context, and by the analogy of Scripture ; and the erroneous counter-interpretation to which, has been, and now is, at once, the cause, and the excuse, of much dwarfish and stunted christianity. The practical character of the epistolary writings, (pp. 172. 179.) is drawn by the hand of a master : and what is best, of a master, who has largely imbibed their spirit. The close, is one of the finest specimens I know of the moral, pathetic, and sublime.

The seventh and eighth lectures must be viewed connectedly, as an estimate of the bearing of christianity, on individual, and collective man : and here, too, *that* reader must of course find something to object, both respecting omission, and unconscious wrong colouring, who entertains the prior objection, at which I have already hinted. Still, however, there is much, that I very cordially approve ; and several passages I have read, and shall continue to read, with absolute enjoyment and delight : . . for example, that profound, yet animated view of what is called, ‘ this present evil world,’ not, as palpably manifested

in atrocious crimes, but as more furtively, and more radically operative, in the deliberate preference of earth to heaven (pp. 197. 202.). One paragraph I cannot resist my inclination to transcribe, that you may again enjoy it (for I am sure you have enjoyed it long ago) without the trouble of hunting for the exact page in which it stands. 'Men bear the image and superscription of the King of kings, written in broad and legible characters, upon all the powers of their body and mind, and yet will not acknowledge him. They shew it, in the cleverness of their heads, and in the skill of their hands, in the dignity of their upright attitude, in the strength of their manhood, in the beauty of their understanding, in the music of their tongue, in the thousand gifts and graces, that carry honour in the sight of their fellows : and yet they will not glorify God, the giver of all, either in their body, or in their spirit : they will not accept Christ, as a king to reign over them.' . . This is the eloquence, not of words, nor even of thought, but of the inmost feelings of the inner man. It combines the best qualities of Pascal and Bossuet. Again, the compassionate, yet wisely guarded reflections (pp. 214. 216.) on a death-bed repentance, which two very opposite classes of religious teachers would do well most seriously to consider, . . especially that weighty counsel . . '*Let extreme*

cases, be reserved for extreme demands. But, perhaps, above all that is contained in these two lectures, I rejoice in the detailed illustrations of charity, as flowing from the abiding consciousness of joint-membership with Christ, which extends from p. 224. to p. 245. of this volume, . . . on these it might be easy to enlarge, but enlargement would only attenuate their force. They comprize matter for the improvement, of all men, of all classes ; and, in the current state of practical divinity, it might be difficult to select twenty pages, in continuance, to which, for the calm and affectionate correction of errors, much to be deplored in the present day, one would more willingly send those whom it may concern.

I have now, my dear sir, passed rapidly through the whole field of Mr. Miller's lectures ; and paused briefly at some of the spots, where I was most captivated with the prospect. Had I merely consulted my own gratification, I should have paused more frequently : I looked wishfully at many a beautiful landscape, embosomed, sometimes, in the sterner scenery of mountain regions ; but my time was short, and my road comparatively long ; besides, however pleasant it may be for the traveller to expatiate at large, through a country rich in the beauties of nature, and the decorations of art, we know, by woeful expe-

rience, that, when he comes to tell the story of his wonderments, the effect is often very different upon the jaded reader ; in denying myself, therefore, I have spared you. It remains, then, that I enter on a less pleasing part of my design. With some features, both in the general outline, and the particular detail, I have already intimated that I am not altogether satisfied. It is but fair that I should state a part, at least, of my objections.* And this I shall attempt to do in all plainness.

But, in the first instance, I would intreat permission to suggest a preliminary doubt, whether there be not an incompleteness in the very subject of the lectures, '*The divine authority of holy Scripture asserted, from its adaptation to the real*

* In stating, as I have elsewhere done, that the christian philosopher would place these lectures in the same range with Pascal and with Butler, I was not speaking at random. Even in the first hasty reading, I could not help observing traits, not only of similar powers, but of a similar propension towards the awful and severe. It may be said, indeed, that Mr. Miller, like his great predecessors (and to generalize his own words, p. 196.) 'instanced the doctrines likely to be *most offensive* to objectors.' And it must not be denied, that this fact may have cast a darker shade on all three. But the constitutional melancholy of Pascal and Butler, is matter of biographical notoriety : and, without presuming to scrutinize the secret chambers of a brother's heart, it may be allowable to observe, that Mr. Miller professes to have selected those examples, which affected his own mind. However this may be, it is remarkable that M. Pascal (*Pensées*), Bishop Butler, and Mr. Miller, have each, treated only one side of their respective subjects ; and that side, not the cheerful one.

state of human nature.' From various passages it would appear, that, by the terms of this enunciation, Mr. M. intends to convey no other than the following proposition; 'The whole of what we term *revealed religion*, is adapted to the real state of *entire* human nature; and, consequently, it is to be received as of divine authority.' Now, I would beg to submit, in the first place, that the sacred Scriptures are *not* the whole of revealed religion; and, in the second place, that the sacred Scriptures, taken by themselves, are not adapted to the whole of our nature. Revealed religion includes divine institutions; not merely the record of their appointment, or the description of their observances, but the institutions themselves, as matter of daily practice; as visible to the eye, as audible to the ear, as present to the senses, as operative on the imagination, and, through the senses and imagination, producing effects, on the hearts, in the minds, and in the lives of men. The existence of such divinely-appointed means, in the Old Testament dispensation, Mr. M. recognizes (p. 44.), as who must not recognize them? but, even so, he does not seem to consider them with sufficient distinctness, as separate from the written records of the institution. In the New Testament dispensation, he hardly seems to recognize any such; though

it must appear abundantly, both from Scripture and daily experience, that there is, outside the sacred canon, in christianity, as it proceeded from, and is administered by, its divine author, a specifically appointed apparatus, adapted especially to the senses, the imagination, and the affections of mankind. It may be sufficient briefly to advert to the following divine appointments : an hierarchical church ; days of commemorative observance ; the two sacraments ; and public worship. These, I take it, are all essential components of the great body of the christian revelation. I have already anticipated, in good measure, what respects adaptation to human nature. Holy scripture does all for man, that a book, the best of books, can do : but is this all that can be done ? The answer is obvious. It has pleased the almighty Author, and divine participator, of our nature, who best knows what that nature needs, to do much more ; and I feel assured it may be abundantly proved, that, in subordination to, and furtherance of, the agency of the ever-blessed Trinity, the aggregate of holy Scripture, and of divinely-appointed ordinances, and that alone, makes full provision for the whole of man ; for his body, soul, and spirit. Now, if this be so, it would seem to follow, that there is an aboriginal incompleteness, in the very subject

of Mr. Miller's lectures. This train of thought, it were foreign from my present purpose to evolve. I hope the substance of the thing is placed before you, with tolerable distinctness. At your leisure, you may, perhaps, examine it, in some of its important bearings, with Scripture and experience as your guides; and, particularly in the present times of latitudinarian indifference, you may be led to consider, how far it is safe and prudent, when treating of an efficacious provision for man's wants and wishes, to dwell upon the sacred volume, independently of its divinely-constituted adjuncts.

My leading objection to the execution of Mr. Miller's plan, would naturally resolve itself into two parts. I. He seems to have taken an inadequate, and partial view of holy Scripture; II. He seems to have taken an inadequate, and partial view of human nature; even of that part of human nature, to which holy Scripture is adapted. To this division I would willingly adhere; and I shall endeavour to keep the two branches of it as distinct as may be. But Mr. Miller taking holy Scripture as a picture of human nature, the consideration of the archetype, and that of the image, are so blended in his work, that I may sometimes inevitably encroach on my proposed

order : any such lapses, I commend to your indulgent censure.

I. It must, in fairness, be admitted, that the defenders of religion do not always treat ‘the objections of the respectful unbeliever, with sufficient candour ;’ and that multitudes are too ready to ‘satisfy themselves, with weak, detached, and partial solutions.’ But, it would seem, also, that the retired student, especially if he be of a serious, contemplative, and manly cast of mind, may be in danger of magnifying difficulties, beyond their proper size ; and, consequently, of grasping at a larger solution, than the case requires, or indeed admits. Perhaps, this latter observation, may not be altogether inapplicable to the case before us. Infidels, and certainly by no means the most courteous and respectful of the con-fraternity, have, with the microscopic industry of antiquarian research, spied out, and swept together, whatever is to be found, especially in the earlier Scriptures, most painful and repulsive, most gloomy and humiliating ; this, they have taken care to place, in the most conspicuous point of view, unrelieved by any of that accompanying light, which shines, even in the darkest page of Scripture : and those who read, for the benevolent purpose of refuting, such attacks, needs

must have their field of vision largely occupied, by details of this afflicting character. It might be well, however, if they were not to rise, immediately, from such painful studies, to the work of confutation: were they to interpose a healthful, and refreshing ramble, through the walks of ordinary life, it is not improbable that the phantoms of the study might dwindle into comparatively small dimensions. The truth is, so far as my experience enables me to speak, I am obliged to express somewhat more than hesitation, whether many minds are now charged with serious doubts or scruples, or even much painful emotion, derived from that aspect of Scripture, to which Mr. M. refers. Infidel writers are comparatively out of fashion. And, whether from not dwelling on such parts of the Bible, or from that reverence which supersedes objection, or from a sort of feeling, as if the race described in the earlier books of Revelation, were a different race from ourselves, it so happens, that the bulk of christian people, whether children, or young men, or fathers in Christ, really think little about these matters: nor am I at all satisfied, either of the necessity, or expediency, that their thoughts should just now be forcibly impelled in this direction.

Thus much having been premised, I own my-

self not prepared to concede, that the Bible, *as a whole*, is materially different from the sort of record, which a reflecting person (and such only can be concerned in *such* a question) might *primâ facie*, and as it were by voluntary impulse, wish to find, in the shape of a *divine revelation*. He that wishes for a divine revelation at all, must wish for it, as applicable to his wants; just as Socrates wished, for some one to teach us how to pray. Now, to be applicable to the wants of a being *consciously* diseased, (which we may fairly assume him to be, who longs for a revelation,) the disease must be laid open, in its source, and at its height, in order that the suitableness of the remedy may be perceived, and its necessity acknowledged; yea, and by the force of contrast, (past misery heightening present comfort,) its efficacy consciously, and gratefully felt, in the individual heart. Here, then, at once, would seem to vanish, that ‘abstract thought of something, both directly and indirectly free from any recognition of the painful and repulsive, . . . of something pure and noble in all its parts, and bearing equally, and without any constitutional sign of imperfection whatsoever.’ This would, obviously, be a revelation quite unfit for man. We can conceive no time, in the lapse of ages, at which any thinking individual could have formed the

notion, much less conceived the wish, of *such* a revelation, as a real thing. That which designs to raise any thing from the dust, must, in some way, stoop, in order to effect its purpose; and, accordingly, where is the mythological system, or where the philosophical romance, not excepting the sublimest speculations of Plato, which does not place human wickedness, somewhere about the basement of the building?

Holy Scripture, then, as might reasonably be expected, in many places and particulars, draws a picture of mankind, as a naturally weak, erring, and unhappy race; who have incurred an original taint, and superadded many and grievous errors of their own. But I confess myself unable to discern, nor do I regret the inability, that ‘pervading gloominess of colouring,’ which Mr. M. speaks of. Scripture, to my apprehension, exhibits even our fallen nature, as Archbishop Leighton beautifully describes it, . . . stunned, indeed, and weakened, yet still retaining some faint ideas, some confused and obscure notions of the good it has lost, and some remaining seeds of its heavenly original, . . . *cognata semina coeli.* Accordingly, in the very darkest scenes (as has been already hinted) the wise and pious reader, will be apt to find compensatory light; . . . just as the faithful piety of Abel, revives us from the murderous malignity

of Cain, and, besides, the gloomiest horrors of man's earlier history, serve but to prepare for the reception, and to enhance the blessing, of spiritual enfranchisement and renovation.

What appears to me, therefore, mainly objectionable, in Mr. M.'s view of the Old Testament, is this, that the dark ground of the picture is over-charged. It is, I trust, no captious, controversial disposition, but a sincere love for the highest truth and good (which I am sure deeply influences Mr. Miller also) that leads me to express my calm and clear conviction, that the volume of Revelation is *not* 'at variance, with our original, and natural conceptions:' that it is *not* 'contrary to the main scope and tenor of all the writings of classical antiquity,' . . . that it is *not* 'at variance with the thoughts and wishes of sober-minded christians,' . . . see p. 100. What it may appear, to very 'speculative christians,' or to the 'theorists of an ideal perfectibility,' we need not be careful to determine, or prone to conjecture; nor can the opinion of such men have much weight in a question, not theoretic and ideal, but practical and experimental. To me, as to Mr. M., holy Scripture appears to present the express image of man (however we may subordinately differ in our notions, of the original, and the picture); but I should be sorry to sacrifice

my comfortable assurance of its correspondence with human wishes, to the notion of its picturesque agreement with human character. Both, however, in my view, are entirely consistent with each other. It shews man what he is, in his unrenowned state, . . . vicious, and therefore miserable; it shews, also, what he wishes to be, . . . morally victorious, and thereby happy: and it amply indicates the means of emerging from the former state, and of attaining, and advancing in, the latter. I can see *no* 'pervading gloominess, inexplicably unlike the ordinary tenor of history.' In this respect, I would not altogether shrink from a comparison with Herodotus, Thucydides, and Xenophon, . . . with Justin, Livy, and Sallust. But, if any one think differently, I would only refer him to the dark pages of Tacitus and Suetonius, of Procopius and Gibbon. But, without adverting to any thing, either miraculous or theological, there *is* a difference, an unspeakable difference, between the profane, and sacred history; namely, the frequent, and delightful exhibition, in the latter, even in the earlier portion, of genuine, unaffected, elevated, humble goodness. To such lights, shining in a dark place, lights such as are not to be found in all heathen antiquity, Mr. M. cursorily alludes; but, surely, he does not give them that prominence, to which

they are fairly entitled. Ascending yet higher, has he done justice to the piety, not merely awful and penitential, but eucharistic and divinely cheerful, of the Old Testament? The Psalms, indeed, he has noticed, and commended, not, however, in that rich, manly, and unlaboured strain of eloquence, which, with him, is native and original; but in a 'well known' quotation from Hooker, beautiful indeed and just, . . . but no way a substitute, for what one would naturally have sought, . . . the prompt and salient ebullition of his own feeling. In this, and other places, if I seem to use the language, and adopt the tone of criticism, I intreat you will believe, that I am but speaking as candour tells me I *should* speak: and I have formed an erroneous estimate of Mr. Miller, if his wish would not be, that I should freely express my thoughts, in plain, though, I trust, in no degree disrespectful, and, I am sure, the most remote from unkindly words. Neither does it seem to me, that the *right use* is made of man's misery, as exhibited in Scripture. A 'sense of guiltiness,' and 'liability to the wrath of God,' are much insisted on: to these, the correlative relief, as stated by Mr. Miller, is, 'restoration to the divine favour.' Now, would it not be more scriptural, and far less liable to antinomian perversion, if one were to enlarge

upon the *intrinsic hatefulness*, and *felt misery*, of *SIN* ; and to produce, as the correlative deliverance, the *creation of a clean heart ; the renewal of a right spirit ; and the restoration to the divine image?* which, though they be fully accomplished, only through the grace of our Lord, were yet sought for, anticipated, and partially attained, under the Old Testament ; doubtless through the efficacy, at once, mysteriously *prospective* and *retrospective*, of our divine Redeemer's undertaking. It is but doing justice even to the degraded state of mankind, that there is a moral craving, for a moral deliverance. That craving is peculiarly manifested, in the devotional parts of the Old Testament ; that deliverance is revealed and exemplified, throughout every portion of the New. Here are congruity, and adaptation, to the deepest feeling, and the greatest want, of mankind. Ought they to have been omitted ? But, as the dark side is too strongly coloured, in Mr. Miller's exhibition of the Old Testament, so, the bright side is too faintly adumbrated, in his picture of the New.* The

* As partial, but significant indications, of this, I am sure, unintentional depreciation, two short passages may be adduced. . . ' I do not say that he, (the sincere christian) is not liable to . . . WRETCHEDNESS, like other men.' p. 76. Again. ' There are, (under the dispensation of the Spirit) the same people as before, and the same passions ; but a freer light, and purer air ; a soil more suitable to cultivation, and a less rugged surface ;

death and sufferings of our Lord are put forward, (and how, indeed, can they be put forward too thankfully?) . . but it is only in that *sacrificial* efficacy of them, which made room for the *salvability of all mankind*; not in that *purificatory* efficacy of them, which is indispensable to the *actual salvation of individuals*. A view, that former one, which, taken thus detached and insulated, is fitted to give, either *no* comfort, or *false* comfort, to him that is weary and heavy-laden with the burthen, not merely of future punishment apprehended, but of present misery experienced in the actual pressure of sin. It can be *no* comfort to him, that mankind, in general, *may be saved*, while he himself is *lost*: it would be *false* comfort to him, if, relying on an *extrinsic* act, while his heart is still impure, he were to rest in a notional salvation, instead of seeking, and praying for that *internal* influence, which, alone, can change his heart; and thus save him, not, *in idea*, from the *consequences* of sin, but, *in reality*, from *sin itself*. The purity of the gospel morals, indeed, is uncompromisingly maintained by Mr.

intercourse and civilization; . . causes such as these seem to have conspired to give them a more cheerful tone, through an INCREASED KNOWLEDGE.' pp. 131, 2. And is this all? Alas! this were miserable comfort. For who does not know, that *he who increaseth (MERELY) knowledge, increaseth sorrow*? Yet be it observed, this is the *apex* of a characteristic, and distinctive view of christian attainments!

Miller ; but this height of moral requisition can serve but to enhance the sense of misery, while the standard is consciously unattained. The aids and influences of the Holy Spirit, are also fully recognized ; but, still, there seems to me a want of definitely comprehensible intermediation, between embodied man, and disembodied spirit. No single act, however awful, can serve the purpose of this intermediation ; . . for a mere act, when thought upon, becomes an *ens rationis* ; and we know, how commonly the most solemn act, ever done upon this earth, is transmuted into a *dogma* ; but it is not by dogmas, that the sensitive, imaginative, affectionate, and moral qualities of compound man, can be wrought upon. What I seem, in a word, to want, in these Bampton Lectures, and what I abundantly find in the New Testament, is *that objective and transmutative efficacy of Christ himself, in his whole adorable character*, which the faithful christian may, and ought, habitually and devotionally to contemplate ; and which, *thus contemplated*, becomes, not merely, though it is infinitely, the perfect living pattern, but the *influential, and effective source*, of goodness : and in this manner peculiarly, it is, that he, who died as the Redeemer of all mankind, becomes the special Saviour of each individual, that trusts in him,

that loves him, that comes to him, and places him continually before the spiritual eye of the soul. The congruity of the gospel to the wants and wishes of man, can then only be fully made out, when the *spirit* of such passages as the following, is *fully* taken into account: ‘*God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God, in the face of Jesus Christ:*’ and, again; (where, be it observed, there is a direct antithesis between the law, and the gospel; between the dispensation of the flesh, and the dispensation of the Spirit; between the veiled face of Moses, and the unveiled face of Christ, . . . a fact which brings it immediately to bear on a prominent part of Mr. Miller’s plan;) ‘*But we all, with open face, beholding, as in a glass, the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image, from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord.*’ This *Spirit of Liberty*, or, as it is elsewhere called, this *Spirit of Adoption*, emancipating from the felt evils of our nature, and introducing us to the filial enjoyment of *life and peace*, is the adaptation of adaptations, to that inward uneasiness, or, as the apostle terms it, *groaning*, . . . which is, more or less, consciously felt, by every unrenewed son and daughter of Adam.

II. As I was apprehensive might be the case, I find myself anticipated, by what has been already said, respecting Mr. Miller's view of human nature; . . the dark side seems to me considerably heightened, and too much kept in view; the bright side, on the contrary, dimmed and obscured, and not sufficiently contemplated. Is it my object to train an individual to proficiency in the fine arts? it were surely preposterous, to dwell upon the utter incapacity of mankind for such pursuits; or to bring forward the wretched beings, who earn a precarious livelihood, by daubing the signs of petty ale-houses; instead of directing attention to those models of pictorial, and graphic excellence, which are justly the admiration of the world. Yet that which would be accounted absurd, in the science of the pencil, or the chisel, is admitted to pass current, in the science of human nature.

But, perhaps, the most radical omission is the following: . . namely, that no notice is taken of that deep moral thirst of man's moral nature, which our Lord himself repeatedly recognizes; and for which he continually, and under a beautiful variety of images, offers the most abundant, inexhaustible supply. This thirst, it is, under a different name, which St. Paul attributes to the Gentiles themselves; . . Acts xvii. Ζητειν του

Κυριον, ει αρα γε ψηλαφησειαν αυτον, και εύροϊαν·
 with which Socrates so remarkably harmonizes :
 ὁ δε μοι φαινονται ψηλαφωντες οἱ πολλοι, ὥσπερ εν
 σκοτει. Plato, Phædon, p. 99. Ed. Serr.

In connection with this view, I beg leave to refer you to the thirteenth chapter of the first volume of Mrs. More's 'Hints for a Princess;' throughout which, there is matter admirably to the purpose; and from which, I will extract one paragraph, not because it is the most brilliant, or the most striking, . . . but, because it meets the present case, within a manageable compass. The author is speaking of the New Testament: 'In every essential point, the same view is taken of man's weakness and wants, of the nature of the human mind, and what is necessary to its ease and comfort, as is taken by the wisest heathen philosophers: with this most important difference, however, that the chief good of man, that pure, perennial, mental happiness, about which they so much discoursed, after which they so eagerly panted, but of which they so confessedly failed, is here spoken of, substantially in their notion of it, as a blessing actually possessed, and the feeling of it described.' p. 230. The body of evidence which may be adduced, in testimony of this universal thirst; it were needless, and consequently pedantic to

describe to you. It must be abundantly familiar to your mind. You know the killing wants, and deep-toned complaints, on the one hand, the sublime anticipations, and ardent appetencies on the other, with which the pages of heathen antiquity, those faithful transcripts of natural feeling, every where abound; you know also, where there is a supply, amply provided, and freely offered, which not only meets, but infinitely surpasses, all the wishes, and all the thoughts, within the possibility of man's formation. Τῷ δὲ δυναμένῳ ὑπὲρ πάντα ποιῆσαι ὑπὲρ ἐκ περιστῆτος ὧν αἰτωμεθα ἡ νοοῦμεν, κατὰ τὴν δύναμιν τὴν ἐνεργούσαν ἐν ἡμῖν. Eph. iii. 20. Judge you, whether such a congruity ought to have been omitted, where the subject was, 'THE DIVINE AUTHORITY OF HOLY SCRIPTURE ASSERTED, FROM ITS ADAPTATION TO THE REAL STATE OF HUMAN NATURE.'

And now, my dear Sir, I should hasten to the close of this already very long letter, did I not feel the necessity of adverting to a few passages, purposely reserved for distinct examination. The first of those passages is the following. 'Need we be afraid to ask, whether, divesting holy Scripture of its authority, and of that sacred and inseparable reverence, with which it is now encompassed in the believer's heart, we should peculiarly desire to possess it, as a mere volume, or to com-

mend it, as such, to universal circulation, at this day?' Here, two separate questions are blended, which, for obvious reasons, I must beg permission to answer one by one. And first, I would dispose of that, which seems to stand a little in our way, . . . by replying, that many good men, who deeply revere the sacredness, and the authority, of Scripture, do earnestly deprecate its universal circulation, at this day ; if, by universal circulation be meant, a gratuitous and fortuitous scattering of Bibles, without inquiry, whether, and how far, the recipients of those Bibles, may be qualified, and prepared to read them, in the spirit of meekness, docility, and devotion : and why do they deprecate such dissemination ? primarily, from this conviction, that the very best, and purest, and sublimest portions of Scripture, may, and probably will, be dangerously abused, by those, who have not had fit preparatory training, and who do not continue to receive proper accompanying instruction. This question, then, being set aside, as not exactly bearing on Mr. Miller's conclusion, I would say, that the other question, 'whether, divesting holy Scripture of its authority, and sacred reverence, &c., we should particularly desire it, as a mere volume,' is *one*, the very putting of which, to me seems fraught with danger ; and the answering of which in the

affirmative, would imply a virtual resignation, to the infidel, of that ground, which, from the days of Apion, of Porphyry, and Celsus, downward, has been most strenuously, and I will add, most successfully maintained, by the ablest advocates of the Jewish, and the Christian faith, .. I mean, the native, and intrinsic excellence of Scripture. Sorry, indeed, should I be, to rest my value for that sacred volume, upon mere authority, or upon indiscriminating reverence. No authority, not the supreme authority (I hope I speak it with becoming awe) of our Almighty Governor himself, could stamp a book with value, unless it were intrinsically valuable; and never should we entice infidels to bow to authority (if this were the consummation sought by their conversion, which I do not think it ought to be . . something higher and nobler should be looked for,) never, I say, shall we entice infidels to bow to authority, by giving them to understand, that authority demands their veneration, for that which, even in the judgment of a sound believer, may be, or, at least, may be conceived to be, devoid of native and intrinsic claims to veneration.* But I am

* This is strong language : but I conceive that weaker would not meet the case ; let it be considered, . . the *very least*, which Mr. M. concedes to the infidel, is this, that the revolting passages of Scripture, so far outweigh its moral excellencies, that, merely as a moral and philosophical work, the moral philosopher would prefer its non-existence. *As a whole,*

really at a loss how to reason, on this strange hypothesis. For, I will own, I cannot conceive the possibility of a man, who has understood, and felt, and loved the Bible as he ought, proceeding, '*even in imagination,*' to divest it of that authority, and sacred reverence, with which it is encompassed in his mind and heart. And, it is matter of pleasure to me, that, from Mr. Miller's own language, he appears alike unable to conceive this possibility; for, in the very same sentence, in which he speaks of this divestiture, he speaks of the reverence so to be cast aside, as not only sacred, but '*inseparable.*' You, my dear Sir, will, I am sure, give me full credence, when I say, that thus to differ from, and thus to animadvert upon, a writer so powerful, so pious, and, in every way, so respectable, as Mr. M., is to me a painful duty; and you will not be surprized, that I should even employ minute verbal criticism, in order, if possible, to narrow the distance between us. But I shall rejoice, should these lines meet Mr. M.'s eye, if he be induced to re-consider the expediency of putting impossible suppositions. To put them, *may* offend the

therefore, it is void of intrinsic claims to veneration. *THIS is the very least.* But how many infidels may boast, how many tender-hearted christians may fear, that Mr. M. concedes *much more.*

weak christian ; *cannot* gratify the strong one ; and *must* tend to strengthen, in unbelievers, those prejudices, which, by another mode of procedure, might be demonstrated to be altogether untenable and absurd.

The next passage to which I must advert, is the following. ‘ It is certainly a volume, which, without authority, and an indwelling spirit of its own to secure it from abuse, the instructed would not desire to see commonly in the hands of the uninstructed.’ p. 103. *Mere* authority, I do believe, even among the most uneducated vulgar, would be a poor preservative from abuse ; and it is no less easy, than it is distressing, to revert to times, when THE AUTHORITY OF SCRIPTURE was the watchword, both among the infatuated people, and the usurping rulers, of these realms, for the perpetration of the worst of crimes. As to ‘ an indwelling spirit of its own,’ I know of none such, either claimed for Scripture, in its own pages ; or attributed to it by christian antiquity or the Church of England ; or the supposition of which, is countenanced by Mr. M.’s own text, of securing the Scriptures from abuse. The books, which compose that sacred volume, were, indeed, ‘ *given by inspiration of God ;*’ but, when so inspired, and so given, they were left to make their way in the world ; assisted and protected,

not by any indwelling spirit of their own, but by the common providence and grace of God, together with the instrumentality of God's faithful servants, especially of his chosen ministers. So early as the days of St. Peter and St. Paul, the whole existing canon of Scripture was wrested, by the unlearned and unstable, to their own destruction; a perversion, which surely could not have occurred, had they been secured from abuse, by an indwelling spirit of their own. From the apostolic times, to the present, ecclesiastical history has been recording a series of *such* melancholy wrestings, perversions, and abuses. And, whoever but superficially regards the spirit and temper of our own age and country, will have abundant, and afflicting proof, that the Bible is by no means, infallibly, its own safeguard. Let us beware, in these days of latitudinarianism let us especially beware, lest, in amusing ourselves with the contemplation of imaginary securities, we neglect the true. He that thinks the holy Scriptures are shielded from abuse, by an indwelling, and protecting spirit of their own, will become, (unless he virtually relinquish, or practically deny, his own principles) more and more indifferent, respecting any external means of protecting from abuse. I am unwilling to pursue this question through all its consequences. I

only submit one point to your consideration, . . . namely, how far the existence of this indwelling spirit in the Scripture, be consistent with the divine appointment of a standing ministry. As to *my* wish to see, or not to see, the Bible in the hands of the uninstructed, it is of small consequence. As to the totally uninstructed, I would say, let them, so far as means will allow, be instructed ; this is an indispensable preliminary step. After they are instructed, it will be sufficient time, to place that book in their hands, which, assuredly, is not elementary. As to the imperfectly instructed, I should, for my own part, think much previous consideration of individual circumstances needful, before I would pronounce, whether, in any given instance, I ought, or ought not, to place the Bible in their hands. But I never conscientiously could give it indiscriminately ; neither perhaps, prudentially, and with a view to the greatest good, would I give it to all, even though assured, it was ‘protected from abuse by an indwelling spirit ;’ because, though it were not abused, a smaller, and less miscellaneous book might, in many cases, be more profitably used, than this profound and matchless volume.

The last passage which I have to observe upon, is the note occurring p. 107. ; if I rightly under-

stand the scope of which, . . it would seem to be Mr. Miller's opinion, that, 'the eulogies bestowed on holy Scripture, as a book unrivalled in the grandeur of its thoughts, and sublimity of its composition,' are untenable, on the grounds of common sense, right reason, and natural taste. 'For here,' says he, 'comes the very secret of the case; panegyrists have bestowed their praise, under the influence of faith; under the influence of faith, they have [it has] been received by others, assented to, extended.' . . 'That is, in other words,' the infidel objector might say, 'christian theologians being themselves the judges, the admiration of Scripture is all a holy delusion; it has no intelligible foundation; and, in order to feel it, men must first sacrifice their judgment.' Mr. Miller, I am sure, would be among the first to repel the calumny, which he has incautiously appeared to countenance. In matters merely of taste and style, he is largely indebted to the sacred volume; he abounds in the most beautiful allusive applications of scripture language, which evinces that he has drunk deeply 'of Siloa's brook, that flowed fast by the oracle of God.' Yet, I imagine, most readers would feel necessitated to declare, that, in this note, he has used language, not altogether blamelessly unguarded. Nor does the annexed qualifications, seem to me

to make the case at all less questionable. . . ‘ And, in truth, there cannot be any praise bestowed on holy Scripture, when surveyed by faith, and taste, and learning, united altogether, which it will not warrant, in every respect. It is the volume of the Spirit ; wherefore, its excellencies, when surveyed through the medium of appropriate faculties, are necessarily inexhaustible.’ Here, in simple honesty, I am constrained to say, that taste and learning appear to be brought into the firm, as sleeping partners, on the express condition, that they shall take no share whatever in the management of the business. For, how does the case stand? . . Scripture is the volume of the Spirit; it is to be surveyed with effect, only through the medium of appropriate, that is, of spiritual faculties ; consequently, taste and learning have neither lot nor part in this matter ; and, therefore, it were difficult to say, why the mention of them is here introduced. But the truth of the matter, I take to be simply this. Holy Scripture, as revelation, is spiritual ; and its spiritual excellencies must be spiritually discerned, or not discerned at all. But, as a book of genius, it must be tried on the same principles with other books of genius : and, here, learning and taste have their appropriate employment. I do not see how faith is to take cognizance of

good composition ; or how good composition is the object of faith : that is *not* the appropriate faculty, in this concern. It is, indeed, admitted, that religious feeling may remove a veil of anti-scriptural prejudice, and thus disclose a new field to the unobstructed exercise of sound, and fair, literary judgment. But it were easy to produce numerous instances, in which natural good taste, has so far prevailed against hatred for the book of revelation, as to extort, even from infidels themselves, a tribute of admiration to the beauties of that sacred volume. Voltaire borrowed many of the noblest passages of his tragedies, from the poetry of the Old Testament. Rousseau's panegyric on the Gospels, is familiar almost to every body. And Gibbon has given unqualified praise to the eloquence, the beauty, and the sublimity of the book of Job. Nor is faith, on the other hand, always favourable, to the cultivation of taste for the beauties of Scripture. In christians of narrow minds, it commonly has the opposite effect ; even when they have enjoyed a liberal education. The religious reverence of such men, very sincere, but not very enlightened, makes them shrink with horror (as though it were a kind of sacrilege) from a tasteful examination of Scripture, with regard to the perfections of its style and manner. And this, I do not say

lightly, or without proof; repeated examples of it have come within my own observation. Again, another cause remains, of a somewhat similar effect. To multitudes, that are both honest, and serious, religion is not pleasurable; it is a thing, to them, unmixedly awful; they never dream of seeking recreation from it; they go to it, as a solemn, but rather painful duty; and they get away from it, as soon as they can. Such people do not, and cannot, taste the beauties of Scripture: . . . yet they have real, though doubtless, imperfect faith. Doctor Johnson was of this number; what he writes of the *Paradise Lost*, he would have said of Scripture, if reverence permitted, . . . 'Its perusal is a duty, rather than a pleasure. We read Milton for instruction, retire harassed and overburdened, and look elsewhere for recreation; we desert our master, and seek for companions.' But, by those, whose faith is strong, whose religious views are bright and cheerful, whose natural taste has been happily cultivated, and whose minds have been healthfully exercised, in the walks both of profane, and sacred letters, . . . by such men, the Scripture will be loved and valued, not merely, (though that be their supreme excellence) as spiritually excellent, but, also, as pre-eminently beautiful and sublime; . . . and of such men, the

sacred volume will become the chosen pleasure-ground. On this subject, were not the space, within which I have determined to confine myself, almost exhausted, I could willingly say more ; for with me it is a subject eminently practical. I am convinced, that christianity, in the most spiritual sense of the word, will never be treated as it ought, till *perfect love casteth out fear*. And when fear is thus cast out, the sacred volume will be read and studied with unalloyed delight. Meantime, those who are seeking to attain this happy state, will do well to provide themselves with every auxiliary, which may render holy Scripture pleasurable. And for my own part, in this respect, I can never forget my obligations to the UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD. The Prælectiones of your incomparable LOWTH, having excited a relish in me for the more exquisite beauties of holy writ, which, I humbly trust, will never leave me or forsake me.

And now, my dear Sir, it is full time that I should rest myself, and release you. From the length to which I have extended this review, you may estimate how deeply I have been interested by Mr. Miller's volume. On any, or all of the subjects here treated, I shall be thankful for your candid opinion. In some points, we may differ ; on many, I trust, we shall be agreed ;

and in nothing, probably, more sincerely, than in respect for Mr. Miller : his talents, I admire ; his charity, I love ; his practical seriousness, I regard with veneration. He has advanced much 'to strengthen good principles, and awaken charitable ones.' And, whatever be one's opinion of the argument of his volume, they who cherish his precepts, and imitate his conduct, can hardly fail to support our common Christianity, by that best 'argument, of good and holy lives.'

Yours ever,

JOHN JEBB.

March 25. 1818.

LETTER LXVII.

To Mrs. H. More.

Rutland Square, Dublin, June 1. 1818.

MY DEAR MADAM,

It is very good in you to express a wish to hear now and then, from one or other of the two pilgrims, whom you so kindly cherished at Barley Wood ; and could thoughts, and feelings, and

pleasing recollections, and bright anticipations, have winged their own flight, without the chilling intervention of ink and paper, you would probably have had few more frequent correspondents, than the aforesaid hermits of Abington Glebe. But, alas, my paper wings are very rarely volant; and it is often matter of wonder to me, why I am so incorrigibly backward in writing to those, whom I delight to think upon, and with whose images my heart is peopled. Commonly secluded from living intercourse, why is it, that I do not ardently court and cultivate the next best means of friendly conversation? This is a question, which I cannot satisfactorily answer; there may be somewhat of constitutional shyness, and that shyness may be aggravated by solitary musings; but, however this may be, I am willing to be thought dull, or any thing but unmindful of those, who, while aught is recollected, can never be forgotten.

We had been grieved by most afflicting rumours of your state of health; and were greatly relieved by comfortable tidings, from our friend Mr. Ogilvie: to have those tidings substantially confirmed, under your own signature, was delightful. The sufferings of your admirable sister, are, indeed, a serious drawback: but I have seen her suffer, and deeply pained as I was,

the pain was mingled with emotions of a far different nature; for, where it pleases God to bestow such patience under sufferings, it is impossible not to anticipate the happiest issue, out of every affliction. May the afflictions of you, and the companion of your heart, be no more, and no greater, than shall be most conducive to your everlasting joy! And may all be sanctified, for the greatest possible good, of yourselves, and of the many that must be edified by such examples!

I take it for granted, that my friend C. F. has fully anticipated all I could say of the happy days, which we passed in the society of your friends and ours, in the course of last autumn; days, such as render one, in a moderate, and I trust not unallowable sense of the term, dearer to oneself, by a kind of interior relationship with the wise and good. Since that period, two of the families, with whom we were happily domesticated for some weeks, have been visited by dangerous illness; but it has pleased Providence to restore health to their dwellings.

Yesterday, I saw Mr. Knox; who rejoices that he still holds a place in your affection; and charged me to say every thing most kind, and grateful, and cordially affectionate, in his name. He particularly commissioned me to assure you,

that his silence proceeds not from the slightest change, or diminution of regard for, and interest in, you and Mrs. Patty More. The truth is, and I can testify it largely from my own experience, that he is grown a more sluggish and infrequent correspondent, even than myself: his time is broken in upon to a very troublesome degree; and, when left to himself, he is evolving chains of thought, which, from the peculiar construction of his mind, would be broken, never to be reunited, were he to interpose other mental occupation.

Do you ever see or hear from Dr. Edward Perceval? He has left behind him, in Dublin, many most attached friends. . . . As a physician, as a friend, as a good man, as a companionable gentleman, and as a person eminently and predominantly intellectual, he has been a serious loss (excuse a slight tincture of Hibernianism, in this manner of construction,) to this city; and I have no question, that he would here have risen, to the first professional eminence; but, since he has left us, I trust that he will be as happy at Bath, as goodness, and usefulness, and full occupation, and the society of dear friends, and every fair measure of prosperity, worldly and intellectual, moral and religious, can make him.

If it please God to spare us for another year,

I live in hopes of once more enjoying the happiness of seeing you and your sister. Pray give her my kindest and most grateful remembrances, and believe me, my dear Madam,

Your ever obliged,
And truly affectionate friend,

JOHN JEBB.

LETTER LXVIII.

To the Rev. Dr. Nash.

Abington Glebe, January 2. 1819.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I do assure you, that, far from a monopoly, there was a very moderate demand on my time and attention, by your brother Fellow*: he was, for the most part, assiduously gleaning matter from my books; and I was left ample leisure to pursue my own devices. Several pleasant conversations, however, and, I trust, not wholly useless, passed with my guest, . . . about whom I am much interested; he is able, manly, and candid; possessed of many fine qualities; and, if his life be spared, likely to do credit to our

* Mr. Phelan.

university, and to Ireland. For myself, I have not been well since my return home ; and, partly from this cause, partly from the pressure of one or two matters that could not wait, I was unable to write to you a letter, though to do so was my daily wish. This evening, I lose not a post, or an hour, in hastening to return thanks for your very kind, and thrice welcome letter.

It rejoices me that you are so ardently engaged with the Fathers : and I have every hope that your work will proceed pleasantly to yourself, and issue profitably to the public. In the course of it, if I can be of any service, I shall be sincerely gratified ; and, just now, I will try to say as much to the purpose as I can. From the state of my head, however, I am unable to make the necessary searches for returning *proper* answers, and therefore for attempting *any* answers, to your specific queries : this must be the work of some clear and disembarrassed hour ; meantime, I will hazard a few more general hints.

The extracts should, I conceive, be rather for popular, than for learned use ; and this will, in a considerable measure, mark out what their character ought to be. Any very elaborate, or systematic arrangement, with this popularity in view, would be undesirable. Perhaps the work might advantageously be distributed in sections ;

each section containing a given number of sub-sections; and each sub-section being devoted to some specific subject, which might be illustrated by quotations from *two* or *three* Fathers. Working in this way, you would have opportunities of *grouping*; which, to a painter, cannot but be a very agreeable exercise. Moral and spiritual topics, would, I think, be preferable to all others; avoiding, of course, in the selection, whatever, on the one hand, might border too closely on metaphysics, or, on the other, might soar into the regions of mysticism. You would probably find it, at once, the easiest, and the most productive method, in the first place, to take your examples promiscuously, without premeditated plans respecting the choice or classification of them: your own taste and judgment will scarcely fail to *chuse* aright; and classification is the last thing to be effected. In this respect, it is best to follow the example of the botanist, who collects his specimens wherever he can find them; throws them, without order, into his botanizing pouch; and reserves the task of classical arrangement, for his *τελευταίου επιγεννημα*. The final arrangement, I presume, will be neither with respect to chronological order, nor to the Fathers who furnish your matter: and this consideration may set you much at

ease in your selection; you need only look for interesting subjects, wherever to be found; you will be tied down to no train of Fathers, and to no particular period of the church; the golden fourth century, and the earlier part of the fifth, will furnish rich materials; nor do I think that the writings of Gregory the Great, and of St. Bernard, should be excluded from your catalogue: both of them allegorize most fancifully; but it is astonishing in how separable a form, the most calm, sober, and profound sense every where exists, in the very bosom of their allegories. I know not whether you might not find it advisable, to commence with the latest writers, and so work your way back. At all events, I should prefer going, in the first instance, to the Post-Nicene, rather than to the Ante-Nicene, Fathers. They were so *settled*, on points of faith, that they flowed more freely, on matters of christian spirit and practice. Though I have dissuaded present classification, in the general, I would venture to suggest the subjects of one or two sections, which, if you happen to approve them, it might be well to keep in view. I. *Natural Theology*; especially with a view to such *a posteriori* evidences, from contrivance and design, as Cicero has beautifully touched, and Paley anatomically developed. If I mis-

take not, it would astonish many, to see how frequently the Fathers talk on such subjects, not only with the eloquence of finished orators, but with the accuracy, and almost the philosophical precision, on which moderns are apt to value themselves. There is a noble passage in St. Chrysostom, of this nature; to which, when qualified to institute a search, I will refer you. St. Basil, I conceive, would be likely to furnish matter of this description. II. *The evidences of Christianity*. Here, too, you might show, how largely the ancients have anticipated the moderns. The earlier parts of the work of S. Theophilus of Antioch, addressed to Autolicus; Justin Martyr's dialogue with Trypho; Minucius Felix; Lactantius; Origen against Celsus; and the *Præparatio*, and *Demonstratio Evangelica*, of Eusebius; might, perhaps, all be laid under contribution. Any thing that savoured of a harsh, controversial spirit, you would naturally exclude. III. *Biographical sketches*. Many interesting particulars are related by the Fathers, of themselves and others, which might be made very interesting, to readers of moral taste. Martyrology would here come in: St. Augustine's Confessions might afford something; and I cannot now recollect, whether some passages from Cyprian to Donatus, *on the grace of*

God, would be suitable to this division of the work, rather than to one of your moral, or spiritual sections: it should not, however, be out of view. There is a beautiful story of St John and a robber, told, if I mistake not, both by Clemens Alexandrinus, and Eusebius, which you will, perhaps, think worthy of being extracted.

As to distinct references to particular passages of the Fathers, it is my conviction, that, what you seek and chuse for yourself, you will be apt to translate with most raciness and spirit. Should any, however, strike me forcibly, in the course of my reading, it is, I trust, needless to say, that I shall have particular pleasure in submitting them to your judgment. And, as you proceed, I shall be very grateful for an account of your labours, and of your success; as well as prompt, to the utmost of my power, in returning such answers as I may be enabled to give.

I have resumed my hebrew poetry; and I seem, now, to see my way before me, more unembarrassed than at any former period: fresh matter, indeed, has presented itself to my mind; but I see the places into which it will naturally fall: my botanical researches through the New Testament, are, for this object, nearly completed; it only remains, that I bring my spe-

cimens to order, in the *hortus siccus*, which I have mentally constructed. In plain words, I have nearly examples enough; and I have determined now to arrange them.

Many thanks for the MORERI: in purchasing a really good book, the price, unless it be absolutely extravagant, is a secondary matter. With the present purchase, I am well satisfied. Had not Mr. Phelan left me, I should have entrusted him with the purchase-money. I shall, however, in my next letter to my brother, desire him to pay it. Mr. Phelan has taken charge of the '*Corpus et Syntagma Confessionum.*'

I shall hope soon for a report of progress.

Mr. Forster was much gratified by your kind remembrance of him; he charges me to give his best regards to you and Mrs. Nash, in which, (not omitting my good little friends, who always receive me so affectionately) I must beg most cordially to join.

Farewell, my dear Friend.

Ever most truly yours,

JOHN JEBB.

LETTER LXIX.

To Mrs. H. More.

Abington Glebe, May 14. 1819.

I CANNOT, my dear Madam, allow this packet to take its departure, without the addition of a few lines, from your other unworthy friend and correspondent. While I was undergoing the discipline of a compulsory ride, my companion was more agreeably employed in conversing with you ; and has so truly expressed our common feelings, that I can only underwrite, with most heartfelt concurrence, every syllable he says.

The unbroken, and unvaried retirement of this place, leaves room for nothing of narrative. We have no Davises, and Johnstones, and Hoares, to communicate new ideas, or stimulate to exertion whatever share of mental powers it has pleased God to bestow. This I say, not, I humbly trust, in a repining spirit ; goodness and mercy, I am sure, have placed us here ; and, could we see the ultimate, or even the present advantages of our retirement, in any thing like their proper colours, we might well exclaim,

‘*Deus nobis hæc otia fecit!*’ May we be enabled not to abuse the opportunities vouchsafed of self-improvement! and then it will little matter, whither our lot for life be cast, in the desert, or the city.

It gave us sincere pleasure to know, that you have been made legible, audible, and visible (for, have you not been acted?) to the people of the East. With them, the dramatic form has ever been a favourite vehicle of moral, and in some sense, of spiritual truth: may we not, then, rationally hope, that the Sacred Dramas may become, to many among them, heralds and precursors of Moses and the Prophets? The naturalization of such works in India, being coincident with the establishment of our English episcopacy there, I cannot but consider a remarkable, and pleasant circumstance.

You have doubtless heard, from other, and more authoritative quarters, that * * * * * is giving great satisfaction in Ireland. His speech on the state of fever in Ireland, has been very generally, and very justly admired, . . not merely, or principally, as a fine specimen of eloquence, but as flowing forth from the heart. Mr. Wilberforce said, the other day, that England owed a long arrear to this country; I know of no way in which it may be so readily, and safely liqui-

dated, as in the way of kindness. Let our statesmen but show, that they feel for us; that they appreciate whatever is good, and are, no less benevolently than politically, desirous to correct, with lenient firmness, whatever is bad, in the spirit and habits of our population; and more may be done for our advantage, by a few years of temperate controul, than has been done, by ages of harsh mismanagement, to barbarize and irritate. It is my hope that * * * * * may be the providential instrument of much good to this island; nor can I think of any individual better qualified to be so, by talents, dispositions, and manners.

Farewell, my dear Madam; I beg to be most kindly remembered to Mrs. Martha, and I trust that both you and she will believe me to be,

Ever, your obliged, affectionate and
faithful friend and servant,

JOHN JEBB.

LETTER LXX.

To Miss Jebb.

July 27. 1819.

LAST post brought me, from Maria, an account of your melancholy journey. It must be a relief to your own mind, as well as Alicia's, that the effort was made ; but, as circumstances stand, I have no doubt, that, for all parties, your return to Armagh was for the best. Our dear sister will be attended to, with the utmost tenderness ; while she will be spared many a pang, that would have inevitably been caused, by the presence of those who are dearest to her. This is truly the severest trial we have had ; but I know, my dear sister, you need not be reminded, that it comes from Him, who loves us better than we love ourselves ; and who knows infinitely better than we do, what is for our real good and happiness. He has been graciously pleased to order things so, that we have many consolations. Her frame of mind is placid, . . uneasinesses that pressed upon her, seem to have vanished, . . and from the sweet and calm expression of her countenance, Maria

thinks, that she cannot suffer much pain. It would seem to be a providential blessing, bestowed on the close of a life like hers, that, after such severe suffering, she, like our poor brother-in-law, should enjoy a childlike peacefulness and tranquillity. Her change, when it takes place, I trust will be a blessed one ; . . and those who remain, it is my hope and prayer, will be strengthened, both to support them under this loss with resignation, and to live so, as may best prepare them, after a life on which she may look down with interest and pleasure, for a happy reunion in a better world. This is a subject, on which I do not now feel equal to enlarge : but the reflection has, by many occurrences of the last four or five years, been forced upon me again and again, that the good hand of Providence is discernible, in many trials, with which different members of our family have been visited, which all seem to have produced very valuable moral effects : the present trial (as I have already said, the severest of all) is doubtless sent to produce similar effects ; and, if we receive it as we ought, may prove a blessing, in its never-ending consequences. May we be enabled thus to bear it ! Farewell, my dear sister : I must be brief : and, in truth, words cannot convey, what I wish, and what I feel, for

you all. Endeavour, I intreat you, to keep up your spirits ; and to raise your mind and heart to those considerations, which alone can give you full and lasting consolation.

Ever, most affectionately yours,

JOHN JEBB.

LETTER LXXI.

To Mrs. Heyland.

Abington Glebe, July 29. 1819.

YOUR last letter was, on the whole, very cheering to me. All hope of our dear sister's restoration being over, it is a great consolation to be assured, that her cheerfulness and resignation are uninterrupted, and that she is comparatively free from pain. I am very well pleased to hear, that she has received the Sacrament ; a blessed means, to all who faithfully receive it, of sure, though secret strength and comfort. The life of a sincere christian, we are told, 'is hid with Christ in God' ; words of deep and mysterious import, which imply more, than, in this life, we shall comprehend ; but which, certainly, include this truth, that all the good

and happy tempers and feelings, which the truly pious are blessed with, flow from an invisible, but inexhaustible fountain, . . even the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the Father of our spirits. To this fountain, we are continually to resort ; from thence, we are perpetually to draw the nutriment and refreshment of our spiritual life ; ever remembering, that its most copious streams, flow through the channel of that blessed sacrament, in which we are made ‘to dwell in Christ, and Christ in us, we become one with Christ, and Christ with us.’ The blessed influences of that holy and mysterious rite, are independent of the hand that ministers : we naturally, indeed, wish and love to partake the consecrated elements, from the hands of a good and worthy minister ; but we must be supremely mindful, that the grace is directly from above ; from the source of every good gift, and every perfect distribution. I could wish, with you, that our dear sister had the comfort and advantage of occasional, and even frequent conversation, with some clergyman, at once soundly intelligent, and wisely pious : these things, however, cannot always be, exactly as we could wish. Meantime, I am happy to think, that, in her case, the preparation for changing this state of existence for a better, is not to be now begun :

that preparation, I humbly trust, has been progressively advancing, for many years ; and, where that has been the case, I am not disposed to lay exceeding stress, on the conversations of a few closing days, or weeks, of this mortal life. Her thoughts and hopes, I would willingly believe, are now much in heaven ; to raise them thitherward, and keep them there, you, my dear Maria, may, in your own quiet, unobtrusive, and prudent way, do much more than you are probably aware of ; not, you will do me the justice so to interpret my meaning, by uttering a syllable to alarm her with the near prospect of dissolution ; but, by such calm, easy, and natural references to the subjects which have afforded yourself most consolation, as, I am well assured, are quite familiar to your mind, and will flow without effort from your tongue.

Had the life of our dear sister been different from what it was, or even were she, now, less raised above the anxieties of this world, I might deem it right, that, at whatever hazard of present pain, she should not be left ignorant of her immediate danger. But it would seem, that our all-gracious Parent, in his own way, has been gradually weaning her from this life, and fitting her for a better ; to his goodness and wisdom, we may cheerfully submit the termination, of

what he has, himself, undeniably commenced. Her heart, I trust, is right with him; and, if this be so, what ineffable light may burst upon her understanding, in the first moment of Eternity! Compared with this, all that could be communicated, in her present state, by a chosen body of the wisest, and most pious ministers on earth, would be as dim as twilight shadows.

One thing, however, I will say: has she any wish to see me? If she has the slightest, I will hasten to town: if she has not expressed any such wish, I quite agree with Richard and you, that I had better, on many accounts, remain where I am. On your observation, then, and your discretion, I rely: you have opportunities, from time to time, of judging how she is affected, and what may be most comfortable for her; and, so far as I may be concerned, you will, I am sure, communicate the least symptom, that would indicate the expediency of my hastening to town.

Ever, my dear Maria,

Most affectionately yours,

JOHN JEBB.

LETTER LXXII.

To the Rev. Dr. Nash.

Abington Glebe, Aug. 9. 1819.

MY DEAR NASH,

WITHIN this hour, I received your most acceptable letter; and I cannot let a post go, without a few lines in reply. In the first place, then, you may rest assured, that I did not impute your silence, as I am sure you did not impute mine, to the slightest failure of kindness and goodwill: you, I knew, were variously occupied; for myself, I was in middling health, and, perforce, obliged to relinquish, what I have since been unable to resume, . . any pursuit that could give subject to a letter of fairly common interest. Such is still my state: *health* probably looking up; but *mind*, unwillingly, yet inevitably stagnant. Yet, my motto being, "HOPE THE BEST," I feel, every now and then, a certain under-current, that gives promise of a future flow, when superincumbent weeds and muddiness shall, as I humbly trust, be providentially removed. But it is full time that I should get out of this bog. I rejoice, then, most cordially,

my dear friend, to see you fairly afloat in an extensive parish ; with an ample sphere of duty ; adequate means of usefulness ; emancipation from the bondage of the board-room ; and various *et-cetera*, on which it is needless for me to enlarge. This change will, I trust, be a renewal of your health ; while, in several respects, it must enlarge the circle of your rational enjoyment. The steps which have led to it, are so far out of the common road, that it would imply deficiency of moral sense, not to account them providential ; and I congratulate you, particularly, on your having treasured up for yourself the gratifying consciousness, that, in the first instance, before your own, and your family's comfort and advantage, you consulted the feelings of poor Mrs. Davenport, and the afflicting circumstances, in which our worthy friend, her husband, now stands. You go to Ardstraw, with clean hands, and a feeling heart ; without which, it would be a calamity to go any where ; and with which, you may indulge a comfortable trust, that, whenever the time comes, and come it must, that, you or yours may stand in need of support and sympathy, support and sympathy will not be wanting.

You know not, my dear Nash, how much you over-rate whatever fitnesses I may have had,

(and they were never extraordinary), for the office of a parish minister. I will, however, venture one hint, . . the dictate of past experience, corroborated by reflection, in later years of my course. I know your ardent zeal ; that zeal will, of course, as it ought to do, especially in the midst of 18,000 parishioners, inspire you to much parochial exertion : but, at the outset, I would recommend extreme caution, how you embark in any one plan, or practice, beyond the known, and acknowledged routine of duty, which becomes a conscientious and discreet clergyman : not that I have the least apprehension of your proving indiscreet ; but, simply, because I know, from what I have experienced, how much easier, safer, and more pleasant it is, to advance, than to retreat. In any course, it is not the part of wisdom to set out at full speed ; but, least of all, where the course has been untried, and where we can by no means conjecture, how many pit-falls, or precipices, may lie before us ; this just reminds me of the tremendous leap, which you were saved from taking, in a peripatetic expedition, during your College and bachelor days. I fear no such leap at Ardstraw ; but, from any approximation to such, we cannot keep too far. His CHURCH, I take it, is the place, where a clergyman of our

establishment appears to most advantage, and can be most extensively useful to his parishioners; and, in the church, he may, I am convinced, accomplish more by catechizing, than by preaching. It is on the young, that the catholic christianity of our reformed communion is best fitted to make a deep impression; and, unless it be impressed in youth, it, perhaps, can never be impressed as it ought: but, even in this indispensable branch of duty, I would commence with caution; and so as to give, in some time, *not less*, but *more*, than I might, at first, appear to promise. I would begin with the simple church catechism, unaccompanied with any other comment than *oral expansion*; and gradually proceed, as the field might appear to ripen for labours of a more productive kind. This, I fear, is sad prosing: but you'll forgive it.

Pray give my kind regards to Mrs. N. and Richard. Ever, my dear Nash,

Your affectionate and faithful friend,

JOHN JEBB.

LETTER LXXIII.

To Mrs. Heyland.

Abington Glebe, June 30. 1821.

THOUGH I am a little tardy in saying so, your letter afforded me real gratification. As to myself, Mr. Forster has, I dare say, given in a bill of health ; to which I can only add, that, since leaving Cashel, I have by no means lost ground ; and now, at half past six in the morning, have taken, not only a shower-bath, but a ride of three miles, which a natural shower-bath prevented me from prolonging.

Your friend's scruples, respecting the Sacrament, are, I believe, of a nature far from uncommon. I have no doubt, however, in saying, that the very sense of her unfitness ought to induce her perseverance in frequent communion. We do not approach the Lord's table, *because* we are good and perfect, (this would be 'trusting in our own righteousness,') but in order that we may, through Divine Grace, *be made so*. The Sacrament is to be viewed, not only as a means of grace, but as the chief means ; and as God's appointed means, which we are not at

liberty to neglect. As to the frequency of communion detracting from the solemnity of it, every one who knows human nature, knows, that it is the tendency of all acts frequently repeated, of all habits fully formed, to diminish the outward, sensible impression: but it does not, therefore, follow, that we are to shun the repetition of good actions, or avoid the formation of good habits. If we often visit the sick poor, we shall less and less feel externally and palpably affected by the sense of the miseries which we see; yet, who can doubt, that our internal benevolence will increase, however our outward expression of it may slacken, if we persevere in such visits from a right motive, that is, a charitable one? If, again, we are prevented from often seeing a dear friend, the infrequent interviews, 'few and far between,' will doubtless be snatched with a keener relish, than if our intercourse were daily and hourly: yet who does not prefer, when circumstances admit of it, the calmer, and I will add, the profounder joy, of uninterrupted companionship? Thus it is, also, with the Sacrament. They who communicate rarely, if they do it conscientiously, will probably feel a deep awe, and a strong excitement, either of the passions, or affections: this awe will become more intelligent, this excitement will be softened down, by frequent com-

munion ; but, if we communicate aright, the inward parts will be greater, and the effects on our lives will be more lasting. Our communion will more resemble, 'the sacred and homefelt delight, the sober certainty of waking bliss,' when virtuous friends are for ever in each other's society, than the tumultuous gratification of a meeting, between those friends, which has been long in coming, and which will not soon come again. It is to be observed, that, in the earliest, that is, the most pious ages of the Church, the faithful communicated weekly, sometimes daily. They kept up the feeling of solemnity, by their conviction of the real, and special presence of Christ, in the eucharist : not, as it may be abundantly proved, a gross corporeal presence, like that believed by the Romanists ; but a spiritual presence, to which our Lord particularly refers, in that promise, 'where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them ;' and hence, probably, in the early Greek church, the communion was called 'a gathering together.' In late days, to the great detriment of piety, the notion has prevailed, that the communion is a bare commemoration ; but, in fact, Christ is there present, in a special and peculiar manner, to communicate his own graces, and his own spirit, to devout participants in the

holy mysteries : and, according to the words of our service, they who approach in faith and charity, are, in receiving the elements, made ‘to dwell in Christ, and Christ in them :’ they receive what is communicable of his blessed nature ; and thence are enabled to keep his words, and conform to his example : if, therefore, we stedfastly believe, that Christ is present in the eucharist, and for these purposes, . . the oftener we partake of it, the greater must be our proficiency : or, if we do not so increase in proficiency, the fault must lie, not in the frequency, but in the moral imperfections, of our acts of communion. The remedy is, not to diminish the number of our communions, but, by every means, to strive and pray, that we may increase the devotion of them. The lines of Johnson may be applied to the communion : . .

But, when the sense of sacred presence fires,
And strong devotion to the skies aspires,
Pour forth thy fervours for a healthful mind,
Obedient passions, and a will resign’d ;
For patience, sovereign o’er transmuted ill,
For love, which scarce collective man can fill,
For faith, which, panting for a happier seat,
Counts death, kind Nature’s signal of retreat :
These goods, for man, the laws of Heaven ordain,
These goods he grants, who grants the power to gain,
With these, celestial wisdom calms the mind,
And makes the happiness she does not find.

In a word, whoever, honestly, conscientiously, faithfully, and perseveringly, frequents the Lord's table, if only there be a just sense of the divine presence there enshrined, and the divine grace there poured forth, will be made, by the Sacrament, better than he is found by it.

Excuse any incoherencies in what I have written : my post messenger waits, and I have no time for deliberation ; I have been forced to write rapidly : but, however the expression may be imperfect, you have the result of my settled thoughts, the dictates of long and habitual conviction.

Ever, my dear Maria,

Most affectionately yours,

JOHN JEBB.

LETTER LXXIV.

To Sir R. H. Inglis, Bart.

Abington Glebe, March 22. 1822.

MY DEAR SIR ROBERT,

* * * * *

You may now like to hear something of the operation of the Insurrection Act. There can be no doubt, it has already struck a great terror into

the insurgent population ; and, for the present, checked the commission of atrocities. But, while the people continue armed, nothing like permanent tranquillity can be expected ; and, till they are disarmed, it will be altogether unsafe to remove the pressure of severe enactments : that pressure removed, the wretched disturbers would inevitably break out with increased violence. What makes the case more alarming, is, that the majority of the persons tried and convicted, (I speak especially of this county of Limerick), are the sons of comfortable farmers ; well-clad, well-fed, in good health, and not by any means goaded on by distress or suffering. Were the cause temporary, the effect, it might be hoped, would soon cease ; but matters are far otherwise. Meantime, there is solid and serious matter of gratification, in the manner in which the Insurrection Act has been carried into effect, under Serjeant * * * * *. He has shown, throughout, that mixture of mildness and severity, which the times, and the people to be dealt with, require. But what I particularly admire, is, his mode of acting with the magistracy. His perspicacity soon discovered one of the great banes of this country ; the rooted opinion, namely, that every thing is to be done by favour ; that a culprit can escape, or an honest man get his own, not by

the equal administration of justice, but by the patronage of this or that gentleman. In some cases, it appeared, that persons on their trial, were full of this notion; indeed, more than one prisoner thanked the magistrates, for their lenity and favour. This, at once, called forth the virtuous indignation of Serjeant * * * * *; and on this text, he read the magistracy such a lecture, as they will not soon forget. This lecture, together with many significant hints, and wholesome admonitions, to inefficient, or timid, or time-serving magistrates, cannot fail to have the best effect. Indeed the effect is already apparent, in the increased energy of several; and it will doubtless be progressive. But the most striking, and the most beneficial effect is, . . the impression made on the population of the country. With that sagacity, in which the lowest of our people abound, they at once discovered, that a new tone was taken up with the squire-magistrates. What they saw, they observed upon; and it is astonishing, in how short a time, and to how wide an extent, the rumour is gone forth among them, that *equal justice* is about to be shown; that the rich, as well as the poor, are lectured from the bench; and that the judge, as they call him, has declared, that the Government of the country will administer the laws without

favour or partiality. This is, surely, a remarkable circumstance ; and it speaks volumes, for the advantages that may arise, from a judicious promulgation of sound, and clearly intelligible principles of equity and justice, from the bench. A similar instance, I cannot forbear noticing. You may recollect, about two years ago, the trial and condemnation, at Limerick, of a Mr. * * * * *, connected with the first families in the county, for a most atrocious murder : (a case, by the way, lately adverted to, in the House of Commons.) This man, though more than suspected of the murder, was not only suffered to remain at large ; but several of the gentry and magistracy continued to live with him, as a familiar associate. At length, the affair reached the ears of Mr. Grant ; and, on his remonstrance, and through the exertions of Mr. Rice, S * * * * * was taken, tried, and, on the clearest evidence, convicted. Great efforts, however, were most scandalously made, by the jury who tried him, by the Grand Jury, and by the majority of the gentry, to prevail with the judge, that he might be recommended for mercy. The judge showed a proper firmness ; and the law took its course. You can hardly conceive what an electric effect, this single act of justice had on the population of the country. It became matter of conversation, and honest joy, not only through the

county of Limerick, but, to my certain knowledge, through the county of Tipperary. The people said, . . . 'Now we see, that the law is executed upon rich, as well as upon poor : . . now we may hope for equal justice.'* This fact, is still frequently referred to ; and the peasantry glory in it, as a triumph of truth and right, over influence and favour. Sir John Davies, the best and wisest writer I have ever read on the circumstances of Ireland, concludes his work with an admirable sentence, to the truth of which I most heartily subscribe. 'There is no nation of people under the sun, that doth love *equal and indifferent justice* better than the Irish ; or will rest better satisfied with the execution thereof, although it be against themselves ; so as they may have the protection and benefit of the law, when, upon just cause, they do desire it.'

You will be glad to hear, that, so far, in this parish, our experiment has happily succeeded. Our people are not merely quiet and peaceable, but I have every reason to believe, that they are in the best possible temper and spirit. An old gentleman of this neighbourhood, said to Mr. F. the other day, . . . 'Show confidence in an Irishman, Sir, and you may lead him where you will.' This gentleman has studied the Irish character, during

* The case was tried before the Bishop's brother. . . Ed.

a long life ; and knows it well. The very principle here thrown out, is that on which we have all along been endeavouring to act ; and, hitherto, we have had no cause whatsoever to doubt its truth. At the special sessions, the week before last, a circumstance occurred, favourable to our peace and good order. Two neighbours of mine were tried, under the Insurrection Act, for having in their possession, and denying that they had it, some ammunition. A gun, they acknowledged and gave up. And it appeared, on trial, that they had the permission of two magistrates to keep, both arms, and ammunition. Their denial of the latter, however, brought them under the penalties of the Act ; and, by the unanimous voice of the bench, they were declared guilty. At the same time, they were recommended to mercy, as Serjeant * * * * * stated, *on account of the peaceable and good conduct of their parish.* This testimony, our people rejoice in, as the highest compliment ; and it will certainly have a powerful tendency to keep them right. But, as they now feel the efficacy of a good character, in *averting punishment*, so, I could be glad, if they were also made sensible of its power, to ensure rewards. We have lately seen it more than once stated in the newspapers, that a considerable augmentation of the

police establishment, will probably take place. Should this be so, I should really think it a public advantage, if arrangements could be made, for placing at our disposal, among the parishioners of Abington, a few appointments on that establishment. Not having had any communication with the Irish Government, I could not presume to make such a proposal there; nor could I, in that quarter, state the grounds of such an application, which are altogether public. But if, on your side of the water, it should be thought right to recommend a reposing of this confidence, I can promise it will not be abused. The very flower of our parishioners should be selected: men who would prove an acquisition to the service. And by giving our people to understand, that this mark of distinction and favour arises *solely from their own good conduct*, I am confident we might, at once, rivet the present right dispositions of this district, and hold forth a most salutary and influential example to the districts that surround us.

I have room and time only to add, that I am,

My dear Sir Robert,

Yours most cordially and sincerely,

JOHN JEBB.

LETTER LXXV.

To Sir R. H. Inglis, Bart.

Feb. 15. 1823.

MY DEAR SIR ROBERT,
* * * * * THIS is the first day I was able to set apart for being enthroned in the cathedral of Limerick. On many accounts, political, moral, and religious, I do not like the reducing this, which ought to be a solemnity, into an unimpressive form; matters therefore were so arranged, that the Chapter, headed by the Dean, met me at the cathedral door, a short time before the hour of daily service, which immediately followed the act of enthronement; and thus we had something more, and better, than a mere legal and official ceremony. Though a weekday, the church was quite full; and, to my delight, the anthem concluded with the Hallelujah Chorus; which I can never hear, without feeling myself, for the time at least, raised above all earthly thoughts. To-morrow, being sunday, I mean to go into Limerick for both services; and to begin my course, by taking the pulpit: for it is my wish, to be, at proper intervals, a

preaching Bishop. Meantime, as the Palace is not ready to receive me, and as I gladly avoid the bustle of an hotel, I am resting for the saturday at * * * * *'s, mid-way between * * * * * and Limerick, where Mr. Forster and I are endeavouring, not I hope unsuccessfully, to administer comfort to an afflicted family, deprived of their favourite child. The stroke, though severe, is merciful; a fortnight has passed, since the removal of this most lovely and interesting little girl; and already it is clear, that the deprivation, is doing spiritual good to the sufferers. I must now have done... My best wishes and prayers are offered up for you, for Lady Inglis, and for all my kind friends, (may I not now say?) at Battersea Rise.

Ever, my dear Sir Robert,

Very affectionately yours,

JOHN LIMERICK

LETTER LXXVI.

To Sir R. H. Inglis, Bart.

Palace, Limerick, Nov. 26. 1823.

MY DEAR SIR ROBERT,

* * * * * MR. FORSTER and I have, here and in Dublin, been brought into close contact with mortality. Not a month has passed, since my friend and Vicar-General, Mr. Hoare, was suddenly taken away from us, in consequence of a fall from an open carriage. On the occasion of his funeral, I preached a sermon, which, for the satisfaction of his friends, and the citizens of Limerick at large, I permitted to be printed in our provincial newspaper : . . I send you, by this post, a copy of the publication ; and hope soon to present it to you in a better form. I sincerely loved this good man ; and though we thought differently on some points (he was calvinistic in his views), I reflect with pleasure, that we never had a moment's difference of feeling on any important matter, nor the slightest degree of verbal collision. He was a man of very moderate abilities ; but, by dint of mere goodness, he was

eminently the spiritual and temporal benefactor of this city. I never had so forcibly brought before me, the inferiority of mere learning and cleverness, to the qualifications of the moral man, as in his case: and never before so cordially felt Johnson's beautiful allusion, which I had always admired, in his verses on poor Levett's death, to 'the single talent well employed.' Scarcely were poor Hoare's remains committed to the grave, when I was summoned to attend the dying bed of my dear sister, Mrs. Jebb. Our friend Mr. Forster accompanied me: and, instead of a painful office, I rejoice to say, it was one of comfort and happiness. I travelled to Dublin, of course, under much anxiety, and entered her room with trembling: but I had not been five minutes by her bedside, when I felt a perfect calm. Such was the influence of the peace and tranquillity in which she lay, on all around her, that the scene was almost cheerful. There was no absence of feeling in any one; but there was no excitement, nothing overstrained. Her last days were such, as those of a christian ought to be: my brother and his children have, throughout, been supported, by the best, and only true consolation; and I trust it may not be presumptuous to believe, that they

are under the very special blessing of divine Providence. * * * * *

Ever, my dear Sir Robert,
Your most affectionate and faithful

JOHN LIMERICK.

LETTER LXXVII.

To T. H. Burke, Esq.

Palace, Limerick, Dec. 10. 1833.

MY DEAR SIR,

THOUGH neither preceded, nor accompanied, by any notice whence, or from whom, I could not for a moment be at a loss what friend I was to thank, for the beautiful bust of Edmund Burke, which now is a principal ornament of my drawing room. The extent of my ambition had been, to receive, from my friend the Provost, the Library cast, so soon as its place should be supplied by a bust of marble: my expectations, therefore, are greatly, and most agreeably surpassed; and I trust I shall never cease to appreciate as I ought to do, such a present, so bestowed, by the great man's nearest relative; especially as I can call that relative my friend.

May we hope that, in your rambles, you will be again induced to visit this country? We shall be truly glad to see you; and, in Mr. Forster, you have an old and attached comrade, who will not readily forget the days of Abington and Thornfield. Our dear friends, at the latter place, have, since we met there, had their share of grief and suffering: but they are, thank God, well supported by the best consolations. My own family have not been exempt. A month has not passed, since, in company with my brother, I followed to the grave his excellent wife, whom I loved as my own sister. It was, and ever will be, to me, a source of thankfulness, that I witnessed some of her last hours; which, without excitement, and without pretension, in calmness, good sense, and cheerful resignation, were, what I could wish and pray my own to be.

I hope to be in London at the meeting of Parliament. Mr. F. unites in best and kindest wishes, with,

My dear Sir,

Your obliged and faithful servant,

JOHN LIMERICK.

LETTER LXXVIII.

To T. H. Burke, Esq.

Henbury, Bristol, July 29. 1824.

MY DEAR SIR,

YOUR kindness, I know, takes an interest in the movements of those friends, who, at all times, and in so many different ways, were indebted to you for their enjoyments, in London, and at Cambridge. You will be glad, therefore, to learn, that our progress has been prosperous, beyond our utmost expectations. The weather has been most favourable; and every thing combined to make our tour delightful, resembling, not a journey, but an excursion for pleasure.

On saturday, we reached Middleton Cheney, seeing Stowe on the way, and there we passed sunday : I was able to negociate, with excellent Archdeacon Churton, a point which I had much at heart, respecting the works of the late Dr. Townson. Monday we proceeded to Guilsborough, where we remained till thursday morning ; our time passed there very agreeably. Thursday, we saw the noble new buildings at Rugby school, breakfasting at the village : at

Coventry, . . the churches and town hall : by Kenilworth, which we traversed for at least an hour and a half, to Warwick, where we devoted some hours to the castle, the church, and especially the Beauchamp chapel, . . the best preserved, and best kept, ecclesiastical remain, I have seen in England. The tomb of Beauchamp would well repay a pilgrimage. Thence, by Stratford on Avon, that night to Alcester. Friday, breakfasted at Worcester, visited the cathedral, thence, by the delightful Malvern hills, to Ross in Herefordshire. Saturday, we took boat on the Wye, from Ross to Chepstow, and thence to the New Passage across the Severn, and so to the hospitable house of the friends, with whom we are now enjoying ourselves. The varied beauties of the Wye, with the interlude of Tintern Abbey, as I cannot boast a descriptive pen, I shall not try to speak about. I can only say, I have not been so delighted at Killarney. Next week we hope to visit Mrs. Hannah More, and the Bishop of Bath and Wells ; whether we can compass a look at Sir Thomas Acland, in Devonshire, I know not as yet.

Now, my dear good friend, next to the service of your God, apply to professional studies ; and make yourself, what you are well fitted to be, a valuable, useful, and creditable member of the

Bar. Were it for no other reason, I am convinced, a regular and stated pursuit in life is absolutely needful, for rational and sure enjoyment. In youth, we may find objects to divert and engage on every side ; but, as years creep on, the daily calls of a profession are an inestimable blessing. You will, I know, take this sermonizing in good part.

Mr. Forster unites in most affectionate regards, with, my dear Sir,

Your obliged and faithful
friend and servant,

JOHN LIMERICK.

LETTER LXXIX.

To Sir R. H. Inglis, Bart.

K * * * * *, Aug. 23. 1824.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

WHEN we had the happiness of meeting your sisters in Somersetshire, I little thought that such a length of time should pass, before I addressed, at least, a few lines to you. But our life of movement, with much to be seen, said, and heard,

has been particularly unfriendly to correspondence. Hitherto, we have been prosperous, by the favour of a kind Providence, beyond our utmost hopes; the weather, for the most part, delightful; the country often beautiful, always interesting; and the friends whom we have visited, friends indeed, in the true sense of the word.

The good Bishop of * * * * * and his family, are full of heart; plain and unaffected in their manners, and, on all subjects, open and unreserved: with them we were quite at home; and the ecclesiastical antiquities of the place and neighbourhood are more to our taste, than almost any we have seen on our way towards Lancashire. We called on the Bishop of Hereford, and passed a couple of hours most agreeably, with him and Mr. Huntingford. I need not say to you, what sort of reception we met. It was with regret, that we tore ourselves away from the good old man; . . we parted with a mutual blessing, and I trust we shall meet again.

At Shrewsbury, we fell in with Mr. Justice Park, on his circuit; and we dined with the judge, and the assembled magistrates of Salop. The entertainment was to us a novel sight; but it served to remind us of what we had lost, in not joining our dear sheriff of Bedford.

Here, we were received in the kindest manner possible ; the whole family are natural, easy, unaffected, and full of the milk of humanity. The whole of our stay, and this is our tenth, and, I regret to say, our last day, has been an uninterrupted flow of enjoyment. Out of doors, all the lions of the county have been shewn to us ; in doors, there has not been a single jarring note. Indeed, their hearts are all in perfect tune ; one and all, they are deeply interested in the first great concern of accountable beings. Religion is the foremost thing in their thoughts, not as a matter to be talked about ; not as food for controversy, on the one hand, or for curiosity, on the other ; but as the main concern of life.

What your movements are, I do not know ; therefore I direct this to the Carnatic ; knowing it will there be properly forwarded. A letter directed to me, Post-office, Keswick, will either find me there, or be forwarded. To-morrow or next day, I hope to see Southey ; my further plans are not arranged ; whether to return by Port Patrick to Donaghadee, or by the steam-packet from Glasgow to Belfast. At all events, I must be at Limerick about the 22d of September, as my visitation there is fixed for the 30th.

You, Lady Inglis, and the family, are often in our thoughts, and always in our hearts.

Farewell, my dear friend.

Ever most affectionately yours,

JOHN LIMERICK.

LETTER LXXX.

To a Friend.

Palace, Limerick, Nov. 25. 1824.

MY DEAR * * * * *

ON returning home from Dublin, (where I was detained longer than I expected) I found, on my little table, your very welcome letter; and I seize the first hour of respite from accumulated business, to answer it, not as I ought, but as I can; for, in half an hour, I must proceed on the disagreeable pilgrimage of returning eight and ten mile visits. It vexes me that the pamphlets did not reach you as I designed; I sent two packets for Mr. Goulbourn's signature at the Castle, in one of which were two copies of the letter on amusements; and I rather think, in the whole cargo, there were enough of the other

little publication, to supply the purposes for which they were designed. I pray have the goodness, at leisure, to inform me, whether the second parcel has come to hand; if not, I shall take the earliest opportunity of supplying the deficiency. I am quite sorry at having occasioned any scruple in * * * * *'s mind, on the subject of her benevolent, and, doubtless, most valuable exertions, for the benefit of poor children. Those under her protection, I am sure, will be *trained* for a considerable part of the year; and may we not hope that the training thus given, will extend its salutary influence through the remainder? The question, too, is to be asked, whether, if her school were to be discontinued, the children would not, at all events, be taught, and not nearly so well taught, as they are at present? On the whole, my judgment, my conscience, and my feelings, all go along with the continuance of the school. Paradoxical as I may, perhaps, appear, in some things, and not over friendly to the strong excitations of this age of 'Societies,' I do not wish to check education, but to see it *regulated*. There may, indeed, perhaps there *is*, and if I am not much mistaken there certainly *will be*, 'too much' of this 'good thing.' But it were idle to think of arresting the progress of things; whatever intermediate mischief there

may be, all, I am sure, is ordered, by the great and good Disposer, for ultimate good ; and, in the mean time, I rejoice in the existence of every school, which, for any portion of the year, can enjoy the personal superintendence, and through the whole of it, the patronage, of such ladies as I have in my mind's eye.

I do *not* like the use of the Scriptures, as a *school book* ; that is, as a book from which to learn the elements of reading. This practice, in my opinion, goes to desecrate the word of God, . . to render it, not familiar, but cheap and vulgar. It should ever be taken up, with mingled reverence and affection ; but, surely, it is not thus, that children are apt to handle a *spelling-book*. My mind revolts from this usage : at the same time, I think it highly desirable, that selections from the Old Testament, and the historical parts of the New, should be *read*, by the higher classes ; and it might be well, if the reading of them were made a privilege, and a reward. Parts should be committed to memory ; and those parts should be selected, most likely to engage the imagination and affections ; for example, the history of Joseph ; some of the Psalms ; some of the parables, &c. &c. But I could wish to hear of your sister's little Scripture stories, being generally used in schools. And now, my time is just ex-

pended ; I fear to look back on what has been written, lest it should be incoherent prosing ; and, for the present, I am forced to keep back much that I would say, but, to modify an Irish phrase, you are a gainer by the loss. Mr. Forster has shewn me his note, to which I fully subscribe. He has anticipated me in his account of Mr. * * * * * 's delightful letter. On that subject, I cannot now enter ; I can only express my gratitude to Providence, for having given me such a friend as your nephew ; and my hope, that, with advancing years, our friendship may ripen and improve ; not without an humble trust, that we may be mutually serviceable to each other. I thank you for the *fact* of the *Swallows* ; I do not merely *admire*, I *love* it. Do not, I pray, let Mr. * * * * * be discouraged, at the present check of his education scheme, on Lord * * * * * 's estates. It is only for a time, to divert his beneficence into a channel, where it may flow unobstructed ; and you may rely on it, the stream will, in due season, diffuse itself, not physically only, but morally and intellectually, through the land. In dealing with a semi-barbarous people, we must direct our earnest efforts, rather to the body than the mind. I know not whether, in Mr. * * * * * 's case, I regret a little partial, and temporary embarrassment. Without some diffi-

culty to be overcome, nothing great, or valuable, can ever be achieved; and as I foresee, in him, a providential instrument of much good to both Ireland and England, I cannot repine at his having a little of the training, which cannot be had, without somewhat of salutary obstruction. Would the art of Navigation, think you, be benefitted, if our mariners always had a favourable gale?

I can only add my kindest remembrances, to all the good and happy circle at * * * * *.

Ever,

Your obliged and faithful friend and servant,

JOHN LIMERICK.

LETTER LXXXI.

To the Rev. Dr. Walsh.

Palace, Limerick, Jan. 27. 1825.

REVEREND SIR,

I RETURN, with many thanks, the two books which you had the kindness to lend me.

‘The evangelical life of Christ,’ is the same which was given to me by Messrs. Blake and

Grant, Commissioners of Education ; with this only difference, that, in the copy given by those gentlemen, the Appendix is omitted. The omission, in my judgment, renders the work more suitable for the purposes intimated in the 'Approbation,' by Mr. D'Arcy, and the late most reverend Dr. Troy : . . . namely, 'to promote the diffusion of christian knowledge, among the lower classes of the R. C. communion,' and to serve as a family, and school book. The authorities cited in the Appendix, from the Fathers and other ecclesiastical writers, on doctrinal and controversial topics, seem to me above the comprehension of young persons at school, and of the lower classes in general. I do not now speak with reference to the views, which I am obliged to take, of some of those subjects, and to the sense in which I must understand and apply, several of the cited authorities ; views, and a sense, in many respects, different from yours. But, setting aside all theological differences, and placing myself, so far as I am able, in the circumstances of a zealous pastor of your Church, I should recommend, for the use of schools, and for general circulation, the historical part alone ; and would reserve the controversial part, for the more educated classes, especially candidates for the sacred office. Some notes, of an explana-

tory, practical, and spiritual nature, might be advantageously annexed, in the proper places, under the text, in like manner with the illustrative marginal quotations, already introduced, from the Old Testament and Epistles.

As to the text of the 'Evangelical life,' so far as I have been able to examine, it appears to me an excellent harmony of the Gospels, with a judicious abstract of the early apostolical history, as delivered in the Acts. The rendering of some of the passages in your translation, I should, of course, except against, for the use of catholics of the Church of England; as you would except against the rendering of some passages of ours, for the use of catholics of the Church of Rome. Each Church, in fact, may most advantageously adhere to their own version. And I heartily wish, that the narrative portion of the 'Evangelical History,' could be largely circulated, among the R. C. youth, and adults, too, of this country.

I have looked into many parts of Reeve's 'History of the Holy Bible.' It is manifestly drawn up with the pure design of promoting piety towards God, and charity to man. It seems to convey, faithfully, the most essential, and instructive parts of sacred history. The reflections, so far as I have read them, are conceived in a very good spirit, and are particularly

fitted to cherish the graces of humility, and brotherly love. In a work written by a Roman catholic divine, for members of his own communion, it must needs be, that a divine of the Church of England, will meet some opinions, and shades of expression, which he cannot conscientiously approve. But I can say, with truth, and with cordial satisfaction, that, in its general tendency and leading, this book is most edifying. I particularly like the use made of the Fathers; they are quoted for moral and spiritual, rather than for controversial purposes; and, we must admit, that, for private and lay individuals, indeed we may take in churchmen too, it is of far greater moment, that they should be trained as humble, pious christians, than indoctrinated as acute, and keen controversialists.

Has 'Reeve's History' been ever printed in Ireland? If not, it were surely most desirable, that a cheap, but correct edition of it, should be published. The plates, by all means, ought to be retained. The attention of young persons is fixed by them; and the facts of sacred history are so vividly impressed, that, in after life, they will not readily be forgotten.

I am, Reverend Sir,
Your faithful and obedient servant,
JOHN LIMERICK.

LETTER LXXXII.

To Sir R. H. Inglis, Bart. M.P.

July, 1825.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

MANY thanks for your kind and considerate, though melancholy communication. It was not, however, the first: on monday, Mr. Bootle Wilbraham, at the request of Mr. Stopford, poor Lord Lilford's brother-in-law, wrote, just after having been at Grosvenor Place. Just at the time of the last moments of that excellent man, Sir T. Acland was in this house, planning the movements of the family through Ireland, and counselling us how to take care of them. But *He* is, I humbly trust, infinitely happier now; and the seed of the righteous will be cared for. I rejoice to have known him; and trust to do so, in other stages of being. I cannot prolong this topic.

Acland sympathized with us here, as you know he would do, in a heavy affliction, which, at the time of his visit, we more than apprehended. On sunday, I had an account that a dear sister of mine, was seized, at Rosstrevor, with an apoplexy; and had continued insensible more

than six hours : the physicians had scarcely any hope. We had entirely resigned her, and had no means of hearing till tuesday morning. Acland was obliged to go, before the arrival of the post ; but had greatly comforted us all. Thank God ! the accounts were most unexpectedly favourable ; my sister recovered, to the astonishment of the physicians, who declared they had never experienced such a case before. Ever since she has been doing well.

The Kerry journey, and the shock of sunday, affected my head more than usually, and my medical advisers found it necessary both to cup and bleed me. This mode of treatment has apparently been very successful.

I am grateful to the good Providence, for the recovery of dear Lady I. This is a low time with me : another day, and we lose poor Bourke, who can tell for how many years ! There never lived a truer man ! You know his destination has been altered : he goes out Lieutenant Governor of the Cape. A most honourable appointment, to a most confidential, and, at present, very critical post.

May God bless you and yours, including both families.

Ever, my dear friend,

Most truly yours,

JOHN LIMERICK.

LETTER LXXXIII.

To Lord Lilford.

August, 1825.

How deeply I felt, and still feel, the unexpected and overwhelming blow of your excellent Father's death, I am truly unable to express. The intelligence reached me on a sick bed, and just relieved from the almost certainty, of a severe family affliction.

It has greatly consoled, and I trust somewhat raised and improved me, to learn, as I have done through various of your friends, with how firm and how christian a spirit, you and your sisters have bowed in submission to this great affliction. The first stunning effect of it, has by this time passed away. The calmer and deeper sense of sorrow, will not, and ought not to leave you, for a much longer time; and, I am confident, the tender recollection of what he was, and the hopeful assurance of what he is, will not fail, till you rejoin him in a happier world, to have the most beneficial influence on your hearts and minds. I did not know him long, but, in the short time that I enjoyed that happiness, I may

venture to believe, that I knew him well. There was, if I may so speak, a transparency in his character, which at once shewed the very movement of his heart. From the day that he first honoured me with his notice, I felt that in him I had a friend; and that in any doubt, or emergency, I might rely on his counsel and support. I scarcely know how, or why, but so the fact was, that in a few days, I felt, as if he had been the tried 'companion and guide, and mine own familiar friend,' for many years; and, making all due allowance for my own conscious inferiority, I have a melancholy, but heartfelt gratification in thinking, that the feeling was in some degree reciprocal. In the last letter that I had from this good man, he had the kindness to call himself *my Friend* (and with him, you well know, these were never words of course); and he added, that he hoped he might, without presumption, express the wish and the belief, that we should be better known to one another in a happier world. These, if not his very words, were certainly the ideas which his words expressed, and I shall never willingly forget them.

It is perhaps wrong in me, thus to indulge my own feelings, in speaking to one, whose recollections of this departed spirit, must be a thousand fold more numerous and tender than my own. But

I am willing to believe that you will bear with me; and that you will even derive some satisfaction, from this faint addition to the numberless proofs before you, that to *know* your Father, was to love and revere him.

I am truly unable to express the deep sense which I feel of the kindness, with which you and your sister, have, in the midst of your sorrow, not been unmindful of me. The happy intercourse with your family, which I was permitted to enjoy, I cannot consider in the light of mere acquaintance. I trust that, ere we parted, it had ripened into friendship; and, however unworthy of such a distinction, I still cannot help clinging to it. It is my hope that, both in England and Ireland, opportunities may arise of renewing that intercourse; and, in the mean time, I beg to assure your sisters and yourself, that my humble prayers, have been, and are offered up in your behalf, to the Throne of grace and mercy!

Believe me, my dear Lord,

With true respect and affection,

Yours most faithfully,

JOHN LIMERICK.

LETTER LXXXIV.

To a Friend.

Limerick, Jan. 1. 1827.

HERE I am with candle-light, before seven o'clock in the morning, of this first day of the new year, . . (many many happy returns of which, according to good old custom, allow me, from the bottom of my heart, to wish you and your happy circle), . . here I am, after this unfashionable parenthesis, about to give an imperfect sketch, in obedience to your wish, of my notion, as to St. Luke xvii. 6., with its context.

You are probably aware, that the meaning and connection of the entire passage, (St. Luke xvii. 1 . . 10.) has been matter of difficulty to commentators. The majority, indeed, of modern ones, have solved the difficulty, by cutting the knot; by asserting, roundly, that various discourses, or fragments of discourses, are here brought together, which have not the least connection one with the other. Thus, . . v. 1, 2., is part of the narrative St. Matt. xviii. 1, &c.: v. 3, 4., are independent repetitions of St. Matt. xviii.

15. 21, 22.: v. 5, 6. part of the narrative St. Matt. xvii. 14 . . 21.: and v. 7 . . 10., a parable, in no respect cohering with what goes before, but delivered on some other occasion, probably that recorded in St. Matt. xix. 27.

It would be inconsistent with the low and erroneous moral and spiritual views, at this stage, of our Lord's disciples, to suppose, that they here intended a moral faith ; or that they so much as knew the connection, between christian faith, and christian morals. That was matter of subsequent revelation. It seems more probable, that, at the time, they little heeded, and little relished the practical advice then given by our Lord ; . . on the contrary, with that dulness of moral apprehension, which, every now and then, is manifest in their intercourse with their heavenly Master, they went off to another subject. While our Lord had been teaching them lessons of christian forgiveness, their minds were occupied with thoughts of puerile ambition ; they were anxious for an increase of those miraculous powers, which might gain them distinction among men ; and out of the abundance of their hearts, their mouths spake . . 'Increase our faith' . . *enlarge our wonder-working power*. Something exactly of the same kind we meet, in Acts i. 4. 6. At the very time that our Lord promises to his

disciples the baptism of the Holy Ghost, their imaginations are at work, in visions of a temporal Messiah, and the temporal aggrandizement of their nation, and they ask . . . 'Lord, wilt thou, at this time, restore the kingdom to Israel?' And how completely does this correspond, with our own experience of human nature, in ordinary life? Who, that has a mind at all conversant in subjects which respect the spiritual, rather than the natural world, cannot recal occasions, where 'thoughts that breathed, and words that burned' have fallen, dead and cold upon the ear, and the listless, gaping auditor, has asked some insignificant question, about a monkey, or a rope dancer. I was once reading with no small pathos, to a worthy old lady and her daughters, Cowper's beautiful lines on cruelty to animals, concluding with, . . .

'I'll place thee in thy grave, and sighing say,
I knew at least one hare, that had a friend!'

What was my discomfiture, and how great my amusement, when the kind gentlewoman, 'on hospitable thoughts intent,' interrupted me with 'oh, Mr. Jebb, do you like hare? we have a very fine one, perhaps you will dine with us to-morrow.' Excuse this digression . . . it is not

meant in levity, it seems to me a little illustrative of the passage.

Taking, then, the prayer of the disciples in this sense, I view our Lord's answer, in the light of a grave rebuke; and the connection is too obvious, to need a single remark upon it. What follows, v. 7. 10., would seem to be thus connected, with what went before.

Our Lord further addresses himself, to the *unexpressed thoughts* of his followers. They, probably, were over-complacent, in their estimation of their own services; they thought they had, by their services, entitled themselves to further distinction; they thought they had acquired a right, to a more full participation of the miraculous powers, exercised by our Lord. He shews them their error; and, by a most apt analogy, checks their presumption. And here, by the bye (I take up my pen January 3. after an interruption of more than eight and forty hours) I cannot but remark, with what a just and beautiful propriety, our Lord varies the same image or illustration, so as to suit, precisely, the object which he has in view. In Saint Luke xvii. 7. . . 10, where he wishes to humble his disciples, he draws his analogy from common life, from the conduct of any master to his labouring servant; from the conduct, which any one of

themselves, in the capacity of master, would observe towards such a servant. Where the servant returned from his labours in the field, the address to him, would not be, 'Come,' (for so it should be rendered) 'and sit down to meat,' (at the table with me) but, 'Make ready, and serve me,' &c. &c. Now, turn to Saint Luke, xii. 36, 37. Here, his object is, not to humiliate, but to encourage and incite: here, accordingly, the master, and that master our blessed Lord himself, not only does *not* command the servants to make ready, and serve him; not only *does* desire them to sit down to meat; but actually 'girds himself, and comes forth to serve them,' (the word here translated 'come forth,' is the same erroneously rendered, in Saint Luke xvii. 7. 30., παρελθων). Thus infinitely does the divine goodness, surpass the bounds of all human kindness!... I will not add another remark; but the close comparison of the two passages will amply repay you.

Now that I have endeavoured, very imperfectly, and in, I am sadly conscious, a most slovenly way, to answer your query, have I any room to hope that you will indulge my curiosity (for, be assured, curiosity is not exclusively a female accomplishment) by giving some account of the 'discussion,' in which your inquiry had

its rise. I hope there is a better motive than curiosity; for discussions of this kind, set me upon thinking; and my poor sluggish nature, generally needs some such stimulus. You could scarcely imagine, how seldom I am able to think, except there be some call to it from without.

This scrawl is full of incoherencies; and it is abominably written, with a bad pen, and worse ink. On the other hand, it is not worth the pains of transcription; with your wonted kindness, then, take it, with all its faults upon its head. Once, I went to see Mr. Wilberforce, with some ladies, intimate acquaintances of his and mine. We found him in his study, in the act of making his toilet. He did not stop; he poured water into his basin, and washed his face, saying, with a smile that I cannot forget, 'This is not ceremonious, . . but it is *very friendly*' . . you will make the application. Were you a fine lady, that I did not care about, I should certainly take up my best new pen, and transcribe this epistle in my fairest hand.

With kindest wishes for all within your reach, believe me ever,

Your gratefully attached

friend and servant,

JOHN LIMERICK.

LETTER LXXXV.

To Mrs. Beatty.

Limerick, Jan. 23. 1827.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOUR most kind and satisfactory letter, found me in the midst of business ; and, ever since, such a multitude of rather teasing, but altogether indispensable details, has 'kept me from myself,' that not merely my friendly correspondence, but my theological pursuits and studies have gone by the board. Each day I thought I might command a little time, as my own ; but disappointment has succeeded disappointment. I can truly say, with Saint Augustine, 'Episcopatus non est artificium vitæ transigendæ.' Mr. Beatty will give you the literal English of this little sentence ; my free and familiar rendering of it is 'a bishoprick's no pastime.'

A lunatic asylum takes up much of my time. To-day I am to be engaged in founding a society, for the relief of sick and indigent room-keepers. I made the proposition but last week, and have received great encouragement. That I am able to scrawl even these few lines, I attribute

to my having risen at half past five o'clock; and here I am, by candle-light. But alas! a sad arrear stares me in the face; some that ought to have been attended to long since.

* * * * *

Forgive the shortness and incoherence of this sad scrawl, and believe me, my dear friend, with sincere regard,

Your old and faithful friend and servant,

JOHN LIMERICK.

LETTER LXXXVI.

To Sir R. H. Inglis, Bart. M. P.

Limerick, April 7. 1827.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOUR political intelligence, at this crisis, has to me the deepest interest: . . . so much of our best and highest interests depend on the choice now made, that, in my view, he would be inexcusable, who could allow himself to be indifferent. I hope and intreat, that, when you can find, occasionally, a leisure quarter of an hour, you will let me know what is thought and said.

Now I turn to the "Conversions in Ireland." I fully appreciate the delicacy with which you question : let my opinions have been what they might, formed or half formed, sceptical or sanguine, favourable or unfavourable, with you I could have no manner of reserve. I shall say, therefore, exactly what I think ; and leave it entirely to your discretion, to make what use you please of my poor opinion.

At first, I own I was the reverse of sanguine : we heard *most*, indeed it may be said, we heard exclusively, of the transactions at Cavan ; and what took place there, I attributed, chiefly, to the exertions made, and the countenance given, under the auspices of Lord and Lady F * * * * ; taking into account, also, that many ardent spirits were engaged in the work, who certainly were not sparing of strong incitements. I did not, indeed, suspect the slightest use of indirect means, of pecuniary inducements &c. ; I thought all was very honest ; I doubted its being equally judicious ; and my opinion was, that conversions would not be likely to spread, in quarters where the encouragement, and protection, and flattering attentions, of a nobleman's family did not exist. Within these few weeks, my opinion has undergone a considerable change. I have learned, from various trust-worthy quarters, that, in

almost every part of Ireland, inquiry, and thirst for knowledge, and even, in some instances, a degree of religious anxiety, are gaining ground among the Roman catholics. Numbers, I am well informed, in neighbourhoods predominately popish, are thinking and inquiring, and reading the Scriptures, who have not as yet proposed to conform: and what is specially remarkable, in the county of Tipperary, several of the priests, wish to place the Scriptures in the hands of their people; and are still withheld from doing so, only by the injunctions of their superiors. From the papers, you learn what is going on in Dublin, as well as in Cavan; you see, also, weekly notices of conversions, in all parts of the country. So far as I can learn, the clergy of the diocese of Ferns are acting very systematically to produce this effect; several of the parochial clergy, with the sanction, and under the guidance of the Bishop, preach controversial sermons; they have divided among themselves the most prominent subjects in debate; and preach, rotationally, in each other's pulpits; thus giving each congregation a view of the whole controversy. I do not much like this mode.

These movements are so general, that there must be considerable effect of some kind; and

I doubt not, that, under the good providence and grace of God, there will, in the end, be a beneficial result. But very much will depend upon the prudence, and the piety of the active agents. And, in these respects, I will confess, there seems to be much, that I cannot help seriously regretting; much of a controversial spirit; much use of language, more calculated to irritate, than to soothe; much anxiety to multiply converts, so as to act rapidly, rather than soundly and securely. Then there has been too much of itinerancy; too much employment of exciting means; too great a tendency to make common cause, with every thing that calls itself protestant.

I speak, from what I have heard of proceedings, both in Cavan, and in Dublin: and I wish I could be certain, that the ardour of those who ought, above all things, to regulate matters, and keep the instruments in due order, were tempered with sound wisdom and discretion. There is, I think, far too great a readiness to make public displays.

Now, as to my neighbourhood: in several parishes of this diocese, the spirit of inquiry is active among the Roman catholics; in some, there have been a few actual converts; and I have no doubt the conversions will be pro-

gressive. It is my wish, however, that the procedure should be of a quieter, and less exciting kind, than obtains elsewhere ; and the clergy from whom I expect fruits in this vineyard, are disposed to feel and act with me. The chief agent, hitherto, has been Mr. Murray, Vicar of Askeaton ; and I have particular satisfaction in, and through him. He is a truly good man ; mild and gentle, but with great firmness and perseverance ; sincerely pious, competently informed, and indefatigably diligent, with the talent of acting powerfully on the minds of the people, by goodness, kindness, zeal, and an earnest and constant appeal to the Holy Scriptures. The occurrences at Askeaton are remarkable ; the more so, as reformation had noiselessly commenced there, before it was dreamt of in the county of Cavan.

This parish is in a wild part of the County of Limerick, in which the population is predominantly Roman catholic. The late clergyman, though I believe a fairly respectable country-gentleman, was not an attentive parish minister ; in fact, the parishioners, I fear, had been much neglected. In the summer of 1824, on the death of the then incumbent, the Patron (Sir Matthew Blackiston) appointed Mr. Murray to the living. In October 1824, he came to reside.

He and Mrs. Murray (an excellent coadjutrix to her husband) happened to be intrusted with the disposal of 200*l.* a year, for charitable purposes, especially the education of the poor; and thought it their duty to establish schools, without delay, in that neglected district. Three schools were, accordingly, formed; one under the patronage of the Kildare-place Society, and with a protestant master; the other two, supported solely by Mr. Murray, and, to meet the prejudices of the people, with Roman catholic masters. This was about January 1825. The priest, a violent, intemperate, but clever man, opposed these schools, and withdrew all the Roman catholic children: the masters, also, from fear of the priest, withdrew. Mrs. Murray, then, established a female school, in her own house; and, in the hope of softening down the opposition of the priest, went so far as to exclude the Scriptures.

This concession, however, was unavailing: here, too, opposition early commenced, and the priest was in arms. But, now, the people rebelled; their children were continued at school; and, in some cases, the adults requested to borrow the Scriptures, and other religious books. In June 1825, two families withdrew from the Church of Rome, and joined the Church of Eng-

land, at Askeaton ; this was the beginning of the reformation there.

Meantime, in a remoter part of the Union under his care, at a police station, Mr. Murray performed service weekly, on a week day, for the police constables, and a few scattered protestants. Gradually, and quite of their own accord, Roman catholics came to listen ; then they came, voluntarily also, to Mr. Murray's house, for further instruction ; and, lastly, attended service in the Parish Church. Thus matters proceeded, till, within the year 1825, there were forty regular converts ; all this without any public notice taken ; Mr. Murray judging that the more unostentatiously he proceeded, the more likely he would be to make solid progress. Soon after (not happily, as I think, and certainly against Mr. Murray's wish) these transactions were noticed in the public papers. Conversions have been since progressive ; and at this time, when I write, the converts at Askeaton are in number, from 160 to 170 adults, besides about 300 young persons and children. The children are instructed by the schoolmistress, and Mrs. Murray. The adults are distributed into three classes :

1. Late converts, and persons in training for Church of England, about 100.

2. Converts, in standing from nine months, to a year, 38.

3. First converts, 27.

Mr. Murray meets each of these classes once a week ; and instructs them in the Old and New Testaments, with constant reference to the Liturgy. He has also established an adult school, several of the attendants at which, who could not formerly read, now read well.

The whole of this movement, I cannot but view as Providential. Mr. Murray was, at first, a passive instrument. He had formed no plan of conversion : he wished to be of use, indeed, to Roman catholics, as well as members of our own Church, in this parish, . . but had no thought of bringing them over from the Church of Rome. He was wholly unconnected with societies, or with conversionary movements elsewhere. He held out no temporal inducements ; on the contrary, he fairly told the converts, that they must expect to encounter hardships, and possibly persecution. Still, numbers presented themselves. He sifted their motives : those who were insincere, he rejected ; there seemed to be very many such : those who were dubious, as to character or motives, he kept, for a long time, in a sort of probationary state : and he has had the satisfaction of finding, that a few, who were perhaps, at

first, swayed by secular hopes, are now among his best converts. Numbers, it is to be observed, come to him, from considerable distances, to inquire, and to be instructed ; he receives none into our Church, till after a careful preparation of them ; and, in these duties, he is daily occupied, from breakfast to dinner. He has appointed the last sunday in each month, for the reception of converts into the Church ; and, on the last occasion, there were thirty-five. He tells me, that the converts, are the *best* members of his flock : the most regular in attendance at Church ; the most attentive to the service ; and very audible and fervent, in repeating the responses. It is in fact, he tells me, quite edifying to hear them. The two higher classes are thoroughly in earnest ; no small proportion of them sincere christians ; in the lowest class, no tendency to waver.

It is remarkable, that, of the converts, not one has been seen in a public house, since joining our Church. This, at first, was probably from the fear of being insulted ; at least, with some, it may have been so ; now, it is all from principle. In consequence, there is a visible improvement, in the decency and comfort of their houses and clothing, &c.

It is a curious little fact, that adults of 50

years of age and upwards, are now studious readers of the Bible; and that, to enable them to read, Mr. Murray has actually exhausted a shopkeeper's store of convex spectacles; he has bought not less than 20 pair of them: this is better than Goldsmith's 'twelve gross of green spectacles, with silver rims and shagreen cases.'

The service at funerals has had a powerful effect: numbers of Roman catholics are apt to attend; behaving, generally, with great reverence:.. whenever our Saviour's name is mentioned, a general bow. Some time ago, at a funeral, there was a single exception, .. a man, who stood behind Mr. Murray, made faces, and turned the service into ridicule: Mr. M. observed that a man, at his own right hand, looked agitated and irritated. Mr. M. afterwards asked him, why he was so affected. He replied, 'Sir, I observed a person behind you making faces, and ridiculing the service: I never had a greater struggle in my life. I was strongly tempted to knock him down:.. the old man was getting up in me, but, thank God, I was able to restrain myself.' This honest convert had been the head of a clan, a fighting factionary at fairs; a leader of 'the four year olds.'

The advances have been made by the R. C.s themselves. Mr. Murray has not sought con-

verts: at first, there was a fear of the Priest; that is now entirely gone; and his violent opposition, instead of retarding, has accelerated the progress of conversion. Mr. Murray has had no coadjutor in this business. The methodists offered their aid, which was civilly rejected. Clerical aid was offered too, from persons active in the Dublin movements. Mr. M. thankfully declined their assistance. And he cordially unites with me in the wish to keep the matter in our own hands; not to encourage itinerancy; but to do whatever can be done within this diocese, by its own clergy exclusively. Several promising young clergymen in Mr. M.'s neighbourhood, are likely to have converts; and I have begged of him to advise, assist, and superintend their proceedings.

On the whole, I think conversions from the Church of Rome will go on in this diocese. My wish is to give encouragement, uncontroversially; and, by any means in my power, to temper zeal with discretion, and recommend a meek and peaceful spirit. These things must form a prominent feature of my charge. I hope to visit here on the 7th of June.

I fear I have now tired you, by this lengthy, prosy statement: but I have not time to make it

shorter: and to-day, from a headache, I am rather more than commonly dull.

I rejoice in the appointment of one whom you think well of, to the Indian Bishoprick. But I am sorry you say *THE*: I had hoped there would be, at least, two sees in India.

Continue, I beg, your political dispatches. Mr. F. begs his kindest regards.

Ever, my dear Sir Robert,

Your most affectionate and faithful friend,

J. L.

P.S. Mr. Murray tells me, his converts put his old protestants to shame; and the spirit which they are kindling in the congregation is delightful. I mean shortly to visit Askeaton Church, on a sunday when converts are not to be received, and preach two sermons, morning and evening, not controversial. I think of two on the liturgy.

I ought to have mentioned, that Mr. Murray is on the best terms with the Roman catholics of his Parish; and, as he rides through the country, those who do not know him, generally meet him with kindness and respect: often they will say, 'Ah then, Sir, are you the gentleman that takes the people in?'

Imperfect as this letter is, it states facts which

I should not like to forget; some parts of it I ought to bear in mind, when I write my charge: would you, then, have the goodness to let me have a copy of it. Mr. Murray has left me but this morning: your inquiry could not have come more opportunely. Two days ago, I could not have stated half as many facts.

In Askeaton, there are, now, a parish, and a female school; both well attended. There are two masters, for two additional schools, in training, in the Kildare Place Seminary.

I just see, from a Dublin paper, that a Mr. Newland has announced publickly, in a sermon at Wexford, 'by authority of the Bishop of the diocese,' that the Bishop and his clergy do propose to discuss with Bishop Keating, and the Roman catholic clergy, any part of the controversy between our Church and theirs.' For this, as I am obliged to think it, rash step, I am heartily sorry.

LETTER LXXXVII.

To Sir R. H. Inglis, Bart., M.P.

Saturday evening, April 7. 1827.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

IN my letter of this morning, there are some omissions, which I hasten to supply. So far as I recollect, I think I mentioned, that, in his procedures at Askeaton, Mr. Murray was unconnected with any society. This was not sufficiently full. He is a member both of the Bible, and Church-Missionary Society : . . but not only did he stand unconnected with them in their movements, he was unable to trace a vestige of their labours in his parish. There was not, to the best of his belief, a Bible, or Testament, among the Roman catholics, when he came there: there had not been among them a missionary of any description; not a Bible-reader; not the least excitement of any kind. The whole process was natural, unsought, unanticipated; in this case, we are enabled to say, in the words of Scripture, *αυτοματη ἡ γη καρποφορει*. To any one of sober reflection, this fact will be likely to enhance the value of the Askeaton conversions; and to this quietness of their origin, may, in a

considerable degree, be attributed their depth and smoothness. Throughout, there has not been any thing noisy or turbid. Under Providence, however, most is due to the unwearied, and wise exertions of Mr. Murray: he literally gives up his whole time; and his opinion is, that, in the present circumstances of Ireland, whoever makes converts, must so devote himself; or, instead of doing good, he will do mischief. This, too, is the opinion of Mrs. Fry and Mr. Gurney (whom I had great pleasure in meeting here, within the last two days). They seem to think, that, in some places, there may have been a little false excitement; and that the converts may sometimes rather have had their heads filled with controversial dogmas, than their hearts filled with religious feeling. They were particularly pleased with what they saw at Sligo: the converts not numerous, but, as they thought, well-instructed, practical, and pious. At Cavan, I am told by a person anxious for the progress of conversion, there have been several relapses. I don't wonder at it, for my belief is, that there is far more effort, there, to multiply new converts, than to edify the old ones. The plan, indeed, must lead to this. I apprehend that, from various parts, not only of the county itself, but of the adjacent county of Fermanagh, many

persons have been brought together, so as to make a great show in the town of Cavan; and received into the Church, after a very few days' inquiry and examination. For all this, I do not pledge myself; but if the proceedings were closely investigated, I believe the result would be not very different from the information I have received. Thus, Mr. * * * * *, Captain * * * * *, Mr. * * * * *, and many others, have proceeded, from time to time, as missionaries, to Cavan: when there, they have doubtless largely contributed to swell the tide of converts; but, when they are gone, who is to keep up the impression made? Where is the patient, persevering, pains-taking, truly pastoral care, such as Mr. Murray continually manifests? This cannot be, under the circumstances: many of the converts are from distant parishes. The clergy of these parishes have not, at first, examined, have not afterwards received them into the Church; their anxiety, and their exertions, cannot possibly equal those of the person, under whose own eye, and by whose single instrumentality, all has been effected. I cannot, with all this in view, but sincerely rejoice, that I am seconded by Mr. Murray, in my wish to keep away the visits of several very ardent, and very worthy men; for I am satisfied they would mar

the good that is in progress. At Askeaton, this caution has certainly not retarded the work, in point of time, nor restricted it, in point of numbers: I believe that no single parish, in any other part of Ireland, was so early in the field, or has produced so large a host of converts. So much for quantity: but if quality be considered, I think soberly, that Askeaton leaves all the rest at an immeasurable distance. I do not say this boastingly: I have not had any share in the transactions; and, if I had, the glory would all be due to God. But I consider the facts valuable, as testimonies to the superior efficacy of the more quiet, and less obtrusive way: now, as heretofore, and as we are taught it will be hereafter, "The Kingdom of God cometh not with observation."

One thing I mean to press most strongly upon the clergy; that, if they are, by favourable openings, and by the course of events, rather than by their own seeking, led to make converts, they must first count the cost; they must give themselves, wholly, to the one great work of pastoral duty; and instruct, and train, and watch over the neophytes, as over their own children. Otherwise, it would be better to leave them in the Church of Rome; for to relieve and release them from the shackles of a slavish system,

without substituting the kindly, and perpetual watchfulness of an exact, though liberal discipline, would be to place them in a condition worse than their first state. The fear of the priest, of penance, of purgatory, removed, the poor people would, too probably, become most profligate and licentious; or, if of a better spirit, would return to the old Church, for the guidance and direction, which they have failed to find in our's. In either case, disgrace would be brought on the reformation; and, what is of infinitely more moment, in either case, immortal souls would be placed in very imminent danger.

I had almost omitted one coincidence, which I cannot but account providential. To all appearance, there is now about to take place, in this part of Ireland, an opening for the exertions of a properly qualified body, of reformed episcopal clergymen, such as has not been since the period of the reformation. Now, it so happens, that, by the blessing of God on the strictness of the examination for orders, which I thought it my duty to establish in this diocese, a body of very superior young divines is beginning to be formed here. Several of them have expressed a deep sense of obligation, for the course of study into which they were led; and for the studious tastes and habits, which they have been thence

led to form. They are, in all respects, superior to the generation of clergymen that is now passing away. The improvement is striking; and it is much remarked. Within these few days, an acute intelligent layman told me, that these young men are not only exemplary themselves, but the cause of better habits, among their elder brethren in the ministry, than had formerly prevailed. Now, is there not something very remarkable in the coincidence, between the call that there is likely to be for ten-fold learning, diligence, and zeal, and the formation of such a character in the rising clergy? I own, to me, it seems to bear the impress of the finger of God. The only drawback is, that those young men are, for the most part, only curates; and that, with my narrow patronage, I cannot hope to advance them, according to their own merits, and the growing exigencies of the Church. But all this is in the best, and wisest care of the great Disposer: and I thankfully bless Him for the good that has been effected, rather than breathe the slightest murmur that all cannot be as I might wish. Indeed, I cannot have the least doubt, that all, not only will be, but actually is, better, than if the arrangement of events were left to human guidance. You recollect the unhappy philosopher in Rasselas.

I should have said, that the layman, to whom I have alluded, assures me, that, in all quarters where he has been, the young clergymen are looked up to with a degree of veneration, such as, in days of old, would have been shewn to venerable gray hairs.

Now I must wish you good night.

Ever, my dear Friend,

Most affectionately yours,

JOHN LIMERICK.

LETTER LXXXVIII.

To Sir R. H. Inglis, Bart., M.P.

Limerick, April 25. 1827.*

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I AM very much obliged to Sir Thomas Acland, for his present of Bishop Heber's most excellent and interesting charge: it seems to place the man before me. I thank you very cordially for your kind intimation of the monumental subscription. It is a gratification, and an honour, to be allowed to add my name to the list of contributors, and I beg you will have the goodness

* The day before his great illness.

to apply the enclosed to the purpose. As the highest subscription is 20*l.* and as you say some English Bishops give 10*l.*, I think it would be ostentatious in me to give more.

Ever, my dear Friend,

Most affectionately yours,

JOHN LIMERICK.

LETTER LXXXIX.

To Sir R. H. Inglis, Bart., M.P.

Feb. 6. 1829.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

MANY thanks for the beautiful copy of your speeches, which, and the word is a bold one, I now prize more highly than I ever thought I should have done. I shall, when we meet in this room, request of you to transcribe into this volume, the earlier part of your note, which I wish to be preserved in my family . . . I do not say *κτῆμα εἰς αἰῶνα*, for that would be presumptuous, . . . but a deposit to be cherished, while that family, always I hope truth loving, and truth telling, shall be permitted to continue.

Believe me, my dear Friend,

unspeakably and unalterably yours,

JOHN LIMERICK.

LETTER XC.

*To the Rev. * * * * **

Leamington, Oct. 12. 1829.

MY DEAR SIR,

I AM extremely obliged by the present of your late valuable work; it is little to say, that I think your main argument completely successful: I have no doubt, that far better judges than I can pretend to be, must rank you among the best vindicators of the standard writers of our venerated, and venerable Church.

One thing, however, I am obliged most seriously to deplore; and I am sure your candour will not merely tolerate, but even thank me for, a plain, though respectful, avowal of my sentiments.

I deeply regret, then, that you should, in however modified a sense, and with whatever cautionary feeling of attendant dangers, be favourable to a revision of our English Bible. That it has errors and imperfections, I most readily admit; what human performance is exempt from them? But I humbly conceive, that, in the present days of unsettlement, and

appetency after change, the only safety lies, in keeping things as they are. We have not hitherto, indeed, had any great encouragement, from the revisionary labours even of our first scholars and divines; and I cannot but think our old-fashioned translation of King James, far preferable to the versions, with all their modern graces, of Lowth, Blaney, Newcome, &c. . . while even the Prayer-book version of the Psalms, with all its faults, is to me far more grateful, and edifying too, than the pedantic verbiage of Horsley. But looking around me in the present day, I see much to fear, and little to hope: for one trifling error corrected, I doubt we should have ten worse introduced; while in point of style, from every thing that has appeared of late years, I am obliged to think, we should be infinitely losers. I, then, for one, am content to bear with the few ills I know, rather than encounter thousands that I know not of. But in truth, with all its errors, ours is the best version I have seen, or hope to see. Let individuals give new versions, . . the more the better; but in days of epidemic quackery, let our authorised version be kept inviolate, and guarded as the apple of our eye.

Allow me to conclude, in the words of Bishop Middleton:

‘ The general fidelity of our English trans-

lation has been never questioned, and its style is incomparably superior to any thing which might be expected, from the finical and perverted taste of our own age. It is simple; it is harmonious; it is energetic; and, which is of no small importance, use has made it familiar, and time has rendered it sacred.'

I am, dear Sir, with true respect and regard,

Your faithful and obliged humble servant,

JOHN LIMERICK.

LETTER XCI.

To the Rev. Hugh James Rose.

Dec. 27. 1829.

MY DEAR SIR,
MR. RIVINGTON anticipated our common wishes; on the morning of Christmas day our books arrived, mine, very beautifully bound. Mr. Forster, I know, will say for himself, some part of what he feels; to express the whole, or a tenth part of it, would be impossible. I am in a similar predicament: assuredly I am 'not displeased;' on the contrary, I am deeply grateful, for the

greatest honour ever conferred on me.* Your kind partiality, indeed, deems of me far too highly: but you speak so manifestly from the heart, that, I would hope even the most fastidious will not be offended; while goodnatured readers will quietly sprinkle their grains of salt. What I feel most grateful for, are your truly christian prayers: I entreat that they may not be discontinued. In the most important respects, my present situation has proved a blessing. I thank goodness, my cheerfulness has, throughout, been almost invariable; and, particularly of late months, I have been enabled gently, and even beneficially to my health, to exercise my faculties.

I cannot hope to sit this session, but I will try to go through the form of taking my seat, so as, on occasion to give an honest proxy.

Yours ever,

JOHN LIMERICK.

* See the dedication of Mr. Rose's work, 'Christianity always progressive.'

LETTER XCII.

To the Bishop of Ferns.

East Hill, Wandsworth, June 28. 1830.

MY DEAR LORD,

I now perceive why it was, that you put a query to me in a letter, more than a year ago: (see Croker's Boswell, I. 196 . . 7.)

My recollection is strong, almost of the very words in which the anecdote of George III. is told, in a book that I not very long since read.

He asked some young divine (his name I cannot recall, but it is mentioned,) what books he read; the answer was, 'Modern practical and polemical divines.' 'You should read,' said George III., 'the great divines of the 17th century; there were giants in the earth in those days.' Where this anecdote is to be found, I know not, but I suspect it is in that vast repository, 'Nichols' Literary Anecdotes.' Your neighbour, the present Mr. Nichols, in Parliament Street, can probably tell the whole.

Yours very truly,

JOHN LIMERICK.

LETTER XCIII.

To a Friend.

No date.

MY DEAR MADAM,

I THANK you heartily for the position which you have bestowed on my effigies: and only wish, that its companions could transfuse some portion of their energy and genius, into the original. But one must endeavour to improve whatever has been given to ourselves: and strive, 'while our outward man decayeth,' that we may be, in some degree, 'renewed in the inner man.'

I rejoice that health is restored to your house, and I sincerely hope that you may long be given to enjoy it, and every other blessing.

LETTER XCIV.

To a Friend.

Leamington, Nov. 15. 1830.

MY DEAR SIR,

I AM truly, most truly gratified, by your princely donation of 20*l.*, to the fund we are raising, for

the widow and orphans of our poor friend Phelan. A more delicately sensitive, and, in the best sense of the word, high-minded being, I never knew. His very peccancies arose from the fineness of his nature. I know not whether you are aware, that, while of very humble immediate origin, sprung from the very peasantry of Ireland, . . he was lineally descended from the Lords of a large territory, still familiarly known, among the cherishers of ancient tradition, as the country of the Phelans, or rather O'Phelans: it has often struck me, that he was one of nature's noblemen. I have no doubt, that blood very different from, and superior to, that of the usurping 'undertakers,' who so long misgoverned Ireland, flowed within his veins; *gentleman* was marked, in every movement of his mind; and I suspect, that one of his chief trials was, 'the oppressor's contumely, the proud man's scorn, and all the kicks and spurns, that patient merit of the unworthy takes.' But he is gone to a world, where men and things are judged of, not by the outward show, but by the inward reality; and where ignoble nobility, and democratic aristocracy, are reduced to their proper level. He once told me an anecdote, that powerfully impressed me. His parents, you know, and early education, were Roman catholic; though, at an early period of his youth, he

became, and, it is needless to say, continued throughout life, a zealous and enlightened, but moderate protestant, . . a true son of the church. Thus much premised, I begin my story. In his very youthful days, and while, like all of his rank, he was completely under ecclesiastical dominion, he was present at one of the multitudinous funeral feasts, so frequent among the lower Irish. A priest, to whom he then looked up with the most profound veneration, drew him to a window, commanding an extensive prospect into the county of Waterford. ‘Look, my boy,’ he said, ‘look round you ; every acre, every tree, every valley, every mountain, that you see, was once the property of your family, . . but it has been long usurped by the spoiler.’ ‘I felt my blood boil within me,’ said Phelan, relating the circumstance, ‘I had all the feelings of a rebel ; and, if it had not pleased Providence to guide me into a better faith, I should probably have perished on the scaffold.’ Now a better subject, more remote from the least tincture of disaffection, and more unaffectedly submissive, with all due and manly submission, to the powers that be, there never breathed than poor Phelan : but I doubt whether the impressions made by the rebellious priest, ever was, or ever could have been, wholly obliterated from his mind. And conscious as he

must have been of great powers, it, doubtless, caused him much and salutary discipline and self-control, to view, with calmness and resignation, the class of men, whom Providence, doubtless for purposes ultimately most wise and good, has suffered to lord it over hitherto, (and, I fear, for a long time to come,) unhappy Ireland. But I do, from my heart, believe, that, perhaps after many an hour of woe, British connection will, under Providence, become the safeguard, and happiness of Ireland.

Is any thing doing about Bishop Middleton's monument? the neglect of it is a reproach to the Church: if any thing is likely to be set on foot, I would very gladly give a second 10*l*.

Yours truly,

J. LIMERICK.

LETTER XCV.

To a Friend.

Leamington, Dec. 18. 1830.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I AM about to speak to you with that perfect candour, which you have always kindly tolerated.

I think it would not be advisable to republish that printed sermon, which you last sent me. There are expressions in it, and in some of the others too, which I do not think justifiable, just, or altogether safe. In the other sermons, this could be readily adjusted ; not so with this. The two particular points, on which I am obliged to hesitate, are, the character of Almighty God, and the consequences of man's fall. You seem to me to give an undue weight to some scriptural passages, without sufficiently taking into account other passages, of an opposite tendency ; indeed, I may almost say, the general bearing and analogy of Scripture. You are so impressed with the hatefulness of sin, that perhaps, you do not always sufficiently advert to the mercy of our heavenly Father ; and, in adverting to man's deplorable fall, you hardly enough keep in view, that, if man were totally depraved, there would be no purchase, so to speak, for divine grace to act upon. My creed, on this subject, is contained in three or four passages, which I will extract :

‘ Retinet tamen, licet tanto lapsu attonita, mens umbram aliquam et confusas veluti species amissi boni, et cognata semina coeli.’ *Archiepiscop. Leighton.*

‘Non usque adeo, in anima humana, imago Dei terrenorum affectuum labe detrita est, ut nulla in ea velut lineamenta extrema remanserint.’ *St. Augustin.*

‘Every man living hath stamped on him, the venerable image of his glorious Maker ; which nothing incident to him can utterly deface.’ *Barrow.*

Let me not, however, be misunderstood. I do *ex animo* believe, what I have subscribed, the ninth article of our Church. But I am satisfied, that it is sometimes thought to countenance extreme statements, which are contrary to the revealed word of God. And I think we ought to use extreme caution, lest, to borrow the admirable words of our twentieth article, ‘We so expound one place of Scripture, that it be repugnant unto another.’

I know, my dear friend, you will kindly excuse this plainness of language. I verily believe, that, though we may sometimes be led to regard, too exclusively, perhaps, some different aspect of the same subject, . . we are still most substantially agreed. I doubt not that one moment of the light of eternity, will clear up every difficulty ; and we shall find ourselves to be, *ἐνι πνεύματι
μία ψυχή*, (Philipp. i. 27.) or, as it is yet

more pithily expressed, in the same epistle (ii. 2.) συμψυχοι, το εν φρονουντες, *joint-souled, one-minded.*

Ever, my dear Friend,

Most affectionately yours,

JOHN LIMERICK.

LETTER XCVI.

To a Friend.

East Hill, Wandsworth, Easter Monday, 1831.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

You should by all means endeavour, resolutely, and of set purpose, to turn away your thoughts from the present aspect of affairs. I know that this is difficult, but I know also, that it is practicable. You should read, and re-read, the earlier part of your son's wise letter.

We private people can do nothing, absolutely nothing, at this time ; if we could, it would be our duty to act, leaving the events with the all-wise, and all-gracious Disposer.

As it is, with respect to events, our duty is the same exactly ; and as to acting, it is probably

a mercy, that we are not called to it, and are thus saved the too possible bitterness of future self-reproach. Meantime, we have a safe, quiet, delightful, and interminable field of occupation, in the performance of actual duties ; in the cultivation of our own hearts ; and in constant habitual reference of our friends, ourselves, and our concerns, to Him who careth for us.

In matters temporal, moral, intellectual, and political, it is a great truth, that mankind are apt, very much in vain, to rise up early and late to take rest, and eat the bread of carefulness, where the purpose might be far better and more effectually served, by waiting quietly on the progress of events. But this I fear is prosing ; I shall therefore only add, that, when fit occasions arise, (and in every sphere, they are continually arising,) we are fitted, and intended, to be the very reverse of quietists ; but then the modes of beneficial action, are infinitely varied, and perhaps the best mode, is often of that seemingly passive kind, so beautifully described by Cowper :

... ' Stillest streams

Oft water fairest meadows, and the bird
That flutters least, is longest on the wing ;
His warfare is within. There unfatigued
His fervent spirit labours.
Perhaps the world

Receives advantage from his noiseless hours,
Of which she little dreams; perhaps she owes
Her sunshine and her rain, her blooming spring
And plenteous harvest, to the prayer he makes
When, Isaac-like, the solitary saint
Walks forth to meditate at eventide,
And think on her, who thinks not for herself.

The whole passage from 'He is the happy man,' to the end of the 'Task,' is exquisitely beautiful, excepting two harsh epithets, and three morose lines about the world.

Your affectionate friend,

JOHN LIMERICK.

LETTER XCVII.

To a Friend.

East Hill, Wandsworth, May 10. 1831.

MY DEAR FRIEND,
'You say truly, the situation of the country leaves no room for the concerns of the individual. When we meet, we shall have much to say: 'It is now in vain to look back at past errors, and hopeless to look forward; after new year's

day, we shall probably date from the first year of the Republic.' Now, is not this awful language? But when, and by whom, was it penned? Not in *last* December, but in December 1782... Not by some thunder-struck old maid, or antiquated Dowager, but by the favourite nephew of the great Lord Chatham, the friend and cousin of William Pitt! Yet here we are, under our own vine and fig-tree, after the lapse of nearly fifty years; and I trust, notwithstanding the strange events that have happened, as far from a republic as ever.

* * * * *

And now my dear friend, do forgive me. I am not a politician, I am withdrawn from such things, not more by the hand of Providence, than by inclination. I endeavour to keep my easy, noiseless course: and it is my deliberate choice, to pass the remainder of my days, in the calm air of quiet and delightful studies. In a few days, I hope to give you proof that I have been lately so employed; and I thank God that I have, through his mercies, good prospect of a continuance of such employment. Innocent, at least as far as it respects others, and peaceful and joyous so far as respects myself. May you, my dear friend, enjoy many, many such years, more and

more useful to others, and more and more blessed in your children and your friends.

Ever your most affectionate

JOHN LIMERICK.

LETTER XCVIII.

To the Rev. H. J. Rose.

East Hill, Wandsworth, May 20. 1831.

MY DEAR SIR,

I RECEIVED yesterday, through my bookseller, another mark of your unfading remembrance. I have just read with great pleasure your first sermon; and I will not for a moment doubt, that such instruction must, sooner or later, produce, with God's help, a sanctifying effect. It is among the most cheering and consolatory signs of the present awful times, that, in various quarters, the influential truths of christianity are uncompromizingly and attractively put forward. And though every one that engages in the arduous work of spiritual reform, must find, too frequently, that 'the old world is too many for young Melancthon,' I still have strong hopes,

that, amidst the undoubted prevalence of the evil principle, a better spirit is unostentatiously at work, and will gradually, but surely, win its way.

Of politics, I say nothing. You pretty well know my trim. I have been obliged to be less sanguine than several of my most valued and excellent friends, in expecting to resist a torrent, which to me seems irresistible, in a damaged, I fear, in a rotten boat, without a single trustworthy steersman. We are in a crisis; and there must be some great change. My hope is, that even for the present, it may not be so bad as is apprehended; and my belief is, that, in the end, all things will work together for good, in a way far transcending human ken. 'His ways are not as our ways; nor His thoughts as our thoughts.'

I hope you and Mrs. Rose still retain your kind purpose, of looking in upon our eremitical manner of being.

A little parcel shall this day be forwarded to Cambridge, containing two copies of a small republication: it was intended to be a mere private impression, a present to my clergy. But, at the bookseller's instance, it has also been given to the public. As it has scarcely any new matter, I do not presume to trouble my University friends at

large with copies. But I venture to send it as a token of regard to you and Carrighan.

Ever, my dear Mr. Rose,

Your faithful friend,

JOHN LIMERICK.

LETTER XCIX.

To the Rev. J. J. Hornby.

Leamington, Nov. 6. 1831.

MY DEAR MR. HORNBY,

BEFORE entering on any opinions or statements, concerning our internal affairs, it seems right to settle certain first principles of all true policy. Now, to do what is right, and to trust to the event for our justification, . . is, perhaps, of those first-principles, the very first. But how seldom has this principle been even fairly tried by statesmen, . . and much less consistently acted upon? Yet, when conscientiously adhered to, it has ever been productive of the greatest possible advantage, to the person, or party, adopting it, as well as of real benefit, to the country at large. The administration of Lord Liverpool, especially from

the peace of 1815, to the decay of his health and faculties, is, in many respects, a case in point. Observe, I do not enter into any discussion, of the wisdom, or policy, of his particular plans of government; but this I do say, that, so far, and so long as, disregarding particular interests, he acted with a virtuous and manly firmness, wherever the interests of the country, and of its great institutions, were involved in his decision, . . he was more largely recompensed, than ever before was British minister. The conviction, in every breast, that he acted from principle, enabled him to resist effectually, the exactions of, what is called, political influence: and, accordingly, during his best days, mere political influence was almost nullified, with the approving voice of the nation.

With the decline of Lord Liverpool's health, came a decay of his firmness: he yielded to the ordinary kinds of influence; he resorted to a policy, not of principle, but of supposed expediency; and, from that hour, the secret of his strength was gone. Since his time, expediency seems to have become, daily more and more, the only recognized tactic of our public men: and, both in England and Ireland, we are, at this moment, experiencing its sad consequences. Both countries seem to be retrograding, with most

fearful rapidity, towards their positive and relative condition, at the time of the first great French revolution.

Now, whether to check this downward movement, or to effect any advance towards a happier state of things, there is but the one course, affording the slightest promise of a successful issue, which can be safely, or even honourably pursued; I mean, the adoption, as the sole governing principle, of uncompromizing integrity. This is the only true policy. This, by carrying the nation with it, (and when has the British nation failed to honour genuine public virtue?) would give to an administration that consistently maintained it, that strength, that unity, and consequently, that permanence, in which recent administrations have proved so wofully deficient.

The principle of sound policy thus recommended, is strictly analogous to the great christian principle of faith. 'If a man be willing to do my will,' said our Lord, 'he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God.' And so it is, with this first principle of policy: let it be honestly, firmly, perseveringly acted on, and the results will be almost equally certain. And the reason is obvious. The politician, who seeks to gain strength by cultivating particular interests, if he gain over one connection, is almost sure, in

doing so, to lose other, and perhaps stronger ones. There is a running balance of profit and loss in his account, and he is but too likely to close it on the losing side. But the statesman, who honestly disregards everything but the public welfare of his country, has that to support him, which no combination of interests could give, and which no combination of interests can take away: I mean, the approbation of his own conscience, and the cordial, confiding acquiescence of the British people.

But has such a policy, has any thing like an approach to it, with exceptions 'few and far between', yet prevailed among us? Let facts be appealed to, and they must painfully answer, that it has not. But this appeal must be reserved for my next letter. Meantime, believe me, my dear Mr. Hornby,

Your very sincere and faithful friend,

JOHN LIMERICK.

LETTER C.

To the Rev. J. J. Hornby.

Leamington, Nov. 8. 1831.

MY DEAR MR. HORNBY,

IN my last letter, a policy, grounded on true public principle, was stated to be the great desideratum in these countries ; and this, not only on the highest ground of the public good, but even with a view to the strength, unity, and permanence, of any administration, of whatever party or elements composed.

The truth of this maxim has been strongly, though partially, illustrated, by the contrast between the durable rule of one minister, and the rapid breaking-up of the crumbling administrations which followed, between March 1827, and November 1830.

I closed that letter, by offering an appeal to facts, that the line of policy there suggested has never had a fair trial ; has never, for any considerable time together, been consistently acted upon. I shall now endeavour to make that appeal ; only requesting of you to keep in mind, that it is a calm, dispassionate appeal to historical

facts ; that it is not meant to throw censure, on any particular set of public men, or on any particular course of public measures ; but that it is merely designed to throw the light of dear-bought experience, on a system (if system it can be called) of mistaken policy, . . with a view, if possible, to convert past errors into salutary correctives, and means of improvement for the future.

So far, indeed, as England, alone, is concerned, there may be much to remedy and improve ; but, comparatively speaking, there is little to complain of. For the last thirty years, especially, on the part of English governments, there has been a growing attention to the best interests of her national institutions ; and, in them, to the best interests of the nation. In the two leading institutions of this country, the Law, and the Church, . . merit and fitness, ascertained professional merit and fitness, if not uniformly looked to in the selection for stations of trust and influence, have, at least, held a prominent place, in the estimate of the minister of the day. Fitness and merit have taken a lead, in recommending suitable candidates, for the highest offices of Church and State ; a sufficient lead, to give a tone and efficiency to the whole system of subordinate machinery ; and to promote, moreover,

a successive growth of equally good materials, for the future service and support of the country. . . All this notwithstanding, it must be freely confessed, there are many abuses, in England, of place and power, which need correction. And, within the last few years especially, there seems to have been an occasional yielding to undue influence, and unworthy modes of seeking advancement. But, whatever may require amendment in the administration of crown patronage in England, there is this consolation, that amendment is within easy reach. Right principle, on the whole, prevails: good habits have been formed: and the sense of the country is on the good side.

But my special concern is with Ireland: whose state, past and present, is, alas! but too intimately known to me. And, in Ireland, I am conscientiously compelled to affirm, the state of things, . . of governors and governed, . . has ever been, and, at this moment, is, wholly and painfully different. You will bear with a true lover of Ireland (amidst all her faults and misfortunes,) if he states her wrongs, with the freedom of a friend; and if, with the plainness of an honest man, he would 'speak the truth, yet serve no private end.'

The atrocious misrule of Ireland, for ages

previous to her legislative union with Great Britain, (an union, hitherto, but too analogous to the league between the giant and the dwarf, in the story-book) the unprincipled misrule of unhappy Ireland, for centuries, is matter of melancholy history. On all hands, it would seem, now, to be acknowledged, that this heir-loom of misgovernment, to which each new administration succeeded, is mainly accountable for the deplorable condition of Ireland, in the nineteenth century.

Whether the acknowledgment has been made to any practical effect, let the facts of the case determine.

For ages prior to the legislative union of the countries, it was the English plan, to govern Ireland by a system of exclusion. Primate Boulter's Letters, (a book which should, in the hands of Irish Governments, be a perpetual warning) Primate Boulter's Letters will tell you, that, in his days, as it had been from the first, the crime of being a born Irishman, was an insurmountable obstacle to high advancement, either in the Church, or at the Bar. On every successive vacancy, in either Bench, his continual cry was, . . . 'Send over an Englishman, or you cannot hold the country.' Nor did this rule of Helotism cease, with the administration of Arch-

bishop Boulter. What he honestly, I believe, though most impolitically, recommended, was the course, quite as pertinaciously, though less honestly pursued, by various successive ministers; until the indignant eloquence of Grattan, embodied the reproach of centuries, in that stinging epigram .. (he is speaking of the neglect, by the governments of his time, of the celebrated Dean Kirwan) .. ‘The curse of Swift is upon him, .. to have been born an Irishman, to have been a man of genius, and to have used it for the good of his country.’

Such was the treatment, and consequent condition, of the Church in Ireland: and the treatment of the Bar was not essentially different. Irishmen, it is true, found, or forced their way, in this open profession, to second, or third-rate distinction. But, too generally, it was not native merit, but native demerit, which proved successful. Political influence, on the one hand, and parliamentary adventuring, on the other, were the only avenues to legal advancement. And even the highest talents could find no worthier path to eminence, than political servility, or factious opposition. Men’s services were to be bought, or their hostility was to be purchased off; and the very administration of the laws was thus abandoned to adventurers. The consequences were

inevitable. The first-rate Irish barristers trusted, almost entirely, to what, in the idiom of the country, is most expressly termed, their 'mother-wit.' In consequence, when a great English lawyer became Irish Chancellor, he perfectly astonished the Bar, by his demands for legal lore. But Lord Redesdale's demands were scarcely made, before they were zealously complied with. Men studied, when they found that study was in requisition ; and, in a few years, the Irish Bar attained high legal reputation.

Union engagements, (the heavy tax which went to fine down a yet heavier rent of corruption) continued to tie up the hands of the government, from doing its duty, either by the Church, or by the Bar.

About the year 1815, these demoralizing engagements slackened ; and something like a purification of both departments was commenced. On the effects of this incipient change upon the Church, it is not for a churchman to dwell. But of the effects on the Irish Bench and Bar, I speak but the united voice of England and Ireland, when I say, they surpassed all anticipation.

From a state so low, as to escape censure only by being contemptible, the Judicial Bench rose rapidly into public estimation ; and the charac-

ter of the court of King's Bench, in particular, was held up, both in and out of parliament, as a model of the right administration of justice.

This brief experience of the fruits, in both professions, of Government's simply doing its duty, would, we might suppose, have induced every subsequent Government to persevere in the exercise of its powers, according to this new and beneficial course. Whether they have done so, may be judged of, by two plain facts. The first, that adventuring in the House of Commons has become, as before the Union, the ascertained mode, for lawyers of first, and of fifth-rate pretensions, to reach the highest dignities of their profession: to the obvious discouragement and discountenance of the highest attainments; . . of that legal knowledge, and that depth of research, which are the *sine quibus non*, of English professional reputation. The second fact, equally undeniable, and still more melancholy, respects the Church, and it is this, that, since the year 1822, while one or two creditable appointments have been made on other grounds, and in connection with the University, not a single appointment, high or low, has taken place in Ireland, on that ground, which, with every wise government, and in every well ordered church establishment, ought to stand first, . . the ground of

theological learning and attainments. In one word, the qualification which has, in England, long stood first, and always stood high, has absolutely stood below zero in Ireland, . . . and has become, if possible, less than a negative quality. Such, I must repeat, has been, and such continues to be, the neglect of what ought to be this paramount claim, . . . that, for all the appointments made by the crown, since the period above alluded to, the Government have not so much to show, in justification of their choice of men, as even a single published sermon of common respectability!

Let me now put you in possession, with all brevity, of a few consequences of this state of things.

1. To my own certain knowledge, it has, hitherto, withheld men of first-rate abilities, who were conscientiously desirous to undertake the sacred office, but who possessed not the spirit of martyrs, from burying themselves in the hopeless dungeon of the Church.
2. Others, who, under happier circumstances, might have proved pillars and ornaments of the sanctuary, have been driven to seek in London, by hard literary toil, that livelihood, which their profession altogether failed in Ireland to afford.

3. The broken fortunes of the Church in Ireland have been left to be sustained, by the few generous and mounting spirits, who find a melancholy pleasure, in labouring without hope of recompense in this life, and in dignifying, where they cannot redress, the misfortunes of their country.

Believe me, my dear Mr. Hornby,

Your most obliged and affectionate friend,

JOHN LIMERICK.

LETTER CI.

To Sir R. H. Inglis, Bart. M. P.

Leamington, Jan. 5. 1832.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

WE were truly gratified by your kind and seasonable dispatch. We have frequently, indeed, heard as our hearts most wished, of you and Lady I., of the Dowager, and your sisters : but to have it confirmed under your own hand, and at this peace-giving season, is matter of real thankfulness. You must, to be sure, soon encounter ‘ the strife of tongues ;’ but it is an

inestimable blessing, that you have that within, (and may you have more and more of it!) which will guard and keep you from 'the provoking of all men.' Our lot, is, indeed, cast in troublous times, and it is perhaps impossible, not to feel alarmed, sometimes, at the awful aspect of things. But still I feel an unwavering reliance on the goodness of Providence. I have, indeed, long ceased to have any reliance on mere politicians, and possibly, were I now called upon to act, I should feel conscientiously obliged to take a different part even from you. But between you and me, there can never be any uncomfortable difference of opinion, certainly none at all of principle. It is one of the happiest possible consolations, especially in times like the present, that there are some few spirits, more, probably, than we think, who are living for eternity. Such, I believe my friend ***** to be; indeed I have reason to know it with certainty. And, with the exception of a very few private friends, he is the single political mover, in or out of power, in whom I am disposed to place reliance. But I am deeply satisfied, that all human reliance is, at best, uncertain. I look therefore to the Rock of Ages. We may, perhaps, have serious difficulties to encounter; but we have the privilege and bless-

ing of looking forward to the end. And my firm belief is, that we shall find, if we confidently and religiously look for them, even in these unsettled and unsettling times, some 'glimpses,' as I think Robert Hall calls them, 'of a better futurity.'

My health and spirits are excellent, and I may say unvarying. We join in offering the best wishes of this holy and happy season for yourself, Lady Inglis, the good inmates of Milton Bryan, and all at Battersea Rise.

Ever, my dear Sir Robert,

Your most faithful and affectionate friend,

JOHN LIMERICK.

LETTER CII.

To Mrs. Beatty.

East Hill, Wandsworth, March 27. 1832.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOUR account of health, in so very sickly a season, is most truly gratifying. To have escaped even with a sharp attack, is, indeed, matter for thankfulness; and I am glad to find you write

in so good a tone of spirits. I am satisfied that there is no recipe, for persons of every condition, like pious confidence, and thankful hearts, with a due proportion of cheerfulness. For my own part, in the worst times, my spirits have never flagged; and they are not now in the least cast down. Let me recommend to your attention the first lesson for Lady-day (the Annunciation). It is full of divine comfort: they call it apocryphal; but, surely, if ever there was a lesson of inspired wisdom, it is there. This chapter was my best anodyne, near six years ago, when I lay, in Limerick, on the bed of sickness and pain. May it, in all time of difficulty, be as effectual for you, my old friend!

The Remains (Phelan's), I think you know, have been already printed; some of the memoir is actually at press, and I steal time, from the composition of the remainder, to write this note. All will be printed, as I hope, in the course of next month.

All that I suffered, from the prevalent sickly season, was discomfort, and prudential confinement.

Ever, my dear Mrs. Beatty,

Your obliged and faithful friend,

JOHN LIMERICK.

LETTER CIII.

To Sir R. H. Inglis, Bart. M.P.

East Hill, Wandsworth, Dec. 10. 1832.

MY DEAR SIR ROBERT,
MAY I request that you will be good enough to hand the enclosed note, to the trustees of the fund for the redemption of Abbotsford? Independently of my private and very real value, for the manly virtues, and transcendent genius, of Sir Walter Scott, I really think this a great national object; and I feel myself under a personal obligation, for the many hours of sickness that have been cheered by him. The times look menacing; but come what may, 'while we have time,' it is good for us, according to our several means, to try to distribute.

Believe me, my dear friend,

Ever, most affectionately yours,

JOHN LIMERICK.

LETTER CIV.

To the Rev. Walter F. Hook.

East Hill, Wandsworth, Dec. 14. 1832.

MY DEAR SIR,

IT seems a great while since I have written to, or heard from you, and I fear the fault has been altogether on my side; I have to offer in excuse only an occupation of mind, which, perhaps, I suffered to become too exclusive: but it has been always my course in literary matters, whatever have been my pursuits for the time being, to devote myself to them, and to be *totus in illis*. In this way, Burnet's lives got hold of me; and it was but yesterday that I received and corrected the last proof of an introduction to a new edition of them. They will soon, I hope, be offered for your acceptance. I have added pretty copious notes; rather select, I would hope, than numerous; and the collection of them has given me unmingled pleasure. Mr. Duncan has sent me a very handsome copy of your Lectures, and by your directions, offered to place any number of copies at my disposal, I have therefore taken three, and shall give them in a manner I think you would not disapprove.

Pray make my cordial remembrances to Mrs. Walter Hook, and, with the best regards of Mr. F., which were he forthcoming, he would send, believe me,

My dear Mr. Hook,

Your obliged and sincere friend,

JOHN LIMERICK.

LETTER CV.

To the Rev. Walter F. Hook.

East Hill, Wandsworth, Feb. 20. 1833.

MY DEAR SIR,

For a week or ten days past, I have been again restored to my chair: but much of relaxation and debility yet remain, which can be removed only by time, and more bracing weather. Meantime, I am eagerly looking forward to the importation, from my Limerick library, of a relay of books, which will, I trust, be the precursor of fresh literary employment. I am delighted with your appreciation of Mr. Knox; and anticipate much good from the extension of his writings, and his example. I am much interested by your

account of your friend Mr. * * * * *. It is one of the favourable signs of these troublous times, that there are so many unaffectedly good, and intellectually excellent laymen.

May I beg that you will return my grateful acknowledgments to Dr. Butler, for his interesting pamphlet: we are certainly on the eve of great changes. I hope, rather than confidently expect, that they may be considerately made; but perhaps we were near a stagnation, and needed some tempests to purify our atmosphere. When 'fools rush in,' it is well that such men as Dr. Butler should throw in some of the ballast and solidity of their experienced wisdom. I am ashamed, though such is the weakness of human nature, that I find it impossible not to be gratified, by his very handsome compliment. I fear if he knew me better, he would find ample reason materially to qualify his too partial estimate, for which, after all, I suspect myself principally indebted to the favourable reports of a friend of mine not many miles from Coventry.

I pray present my affectionate compliments to Mrs. W. Hook, and, when you have an opportunity, to your mother and sister.

Ever, my dear Sir,

Most truly yours,

JOHN LIMERICK.

LETTER CVI.

To Joseph Massey Harvey, Esq.

East Hill, Wandsworth, March 7. 1833.

MY DEAR SIR,

YOUR able and interesting account of the Temperance Society has not failed to interest me, as, I think, it ought to do. I have accordingly written to Dr. Forster, begging, that my name and subscription may be given, to that valuable institution; and, in the hope that others, and especially, the more influential among the clergy, may be similarly impressed with myself, I have taken the liberty of inclosing to him your letter; which most clearly, and forcibly, states the strong points of the case.

Dr. Ryan's letter does him great credit indeed; it is such, as becomes a good man, and a christian bishop. And it affords me real and deep gratification, whenever an object is proposed to our acceptance, in which persons of what persuasion soever, may, and should, conscientiously and zealously co-operate, for the promotion of good morals, and, indirectly at least, of religion also, among our fellow-men.

These things seem to afford us glimpses, if not foretastes, of that better world, and happier state of being, where, I verily believe, many distinctions which now keep us separate, will vanish into thin air, whilst IN HIS LIGHT, WE SHALL SEE LIGHT !

The sight of your hand-writing, after so long an interval, gave me real pleasure. It was next to meeting an old and sincere friend. I never have forgotten the kind interest which you and your family showed, in 1827, during my illness ; and allow me to add, that about eighteen months ago, I sincerely sympathized with your privations. I now no less cordially sympathize in your thankfulness, both for mercies vouchsafed, and those occasional remembrances of mortality, which are good for us all. Of both one and other, since we parted, I have graciously had my share ; and, though much crippled in body, I thank God, I never was more active in mind. The great draw-back has been, and is, that performance of episcopal duties must, at least for a time, be relinquished : but this should be cheerfully submitted to, as coming from the Divine hand. Meantime, I would hope that the climate of this place (which peculiarly agrees with me), and the masterly skill of Sir Henry Halford, are gradually bringing about an improvement. One thing, at

least, is encouraging; the use of the electric fluid, which, three or four years ago, he was obliged to relinquish, as dangerously exciting, he has now been justified in again prescribing; and, as the electrician thinks, with some prospect of final success. Our friend, Mr. Forster, was much gratified by your kind recollection. He unites with me in hearty good wishes for you, and yours.

I remain, with sincerest respect and esteem,

Your grateful friend,

JOHN LIMERICK.

LETTER CVII.

To a Friend.

East Hill, Wandsworth, April 13. 1833.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THOUGH, for a long time, the state of my health, and since, the inevitable accumulation of business not to be postponed, have made me a very worthless correspondent, you have, at all times, and especially for the last two or three months, occupied a large portion of my thoughts; and it

has, at times, pressed more painfully on my mind, than you can well imagine, that I was quite unable to express, even a portion of what I felt. I have not been unmindful of your wish, to know somewhat of Bishop Mant's publication 'On the Happiness of the Blessed;' I procured it, and have read quite enough to satisfy me that it is well deserving of attention. I have just finished the third chapter, on 'the recognition of each other by the blessed,'...and though it would not be difficult to find abundant passages, on that subject, more animated and glowing, there is a calm, equable, and sober conviction, running through the whole of the Bishop's reasoning, likely to afford greater satisfaction, to almost all minds, at some times, and to some minds, at any time, than more imaginative flights. The tone of the whole, as far as I have gone, does credit to the Bishop's piety; and, in some of the interspersed sonnets, there is a poetic conception and expression, which often reminds one of the sonnets of Milton, and which is, unquestionably, superior to very many among the sonnets of Wordsworth. Take, for example, the following, and there are many such:...

THE RE-UNION OF FRIENDS IN HEAVEN.

There is a void in torn affection's heart
Which yearns to be supplied, on God's high will
Though it repose submissively, yet still
Of those who bore in its regards a part
The cherished forms it holds, as in a chart
Depicted, hoping He may yet fulfil
Their restitution. Pardon it if ill
Lurk in that hope, good Father! True thou art,
Thou sayest the just shall bliss in fulness prove,
And what thou sayest, thy bounty will provide:
And yet, meseems, the blissful souls above,
The sense of earth's sweet charities denied,
Might feel a craving in those realms of love,
By angel hosts, and patriarchs unsupplied.

Do you ever see the British Critic and Quarterly Theological Review? In the number which appeared the 1st of this month, there is an article on 'Burnet's Lives.' It speaks, I am sure with kind and honest intention, of me, though far too excessively. But I am delighted at the justice done to my inestimable friend, Mr. Knox, and so, I am sure, will many friends at * * * * *. By letters received from many quarters, it would seem, that incalculable good has been done, by the publication of his thoughts on christian preaching; and I anticipate much more.

Give our kind remembrances to all our friends
at *****, and believe me,

Your truly grateful and affectionate friend,

JOHN LIMERICK.

LETTER CVIII.

To the Rev. Walter F. Hook.

East Hill, Wandsworth, Whitsun-Monday, 1833.

MY DEAR SIR,

I HAVE just seen your letter to our friend Mr. Forster, and cannot resist the desire of saying, that, thank God, I am in fair bodily, though of course rather increpid, health. But my mind, I thank him yet more fervently, is unclouded. And, even now, I have a prospect of more continuous and delightful labour, than I have enjoyed for thirteen years back. All that you say about good Bishop Low, is, to me, deeply interesting: ever since I was able to think on the subject, I have thought with reverence of the non-established episcopacy of Scotland; and my old feeling has certainly not been diminished by recent and passing events.

To the Kildare-Place Society, I never belonged, having some objections to its constitution; but I believe its publications are, at once, unexceptionable and useful. Its miscellaneous tracts are among the best I have seen.

Assure yourself of my undiminished interest in yourself and Mrs. Hook; to her and to you, I venture to give a Bishop's blessing, and am, my dear Mr. Hook,

Your obliged and affectionate

Friend and servant,

JOHN LIMERICK.

LETTER CIX.

To Sharon Turner, Esq.

East Hill, Wandsworth, Feb. 12. 1833.

MY DEAR SIR,

I AM happy to be enabled, with my own pen, to return thanks for your kind inquiries, and to say, that, though not quite recovered from the effects of my late bilious affection, I am considerably better, and have good prospect of being soon quite restored. But how shall I thank you for

your inestimable present? * It is indeed one of the most cheering signs of the present disjointed times, that so many worshippers of God, in spirit and in truth, are, especially among the lay part of the community, from time to time disclosing themselves: the country where things are so, must, in time, right itself: and, in the interim, we may well repose on the faithfulness of *Him* who careth for us. I received your book last night, and immediately, with great delight read your 'Introductory Essay;' you have brought together many cheering examples of the influence of religion on powerful minds; their united force, to me, is irresistible; and the just weight which you give in the introduction, to the imperfect, but sincere opinions, of those who had lived carelessly, as well as the testimonies of those gentle worthies which you scatter throughout the work, are such as put to shame the weak devotion of many high professing christians.

Your approbation of my editorial productions, almost the only ones compatible with my present state of health, is deeply gratifying; and such testimonies are my best stimulus to perseverance in this humble, but useful department. You have excited my wish to become acquainted with your

* Of a most instructive volume of characters and reflections, privately printed by Mr. Turner, more than twenty years before.

early companion, 'Mrs. Burnet's Devotions:' my bookseller is in quest of it, but it is more difficult to be met with than I had imagined. Lately, I have been fortunate enough to procure a very full, and nearly complete collection of all Bishop Burnet's works: 50 vols. folio, 4to. 8vo. et infra.

Allow me to intreat your acceptance of two books, which I lately caused to be printed. Townson was a private impression, which was about two years after re-printed for sale: the reprint of Scougal, How, and Cudworth, is, I trust, not unseasonable. I find an edition of a thousand copies of it, has appeared from the Protestant Episcopal press of New York.

Mr. Forster unites in the expression of sincere respect, esteem, and gratitude, with, my dear Sir,

Your much obliged, and very

faithful humble servant,

JOHN LIMERICK.

LETTER CX.

To James Duncan, Esq.

Saturday, Nov. 2. 1833.

MY DEAR SIR.

You know, that I always wish to have something on the stocks: now I have lately been thinking

about the recommendation of my reviewer, in the British Critic for April last, reinforced as it has been, by the suggestions of my friend Bishop Doane, of New Jersey, that I should edit Bishop Berkeley's 'Minute Philosopher.' This, I am willing to try my hand upon : giving occasional and illustrative notes, as I have done to Burnet; therefore I should be much obliged by your getting for me the first edition (1732) of the Minute Philosopher, and having it interleaved in cloth boards. This I would print from ; and preparing it properly, will give me pleasant employment, for six months.

Yours very truly,

JOHN LIMERICK.

THE END.

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Forster, Charles,

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